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I

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-FOURTH.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXIX.

THE POEMS OF PARNELL AND PHILIPS.

ASTOR LIBRARY NEW-YORK.

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. THOMAS PARNELL,

Late Archdeacon of CLOGHER:

Including thoſe publiſhed by Mr. POPE,

AND HIS

POEMS MORAL AND DIVINE.

"Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori." HOR.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD,

AND

EARL MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
Till death untimely ſtopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in every ſtrain;
Dear to the Muſe, to Harley dear—in vain!
For him thou oft haſt bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend:
For Swift and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd to ſcape from flattery to wit.
Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays:
Who, careleſs now, of intereſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And ſure, if aught below the ſeats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a ſoul like thine:

A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all pain, all anger, and all pride;
The rage of power, the blaſt of public breath,
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deſerts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to thy ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify diſgrace,
When intereſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
When all th' oblig'd deſert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now ſhe ſhades thy evening-walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſun-ſet of thy various day;
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

Sept. 25, 1721. A. PO

HESIOD:

OR,

THE RISE OF WOMAN.

WHAT antient times (thoſe times we fancy wiſe)
Have left on long record of woman's riſe,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All theſe I ſing. In Greece they fram'd the tale
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail);
Ye modern beauties! where the Poet drew
His ſofteſt pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And, warn'd by him, ye wanton pens beware
How Heaven 's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The caſe was Heſiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, ſome with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies pleaſe;
I wave the conteſt, and commence the lays.
In days of yore (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation ſwarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, ſprung of heavenly birth,
(Our Author's ſong can witneſs) liv'd on earth:
He carv'd the turf to mold a manly frame,
And ſtole from Jove his animating flame.
The ſly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the Monarch of the Stars began.

O vers'd in arts! whoſe daring thoughts aſpire,
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory paſt, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And ſuch a gift, a vengeance ſo deſign'd,
As ſuits the counſel of a God to find;
A pleaſing boſom-cheat, a ſpecious ill,
Which felt the curſe, yet covets ſtill to feel.

He ſaid, and Vulcan ſtrait the Sire commands,
To temper mortar with ætherial hands;
In ſuch a ſhape to mold a riſing fair,
As virgin goddeſſes are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond-water ſhine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the Power obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The faireſt, ſofteſt, ſweeteſt frame beneath,
Now made to ſeem, now more than ſeem to breathe.

As Vulcan ends, the chearful Queen of Charms
Claſp'd the new-panting creature in her arms:
From that embrace a fine complexion ſpread,
Where mingled whiteneſs glow'd with ſofter red.
Then in a kiſs ſhe breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but ſtill a changing mind;
The liſp affected, and the glance deſign'd;
The ſweet confuſing bluſh, the ſecret wink,
The gentle ſwimming walk, the courteous ſink;
The ſtare for ſtrangeneſs fit, for ſcorn the frown;
For decent yielding, looks declining down;

The practis'd languiſh, where well-feign'd deſire
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay ſmiles to comfort; April ſhowers to move;
And all the nature, all the art of love.

Gold ſcepter'd Juno next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-creſted pride,
Strong ſovereign will, and ſome deſire to chide;
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the ſex.
Minerva, ſkilful goddeſs, train'd the maid
To twirle the ſpindle by the twiſting thread;
To fix the loom, inſtruct the reeds to part,
Croſs the long weft, and cloſe the web with art,
An uſeful gift; but what profuſe expence,
What world of faſhions, took its riſe from hence!

Young Hermes next, a cloſe contriving God,
Her brows encircled with his ſerpent rod;
Then plots and fair excuſes fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain;
The price of favours; the deſigning arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilfering temper of a wife.

Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond perſuaſion tipp'd her eaſy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays
The pleaſing colours of the art of praiſe;
And wit, to ſcandal exquiſitely prone,
Which frets another's ſpleen to cure its own.

Thoſe ſacred Virgins whom the Bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and ſhed a ſweetneſs there,
To make her ſenſe with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonſenſe pleaſe by ſound.

To dreſs the maid, the decent Graces brought
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd Loves on every cover play'd;
Then ſpread thoſe implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the cloſe indented comb
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirrour, where the raviſh'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected ſhade.

Fair Flora lent her ſtores; the purpled Hours
Confin'd her treſſes with a wreath of flowers;
Within the wreath aroſe a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with ſerpent fold,
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which cloſely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a ſlender waiſt)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' ſtatues have a robe to wear.

The new-ſprung creature, finiſh'd thus for harms,
Adjuſts her habit, practiſes her charms,
With bluſhes glows, or ſhines with lively ſmiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:
Then, conſcious of her worth, with eaſy pace
Glides by the glaſs, and turning views her face.

A finer

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Through time's deep cave, the Sister Fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.
Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.
Men born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time to sacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show;
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.
Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports;
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.
Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!
The curse is general, but the blessing chance.

Thus

Thus ſung the Sifters, while the Gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora ſhe, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end:
Then bid the winds, that fly to breathe the ſpring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;
With wafting airs the winds obſequious blow,
And land the ſhining vengeance ſafe below.
A golden coffer in her hand ſhe bore,
The preſent treacherous, but the bearer more;
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold ſhould aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay deſcent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wondering he ran to catch the falling ſtar:
But ſo ſurpriz'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd ſo quickly, and who lov'd ſo well.
O'er all his veins the wandering paſſion burns.
He calls her Nymph, and every Nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or ſwears that Venus' muſt be ſuch as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet ſtrangely fram'd to teaze,
Neglects his offers while her airs ſhe plays,
Shoots ſcornful glances from the bended frown,
In briſk diſorder trips it up and down;
Then hums a careleſs tune to lay the ſtorm,
And ſits, and bluſhes, ſmiles, and yields, in form.

"Now take what Jove deſign'd, ſhe ſoftly cry'd,
"This box thy portion, and myſelf the bride."
Fir'd with the proſpect of the double charms,
He ſnatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy

Unhappy man! to whom ſo bright ſhone,
The fatal gift, her tempting ſelf, unknown!
The winds were ſilent, all the waves aſleep,
And heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep:
But, whilſt he looks unmindful of a ſtorm,
And thinks the water wears a ſtable form,
What dreadful din around his ears ſhall riſe!
What frowns confuſe his picture of the ſkies!

At firſt the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himſelf, and all the world his own.
For him the Nymphs in green forſook the woods,
For him the Nymphs in blue forſook the floods;
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the ſecret cave.
No care deſtroy'd, no ſick diſorder prey'd,
No bending age his ſprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And, Poets tell us, 't was a golden age.

When woman came, thoſe ills the box confin'd
Burſt furious out, and poiſon'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progreſs grew:
The Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And altering nature wore a ſickly face:
New terms of folly roſe, new ſtates of care;
New plagues, to ſuffer, and to pleaſe, the Fair!
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finiſh'd, with the breach of leagues;
The mean deſigns of well-diſſembled love;
The ſordid matches never join'd above;

Abroad

Abroad the labour, and at home the noiſe,
(Man's double ſufferings for domeſtic joys)
The curſe of jealouſy; expence and ſtrife;
Divorce, the public brand of ſhameful life;
The rival's ſword; the qualm that takes the fair;
Diſdain for paſſion, paſſion in deſpair —
Theſe, and a thouſand yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah fear the thouſand yet unnam'd behind!

Thus on Parnaſſus tuneful Heſiod ſung,
The mountain echoed, and the valley rung,
The ſacred groves a fix'd attention ſhow,
The cryſtal Helicon forbore to flow,
The ſky grew bright, and (if his verſe be true)
The Muſes came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If Love ſwore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye Fair offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
Though when it happen'd no relation clears,
Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.

Where, dark and ſilent, with a twiſted ſhade
The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair, for amorous play
Retiring, toy'd the raviſh'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Mileſian, kind Evanthe ſhe:
But ſwelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the ſecrets of the conſcious bower;
The dire diſgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her ſteps, to make its author known.

It chanc'd one evening, 't was the lover's day,
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
When Heſiod, wandering, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his ſeat where love had fix'd the ſcene;
A ſtrong ſuſpicion ſtrait poſſeſs their mind
(For Poets ever were a gentle kind),
But when Evanthe near the paſſage ſtood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and ſhot the wood,
"Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward."
And, urg'd with erring rage, aſſault the Bard.
His corpſe the ſea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
(Twas all the Gods would do) the corpſe to ſhore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And ſee the dreams of ancient wiſdom riſe;
I ſee the Muſes round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with inſulting hand,
And thus inſcribes the moral on the ſand.
"Here Heſiod lies: ye future Bards, beware
"How far your moral tales incenſe the Fair.
"Unlov'd, unloving, 't was his fate to bleed;
"Without his quiver, Cupid caus'd the deed:
"He judg'd this turn of malice juſtly due,
"And Heſiod dy'd for joys he never knew."

SONG.

SONG.

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fear
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thought you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants
in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex, she reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

SONG.

THYRSIS, a young and amorous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart subdue:
Gay Cælia's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's easy shape and air
With softer magic drew.

He haunts the ſtream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And ſeems for each to die;
Till, each a little ſpiteful grown,
Sabina Cælia's ſhape ran down,
And ſhe Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the ſhepherd find
Thoſe eyes which love could only blind;
So ſet the lover free:
No more he haunts the grove or ſtream,
Or with a true-love knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah, Cælia! ſly Sabina cry'd,
Though neither love, we're both deny'd;
Now to ſupport the ſex's pride,
Let either fix the dart.

Poor girl, ſays Cælia, ſay no more;
For ſhould the ſwain but one adore,
That ſpite, which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

SONG.

MY days have been ſo wondrous free,
The little birds, that fly
With careleſs eaſe from tree to tree,
Were but as bleſs'd as I.

Aſk gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream?
Or aſk the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one ſigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of ſweet deſire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines!
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye cloſe retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Aſſiſt the dear deſign;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of deſpair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the paſſion in my mind
Is mix'd with ſoft diſtreſs;
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

ANACREONTIC.

WHEN ſpring came on with freſh delight,
To cheer the ſoul, and charm the ſight,
While eaſy breezes, ſofter rain,
And warmer ſuns, ſalute the plain;

'T was then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.
Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where-e'er she trod, 't was green beneath;
Where-e'er she turn'd, the pulses beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.
Rais'd on a bank where daisies grow,
And violets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand pleasures wait behind,
Aside, a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd, wait to fly.
When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing Graces, idle joy,
Wanton smiles, and airy play
Conspir'd to make the scene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them sing to Love,
Sitting, hopping, fluttering, sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the shafts that idly lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.
'T is thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And every dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the towering eagle's plume
The generous hearts accept their doom:
Shot by the peacock's painted eye,
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The ſhafts are ſpeckled by the hen.
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts;
When from the voice the paſſions ſpring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together, by the ſparrow ſtung,
Down fall the wanton and the young:
And fledg'd by geeſe the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.
All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving grove,
And ſee, ſays Love, who call'd me near,
How much I deal with Nature here;
How both ſupport a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart:
Then ceaſe for ſouls averſe to ſigh,
If Nature croſs you, ſo do I;
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And ſhakes and ſhuffles through the ſkies.
But if the mutual charms I find
By which ſhe links you mind to mind,
They wing my ſhafts, I poize the darts,
And ſtrike from both, through both your hearts.

ANACREONTIC.

GAY Bacchus, liking Eſtcourt's * wine,
A noble meal beſpoke us;
And for the gueſts that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The God near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus, Jocus plac'd;
For wine makes Love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feaſt.

The more to pleaſe the ſprightly God,
Each ſweet engaging Grace
Put on ſome cloaths to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at every glaſs
A lady of the ſky;
While Bacchus ſwore he'd drink the laſs,
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus toſt his brimmers o'er,
And always got the moſt;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miſs'd the toaſt.

They call'd, and drank at every touch;
He fill'd and drank again;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'T is ſaid, they did ſo then.

 Gay

* A celebrated comedian and tavern-keeper.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid ſtung,
By reckoning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his ſtammering tongue,
With all his ſtaggering gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jeſt;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at beſt.

Such talk ſoon ſet them all at odds;
And had I Homer's pen,
I'd ſing ye, how they drank like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who make them ſoon agree;
Nay, had the Furies ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept ſome darts to ſtir the cup,
Where ſack and ſugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' roſy crown,
And gayly wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he puſh'd him do
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then Cupid ſought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline;
And Venus cloſe embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly curſing wit,
Roll'd off to ſome retreat;
Where boon companions gravely ſit
In fat unweildy ſtate.

Bacchus and Jocus ſtill behind,
For one freſh glaſs prepare;
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our inſtructive ſong;
For though ſuch friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STILE.

IN Britain's iſle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Though badly ſhap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be ſaid,
To meaſure height againſt his head,
And lift itſelf above;
Yet, ſpite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dreſs'd with art,
And, if a ſhape could win a heart,
He had a ſhape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my ſong,
With ſlighted paſſion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'T was near an old enchanted court,
Where ſportive fairies made reſort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was croſs'd,
'T was late, 't was far, the path was loſt
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary ſteps he quits the ſhades,
Reſolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But ſcant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And, trembling, rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now ſounding tongues aſſail his ear,
Now ſounding feet approachen near,
And now the ſounds increaſe:

And from the corner where he lay
He ſees a train profuſely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (truſt me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a maſquing half ſo neat,
Or half ſo rich before;
The country lent the ſweet perfumes,
The ſea the pearl, the ſky the plumes,
The town its ſilken ſtore.

Now whilſt he gaz'd, a gallant dreſt
In flaunting robes above the reſt,
With awful accent cry'd;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whoſe ſighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here preſum'd to hide?

At this the ſwain, whoſe venturous ſoul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open ſight;
"Nor have I cauſe of dreed, he ſaid,
"Who view, by no preſumption led,
"Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for ſcorn of faithful love,
"Which made my ſteps unweeting rove
"Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well, the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
"Who dare to tell us true.

" Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
" Be mine the taſk, or ere we part,
" To make thee grief reſign;
" Now take the pleaſure of thy chaunce;
" Whilſt I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
" Be little Mable thine."

He ſpoke, and all a ſudden there
Light muſic floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The reſt their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing paſt, the board was laid,
And ſiker ſuch a feaſt was made,
As heart and lip deſire,
Withouten hands the diſhes fly,
The glaſſes with a wiſh come nigh,
And with a wiſh retire.

But, now to pleaſe the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and ſing,
And antic feats deviſe;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other ſome tranſmute their ſhape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at laſt, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;

And full againſt the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To ſpraul-unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverſe my charm, he cries,
"And let it fairly now ſuffice
"The gambol has been ſhown."
But Oberon anſwers with a ſmile,
"Content thee Edwin for a while,
"The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They ſmelt the freſh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whiſtled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then ſcreaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dye;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his ſtate, and dark the place,
Was never wight in ſuch a caſe
Through all the land before.

But ſoon as Dan Apollo roſe,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the leſs;
His honeſt tongue and ſteady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want ſucceſs.

With

With luſty livelyhed he talks,
He ſeems a dauncing as he walks,
His ſtory ſoon took wind;
And beauteous Edith ſees the youth
Endow'd with courage, ſenſe, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The ſtory told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erſt approv'd,
To ſee the revel ſcene:
At cloſe of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it ſo befell,
The wind came ruſtling down a dell,
A ſhaking ſeiz'd the wall;
Up ſpring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And muſic fills the hall.

But certes ſorely ſunk with woe
Sir Topaz ſees the Elphin ſhow,
His ſpirits in him dye:
When Oberon crys, "A man is near,
"A mortal paſſion, cleeped fear,
"Hangs flagging in the ſky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapleſs youth!
In accents faultering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt;

For als he been a miſter wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

" Ah Loſell vile, at once they roar:
" And little ſkill'd of fairie lore,
" Thy cauſe to come, we know:
" Now has thy keſtrell courage fell;
" And fairies, ſince a lye you tell,
" Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wiſpy fire
To trail the ſwains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoiſe, in a ſhop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they friſk it o'er the place,
They ſit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the ſtars began to wink,
They ſhriek, they fly, the tapers ſink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never ſpell by fairie laid
With ſtrong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill,

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin roſe the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His ſeely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin loſt afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurſe ared;
She ſoftly ſtroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus ſome are born, my ſon, ſhe cries,
"With baſe impediments to riſe,
"And ſome are born with none.

"But virtue can itſelf advance
"To what the favourite fools of chance
"By fortune ſeem deſign'd;
"Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
"And from itſelf ſhake off the weight
"Upon th' unworthy mind."

THE VIGIL OF VENUS.

Written in the time of JULIUS CÆSAR, and by ſome aſcribed to CATULLUS.

LET thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

The ſpring, the new, the warbling ſpring appears,
The youthful ſeaſon of reviving years;
In ſpring the loves enkindle mutual heats,
The feather'd nation chuſe their tuneful mates,
The trees grow fruitful with deſcending rain,
And dreſt in differing greens adorn the plain.
She comes; to-morrow Beauty's empreſs roves
Through walks that winding run within the groves;
She twines the ſhooting myrtle into bowers,
And ties their meeting tops with wreaths of flowers,
Then, rais'd ſublimely on her eaſy throne,
From Nature's powerful dictates draws her own.

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas on that day which ſaw the teeming flood
Swell round, impregnate with celeſtial blood;
Wandering in circles ſtood the finny crew,
The midſt was left a void expanſe of blue,
There parent ocean work'd with heaving throes,
And dropping wet the fair Dione roſe.

Let

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

She paints the purple year with vary'd ſhow,
Tips the green gem, and makes the bloſſom glow.
She makes the turgid buds receive the breeze,
Expand to leaves, and ſhade the naked trees.
When gathering damps the miſty nights diffuſe,
She ſprinkles all the morn with balmy dews;
Bright trembling pearls depend at every ſpray,
And, kept from falling, ſeem to fall away.
A gloſſy freſhneſs hence the roſe receives,
And bluſhes ſweet through all her ſilken leaves
(The drops deſcending through the ſilent night,
While ſtars ſerenely roll their golden light):
Cloſe till the morn, her humid veil ſhe holds;
Then deckt with virgin pomp the flower unfolds.
Soon will the morning bluſh: ye maids! prepare,
In roſy garlands bind your flowing hair;
'Tis Venus' plant: the blood fair Venus ſhed,
O'er the gay beauty pour'd immortal red;
From Love's ſoft kiſs a ſweet ambroſial ſmell
Was taught for ever on the leaves to dwell;
From gems, from flames, from orient rays of light,
The richeſt luſtre makes her purple bright;
And ſhe to-morrow weds; the ſporting gale
Unties her zone, ſhe burſts the verdant veil;
Through all her ſweets the rifling lover flies,
And as he breathes, her glowing fires ariſe.

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now fair Dione to the myrtle grove
Sends the gay Nymphs, and ſends her tender love.
And ſhall they venture? Is it ſafe to go,
While Nymphs have hearts, and Cupid wears a bow?
Yes, ſafely venture, 'tis his mother's will;
He walks unarm'd, and undeſigning ill,
His torch extinct, his quiver uſeleſs hung,
His arrows idle, and his bow unſtrung.
And yet, ye Nymphs, beware; his eyes have charms;
And love that 's naked, ſtill is love in arms.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.
From Venus' bower to Delia's lodge repairs
A virgin train complete with modeſt airs:
"Chaſte Delia, grant our ſuit! or ſhun the wood,
"Nor ſtain this ſacred lawn with ſavage blood.
"Venus, O Delia! if ſhe could perſuade,
"Would aſk thy preſence, might ſhe aſk a maid."
Here chearful quires for three auſpicious nights
With ſongs prolong the pleaſurable rites:
Here crouds in meaſure lightly-decent rove;
Or ſeek by pairs the covert of the grove,
Where meeting greens for arbours arch above,
And mingling flowrets ſtrow the ſcenes of love,
Here dancing Ceres ſhakes her golden ſheaves;
Here Bacchus revels, deck'd with viny leaves:
Here Wit's enchanting God, in laurel crown'd,
Wakes all the raviſh'd hours with ſilver ſound.
Ye fields, ye foreſts, own Dione's reign,
And Delia, huntreſs Delia, ſhun the plain.

Let

Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before,
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Gay with the bloom of all her opening year,
The Queen at Hybla bids her throne appear;
And there preſides; and there the favourite band
(Her ſmiling graces) ſhare the great command.
Now, beauteous Hybla! dreſs thy flowery beds
With all the pride the laviſh ſeaſon ſheds;
Now all thy colours, all thy fragrance yield,
And rival Enna's aromatic field.
To fill the preſence of the gentle court,
From every quarter rural nymphs reſort.
From woods, from mountains, from their humble vale
From waters curling with the wanton gales.
Pleas'd with the joyful train, the laughing queen
In circles ſeats them round the bank of green;
And, "Lovely girls, ſhe whiſpers, guard your hear
"My boy, though ſtript of arms, abounds in arts.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

Let tender graſs in ſhaded alleys ſpread,
Let early flowers erect their painted head,
To-morrow's glory be to-morrow ſeen,
That day, old Ether wedded Earth in gree
The vernal father bid the Spring appear,
In clouds he coupled to produce the year,
The ſap deſcending o'er her boſom ran,
And all the various ſorts of ſoul began.
By wheels unknown to ſight, by ſecret veins
Diſtilling life, the fruitful goddeſs reigns,

Through all the lovely realms of native day,
Through all the circled land, and circling sea;
With fertile seed she fill'd the pervious earth,
And ever fix'd the mystic ways of birth.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
'Twas she the parent, to the Latian shore
Through various dangers Troy's remainder bore.
She won Lavinia for her warlike son,
And, winning her, the Latian empire won.
She gave to Mars the maid, whose honour'd womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.
Decoy'd by shows, the Sabine dames she led,
And taught our vigorous youth the way to wed.
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the race divine
Through which great Cæsar draws his Julian line.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
In rural seats the soul of pleasure reigns;
The life of Beauty fills the rural scenes;
Ev'n Love (if Fame the truth of Love declare)
Drew first the breathings of a rural air.
Some pleasing meadow pregnant Beauty prest,
She laid her infant on its flowery breast,
From Nature's sweets he sipp'd the fragrant dew,
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.
Let those love now, who never lov'd before;
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.
Now bulls o'er stalks of broom extend their sides,
Secure of favours from their lowing brides.

Now ſtately rams their fleecy conſorts lead,
Who bleating follow through the wandering ſhade.
And now the Goddeſs bids the birds appear,
Raiſe all their muſic, and ſalute the year:
Then deep the ſwan begins, and deep the ſong
Runs o'er the water where he ſails along:
While Philomela turns a treble ſtrain,
And from the poplar charms the liſtening plain.
We fancy love expreſt at every note,
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid throat.
Of barbarous Tereus ſhe complains no more,
But ſings for pleaſure, as for grief before.
And ſtill her graces riſe, her airs extend,
And all is ſilence till the Syren end.
How long in coming is my lovely Spring!
And when ſhall I, and when the ſwallow ſing?
Sweet Philomela, ceaſe:—Or here I ſit,
And ſilent loſe my rapturous hour of wit:
'Tis gone, the fit retires, the flames decay,
My tuneful Phœbus flies averſe away.
His own Amycle thus, as ſtories run,
But once was ſilent, and that once undone.
Let thoſe love now, who never lov'd before;
Let thoſe who always lov'd, now love the more.

HOMER

HOMER'S

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

OR, THE

BATTLE

OF THE

FROGS AND MICE.

NAMES of the FROGS.

PHYSIGNATHUS, *one who swells his cheeks.*
Pelus, *a name from mud.*
Hydromeduſe, *a ruler in the waters.*
Hypſiboas, *a loud bauler.*
Pelion, *from mud.*
Scutlæus, *called from the bees.*
Polyphonus, *a great babler.*
Lymnocharis, *one who loves the lake.*
Crambophagus, *a cabbage-eater.*
Lymniſius, *called from the lake.*
Calaminthius, *from the herb.*
Hydrocaris, *who loves the water.*
Borborocates, *who lies in the mud.*
Praſſophagus, *an eater of garlick.*
Peluſius, *from mud.*
Pelobates, *who walks in the dirt.*
Preſſæus, *called from garlick.*
Crangaſides, *from croaking.*

NAMES of the MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *one who plunders granaries.*
Troxartas, *a bread-eater.*
Lychomile, *a licker of meal.*
Pternotractas, *a bacon-eater.*
Lychopynax, *a licker of diſhes.*
Embaſichytros, *a creeper into pots.*
Lychenor, *a name for licking.*
Troglodytes, *one who runs into holes.*
Artophagus, *who feeds on bread.*
Tyroglyphus, *a cheeſe-ſcooper.*
Pternoglyphus, *a bacon-ſcooper.*
Pternophagus, *a bacon-eater.*
Cniſſodioctes, *one who follows the ſteam of kitchens.*
Sitophagus, *an eater of wheat.*
Meridarpax, *one who plunders his ſhare.*

HOMER'S BATTLE OF THE FROGS, &c.

BOOK I.

TO fill my riſing ſong with ſacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye ſweet celeſtial quire!
From Helicon's imbowering height repair,
Attend my labours, and reward my prayer;
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The ſprings of conteſt, and the fields of fight;
How threatening mice advanc'd with warlike grace,
And wag'd dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults ſhook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born giants dar'd immortal powers.
Theſe equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muſe records the tale of fame.

Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And juſt eſcap'd the ſtretching claws of death,
A gentle Mouſe, whom cats purſued in vain,
Fled ſwift of foot acroſs the neighbouring plain,
Hung o'er a brink, his eager thirſt to cool,
And dipp'd his whiſkers in the ſtanding pool;
When near a courteous Frog advanc'd his head;
And from the waters, hoarſe-reſounding, ſaid,
What art thou, ſtranger? what the line you boaſt?
What chance has caſt thee panting on our coaſt?
With ſtricteſt truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithleſs Mouſe in thee.

If worthy, friendſhip, proffer'd friendſhip take,
And entering view the pleaſurable lake;
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty ſhare,
And glad return from hoſpitable fare:
This ſilver realm extends beneath my ſway,
And me, their monarch, all its Frogs obey.
Great Phyſignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromede's embrace,
Where, by the nuptial bank that paints his ſide,
The ſwift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy ſtrength, and port, proclaim
A ſcepter'd king; a ſon of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my gueſſing eyes.
Thus ceas'd the Frog, and thus the Mouſe replies.
Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanſes of the midway ſky,
My name reſounds; and if unknown to thee,
The ſoul of great Pſycarpax lives in me.
Of brave Troxartas line, whoſe ſleeky down
In love compreſs'd Lychomile the brown.
My mother ſhe, and princeſs of the plains
Where-e'er her father Pternotractas reigns.
Born where a cabbin lifts its airy ſhed,
With figs, with nuts, with vary'd dainties fed.
But, ſince our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendſhip grow?
Theſe curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food ſupports my princely ſoul:
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lye
Conceal'd in flaſkets from my curious eye.

In

In vain the tripe that boaſts the whiteſt hue,
In vain the gilded bacon ſhuns my view,
In vain the cheeſes, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themſelves regale,
And as in arts I ſhine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the braveſt, and unknown to flight,
Though large to mine, the human form appear,
Not man himſelf can ſmite my ſoul with fear,
Sly to the bed with ſilent ſteps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And ſix indented wounds with dextrous ſkill,
Sleeping he feels, and only ſeems to feel.
Yet have we foes which direful dangers cauſe,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws,
And that falſe trap, the den of ſilent fate,
Where death his ambuſh plants around the bait;
All dreaded theſe, and dreadful o'er the reſt
The potent warriors of the tabby veſt,
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race,
But me, nor ſtalks nor wateriſh herbs delight,
Nor can the crimſon radiſh charm my ſight,
The lake-reſounding Frogs ſelected fare,
Which not a Mouſe of any taſte can bear.

As thus the downy prince his mind expreſt,
His anſwer thus the croaking king addreſt:

Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove,
And, ſtranger, we can boaſt of bounteous Jove;
We ſport in water, or we dance on land,
And, born amphibious, food from both command.

But truſt thyſelf where wonders aſk thy view,
And ſafely tempt thoſe ſeas, I 'll bear thee through:
Aſcend my ſhoulders, firmly keep thy ſeat,
And reach my marſhy court, and feaſt in ſtate.
He ſaid, and bent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light Mouſe, and claſps his arms around,
Then wondering floats, and ſees with glad ſurvey
The winding banks reſembling ports at ſea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets with azure wave his downy ſides,
His thoughts grow conſcious of approaching woe,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow,
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccuſtom'd fears;
He ſighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for ſhore:
His tail extended forms a fruitleſs oar,
Half drench'd in liquid death his prayers he ſpake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake:
So paſs'd Europa through the rapid ſea,
Trembling and fainting all the venturous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And ſafe in Crete depos'd his lovely load.
Ah, ſafe at laſt, may thus the Frog ſupport
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court!
As thus he ſorrows, death ambiguous grows,
Lo! from the deep a Water-Hydra roſe;
He rolls his ſanguin'd eyes, his boſom heaves,
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confus'd the monarch ſees his hiſſing foe,
And dives, to ſhun the fable fates below.

For-

Forgetful Frog! the friend thy ſhoulders bore,
Unſkill'd in ſwimming, floats remote from ſhore.
He graſps with fruitleſs hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he ſinks, and ſtruggling mounts again,
And ſinks, and ſtrives, but ſtrives with fate in vain.
The weighty moiſture clogs his hairy veſt,
And thus the prince his dying rage expreſt:
Nor thou, that ſling'ſt me floundering from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the ſhattering wrack,
Nor thou ſhalt 'ſcape thy due, perfidious king!
Purſued by vengeance on the ſwifteſt wing!
At land thy ſtrength could never equal mine,
At ſea to conquer, and by craft, was thine.
But heaven has Gods, and Gods have ſearching eyes;
Ye Mice, ye Mice, my great avengers riſe!
This ſaid, he ſighing gaſp'd, and gaſping dy'd,
His death the young Lychopynax eſpy'd,
As on the flowery brink he paſs'd the day,
Bask'd in the beams, and loiter'd life away,
Loud ſhrieks the Mouſe, his ſhrieks the ſhores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate:
Grief, diſmal grief enſues; deep murmurs ſound,
And ſhriller fury fills the deafen'd ground.
From lodge to lodge, the ſacred heralds run,
To fix their council with the riſing ſun;
Where great Troxartas crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains,
Pſycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Pſycarpax lies remote from ſhore;

Supine

Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
And no kind billow wafts the dead to land!

BOOK II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd morn had ting'd the clo
Around their Monarch-mouse the nation cro
Slow rose the sovereign, heav'd his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, address:
For lost Psycarpax much my soul endures,
'T is mine the private grief, the public yours.
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas, before their father dead!
Our eldest perish'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gap'd, the bait was hung in view,
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men unpitying kill'd my gallant boy!
The last, his country's hope, his parent's pride,
Pfung'd in the lake by Physignathus, dy'd;
Rouse all to war, my friends! avenge the deed;
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed.
His words in every breast inspir'd alarms,
And careful Mars supply'd their host with arms.
In verdant hulls despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains:
Quills aptly bound their bracing corselet made,
Fac'd with the plunder of a cat they flay'd:

The lamp's round boſs affords them ample ſhield;
Large ſhells of nuts their covering helmet yield;
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze,
Dreadful in arms the marching Mice appear;
The wondering Frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forſake the waters, thickening from a ring,
And aſk, and hearken, whence the noiſes ſpring.
When near the croud, diſclos'd to public view,
The valiant chief Embaſichytros drew:
The ſacred herald's ſceptre grac'd his hand,
And thus his word expreſs'd his king's command:

Ye Frogs! the Mice with vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deck'd in armour ſhake the ſhining lance:
Their hapleſs prince by Phyſignathus ſlain,
Extends incumbent on the watery plain.
Then arm your hoſt, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth thoſe Frogs that have the ſoul to die.

The chief retires, the croud the challenge hear,
And proudly ſwelling yet perplex'd appear:
Much they reſent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, riſing, ſpoke to clear his tainted fame:

O friends, I never forc'd the Mouſe to death,
Nor ſaw the gaſping of his lateſt breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of ſwimming try'd,
And, venturous, in the lake the wanton dy'd.
To vengeance now by falſe appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltleſs head,
But wage the riſing war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty Mice.

You

Your king directs the way; my thoughts, elate
With hopes of conqueſt, form deſigns of fate.
Where high the banks their vedant ſurface heave,
And the ſteep ſides confine the ſleeping wave,
There, near the margin, clad in armour bright,
Suſtain the firſt impetuous ſhocks of fight:
Then, where the dancing feather joins the creſt,
Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouſe arreſt;
Each, ſtrongly graſping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countleſs circles whirl the lake below;
Down ſink the Mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flaſh the waters; and the ſhores reſound:
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raiſe their glorious trophies of the ſlain.
He ſpake no more, his prudent ſcheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldeſt hearts.
Green was the ſuit his arming heroes choſe,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows cloſe;
Green were the beets about their ſhoulders laid,
And green the colewort, which the target made.
Form'd of the vary'd ſhells the waters yield,
Their gloſſy helmets gliſten'd o'er the fields:
And tapering ſea-reeds for the poliſh'd ſpear,
With upright order pierc'd the ambient air.
Thus dreſs'd for war, they take th' appointed heigl
Poize the long arms, and urge the promis'd fight.
But now, where Jove's irradiate ſpires ariſe,
With ſtars ſurrounded in ætherial ſkies,
(A ſolemn council call'd) the brazen gates
Unbar; the Gods aſſume their golden ſeats;

The fire ſuperior leans, and points to ſhow
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How ſtrong, how large, the numerous heroes ſtride,
What length of lance they ſhake with warlike pride!
What eager fire, their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the dales;
And ſo confirm'd, the daring Titans roſe,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bid the Gods be foes.

This ſeen, the power his ſacred viſage rears,
He caſts a pitying ſmile on worldly cares,
And aſks what heavenly guardians take the liſt,
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs aſſiſt?

Then thus to Pallas: If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the Mice, why ſtays ſhe ſtill behind;
Drawn forth by ſavory ſteams they wind their way,
And ſure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where while the victims gratify their taſte,
They ſport to pleaſe the Goddeſs of the feaſt.

Thus ſpake the Ruler of the ſpacious ſkies.
But thus, reſolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies:
In vain, my father! all their dangers plead,
To ſuch thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly ſpoil,
And rob my cryſtal lamps of feeding oil.
(Ills following ills!) but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentleſs wretches! all the work was mine!
Along the loom the purple warp I ſpread,
Caſt the light ſhoot, and croſt the ſilver thread;

In this their teeth a thouſand breaches tear,
The thouſand breaches ſkilful hands repair,
For which, vile earthly dunns thy daughter grieve
(The Gods, that uſe no coin, have none to give.
And learning's Goddeſs never leſs can owe,
Neglected learning gains no wealth below).
Nor let the Frogs to win my ſuccour ſue,
Thoſe clamorous fools have loſt my favour too.
For late, when all the conflict ceas'd at night,
When my ſtretch'd ſinews work'd with eager fight,
When, ſpent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And ſunk for ſlumber on my ſwelling ſhield;
Lo from the deep, repelling ſweet repoſe,
With noiſy croakings half the nation roſe:
Devoid of reſt, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimſon dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either hoſt forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the ſpear;
Let heavenly blood (or what for blood may flow)
Adorn the conqueſt of a meaner foe.
Some daring Mouſe may meet the wondrous odds,
Though Gods oppoſe, and brave the wounded Gods,
O'er gilded clouds reclin'd, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortal ſcenes for you.
So mov'd the blue-ey'd Queen; her words perſuade,
Great Jove aſſented, and the reſt obey'd.

BOOK III.

NOW front to front the marching armies ſhine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the lengthening line:
The chiefs, conſpicuous ſeen and heard afar,
Give the loud ſignal to the ruſhing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets ſound,
The ſounding charge remurmurs o'er the ground,
Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled ſky.
Firſt to the fight large Hypſiboas flew,
And brave Lychenor with a javelin ſlew.
The luckleſs warrior, fill'd with generous flame,
Stood foremoſt glittering in the poſt of fame;
When, in his liver ſtruck, the javelin hung,
The Mouſe fell thundering, and the target rung;
Prone to the ground, he ſinks his cloſing eye,
And ſoil'd in duſt his lovely treſſes lie.
A ſpear at Pelion Troglodytes caſt,
The miſſive ſpear within the boſom paſt;
Death's ſable ſhades the fainting Frog ſurround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embaſichytros felt Scutlæus' dart
Transfix, and quiver in his panting heart;
But great Artophagus aveng'd the ſlain,
And big Scutlæus tumbling loads the plain,
And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd
For boaſtful ſpeech and turbulence of ſound;

Deep

Deep through the belly pierc'd, ſupine he lay,
And breath'd his ſoul againſt the face of day.
The ſtrong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph, and a friend expire;
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought
(A warrior vers'd in arts, of ſure retreat,
But arts in vain elude impending fate);
Full on his ſinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (ſecond of the glorious name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the Frogs the ſhining javelin flies,
And near the vanquiſh'd Mouſe the victor dies.
The dreadful ſtroke Crambophagus affright,
Long bred to banquets, leſs inur'd to fights,
Heedleſs he runs, and ſtumbles o'er the ſteep,
And wildly floundering flaſhes up the deep;
Lychenor, following with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gaſping he rolls, a purple ſtream of blood
Diſtains the ſurface of the ſilver flood;
Through the wide wound the ruſhing entrails throng,
And flow the breathleſs carcaſs floats along.
Lymniſius good Tyroglyphus aſſails,
Prince of the Mice that haunt the flowery vales,
Loſt to the milky fares and rural ſeat,
He came to periſh on the bank of fate.
The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius ſhuns by flight,

Drops the green target, ſpringing quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and ſafely dives below.
But dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day.
No nibbling prince excell'd in fierceneſs more,
His parents fed him on the ſavage boar;
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis purſued.
Till fallen in death he lies, a ſhattering ſtone
Sounds on the neck, and cruſhes all the bone.
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his noſtrils burſts the guſhing brain.
Lychopinax with Borborocates fights,
A blameleſs Frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal javelin unrelenting flies,
And darkneſs ſeals the gentle Croaker's eyes.
Incens'd Praſſophagus, with ſpritely bound,
Bears Cniſſodioctes off the riſing ground,
Then drags him o'er the lake depriv'd of breath,
And, downward plunging, ſinks his ſoul to death.
But now the great Pſycarpax ſhines afar
(Scarce he ſo great whoſe loſs provok'd the war);
Swift to revenge his fatal javelin fled,
And through the liver ſtruck Peluſius dead;
His freckled corpſe before the victor fell,
His ſoul indignant ſought the ſhades of hell.
This ſaw Pelobates, and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monſtrous maſs of mud,
The cloud obſcene o'er all the hero flies,
Diſhonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.

Enrag'd, and wildly ſputtering, from the ſhore
A ſtone, immenſe of ſize, the warrior bore,
A load for labouring earth, whoſe bulk to raiſe,
Aſks ten degenerate mice of modern days.
Full on the leg arrives the cruſhing wound:
The Frog, ſupportleſs, writhes upon the ground.
Thus fluſh'd, the victor wars with matchleſs force,
Till loud Craugaſides arreſts his courſe,
Hoarſe croaking threats precede! with fatal ſpeed
Deep through the belly ran the pointed reed,
Then, ſtrongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore:
The lame Sitophagus, oppreſs'd with pain,
Creeps from the deſperate dangers of the plain;
And where the ditches riſing weeds ſupply
To ſpread their lowly ſhades beneath the ſky,
There lurks the ſilent Mouſe reliev'd from heat,
And, ſafe embower'd, avoids the chance of fate.
But here Troxartas, Phyſignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed ſpear;
But where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartas wounds, and Phyſignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a ſafe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The Mouſe ſtill urges, ſtill the Frog retires,
And half in anguiſh of the flight expires.
Then pious ardour young Preſſæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank harmleſs Frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combat not his own,

Which,

Which, faintly tinkling on Troxartas' ſhield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.
Now nobly towering o'er the reſt appears
A gallant prince that far tranſcends his years,
Pride of his ſire, and glory of his houſe,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouſe:
His action bold, robuſt his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his reſounding name.
The warrior, ſingled from the fighting croud,
Boaſts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then ſtrutting near the lake, with looks elate,
To all its nations threats approaching fate.
And ſuch his ſtrength, the ſilver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground.
But powerful Jove, who ſhews no leſs his grace
To Frogs that periſh, than to human race,
Felt ſoft compaſſion riſing in his ſoul,
And ſhook his ſacred head, that ſhook the pole.
Then thus to all the gazing powers began
The ſire of Gods, and Frogs, and Mice, and Man.
What ſeas of blood I view! what worlds of ſlain!
An Iliad riſing from a day's campaign;
How fierce his javelin o'er the trembling lakes
The black-furr'd hero Meridarpax ſhakes!
Unleſs ſome favouring Deity deſcend,
Soon will the Frogs loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with pity fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye:
While Mars refulgent on his rattling car,
Arreſts his raging rival of the war.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious God of combats ſaid:
Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hiſſing ſhield;
Nor Mars himſelf, though Mars in armour bright
Aſcend his car, and wheel amidſt the fight;
Not theſe can drive the deſperate Mouſe afar,
Or change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms ariſe,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the ſkies,
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay;
When all the giant-race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell.
'Twas thus th' armipotent adviſ'd the Gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods,
Deep-lengthening thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then ſwift he whirls the brandiſh'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the diſtant ground;
The bolt diſcharg'd inwrap'd with lightning flies,
And rends its flaming paſſage through the ſkies:
Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, ſhake,
And Frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet ſtill the Mice advance their dread deſign,
And the laſt danger threats the croaking line,
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loſs they bore,
With ſtrange aſſiſtants fill'd the frighted ſhore.
Pour'd from the neighbouring ſtrand, deform'd to wi
They march, a ſudden unexpected crew!

Stror

Strong ſuits of armour round their bodies cloſe,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows;
In wheeling marches torn oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below;
Fell ſheers the paſſage to their mouth command;
From out the fleſh their bones by nature ſtand;
Broad ſpread their backs, their ſhining ſhoulders riſe;
Unnumber'd joints diſtort their lengthen'd thighs;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly brac'd;
Their round black eye-balls in their boſom plac'd;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread;
And either end alike ſupplies a head.
Theſe, mortal wits to call the Crabs agree,
The Gods have other names for things than we.
Now where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes tail with ſevering graſps they rend.
Here, ſhort of feet, depriv'd the power to fly,
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and ſcatter'd all around,
The bended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpleſs amazement, fear purſuing fear,
And mad confuſion, through their hoſt appear:
O'er the wild waſte with headlong flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.
But down Olympus to the weſtern ſeas
Far-ſhooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (ſo Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving ſun.

TO MR. POPE.

TO praiſe, yet ſtill with due reſpect to praiſe,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to ſhow, the ſenſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the friend,
What life, what vigour, muſt the lines require?
What muſic tune them? what affection fire?
O might thy genius in my boſom ſhine!
Thou ſhould'ſt not fail of numbers worthy thine,
The brighteſt ancients might at once agree
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the dame
Whom Windſor Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream,
On ſilver feet, with annual oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy Muſe the envy of the Fair!
Leſs ſhone the treſſes Ægypt's princeſs wore,
Which ſweet Callimachus ſo ſung before.
Here courtly treſſes ſet the world at odds,
Belles war with Beaux, and whims defend for G
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart

The Graces ſtand in ſight; a Satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the ſcene.
In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldeſt wits
Inſhrin'd on high the ſacred Virgil ſits,
And ſits in meaſures, ſuch as Virgil's Muſe
To place thee near him might be fond to chuſe.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While ſome old Damon, o'er the vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt, the prize.
Rapt with the thought, my fancy ſeeks the plains,
And turns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.
Indulgent nurſe of every tender gale,
Parent of flowerets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy poplars whiſper o'er my head,
Still ſlide thy waters ſoft among the trees;
Thy aſpins quiver in a breathing breeze,
Smile all thy vallies in eternal ſpring,
Be huſh'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil ſing.
In Engliſh lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat,
He ſhines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with every ſenſe of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;
In all the majeſty of Greece retir'd,
Himſelf unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
His language failing, wrap'd him round with night,
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.

So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden oar,
When choak'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And ſhepherds only ſay, The mines were here!
Should ſome rich youth (if nature warm his heart
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vaſt, how copious, are thy new deſigns!
How every muſic varies in thy lines!
Still as I read, I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when ſummer dreſs'd the days,
When Windſor lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle bleſt;
And Philomela ſweeteſt o'er the reſt:
The ſhades reſound with ſong — O ſoftly tread!
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.
This to my friend — and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires,
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound,
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning, — far, oh far from thee!
Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf!
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf,
Here hills with naked heads the tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their ſide, and torrents at their feet,
Or lazy lakes, unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown Naiads ever ſleep in mud.

Yet here content can dwell, and learned eaſe,
A friend delight me, and an author pleaſe,
Ev'n here I ſing, while Pope ſupplies the theme,
Show my own love, though not increaſe his fame.

A TRANSLATION of part of the firſt Canto of the RAPE of the LOCK, into Leonine Verſe, after the manner of the Ancient Monks.

ET nunc dilectum ſpeculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in mensâ, quæ ſplendet pyxide densâ:
Tum primum lymphâ, ſe purgat candida nympha;
Jamque ſine mendâ, cœleſtis imago videnda,
Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet, ocellos,
Hâc ſtupet explorans, ſeu cultus numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythoniſſa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi cautè, dicatque ſuperbia! lautè,
Dona venuſta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devotâ, ſe pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex iſtâ tranſpirat Arabia ciſta:
Teſtudo hic flectit, dum ſe mea Leſbia pectit;
Atque elephas lentè, te pectit Leſbia dente;
Hunc maculis nôris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et mundè, mundus muliebris abundè;
Spinula reſplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis ſuavis odore, et epiſtola ſuavis amore.
In luit arma ergo, Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in præſens tempus de tempore creſcens;

Jam

Jam reparat riſus, jam ſurgit gratiâ viſûs,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu.
Pigmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua purpura gliſcet,
Et geminans bellis ſplendet magè fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique ſaluti,
Hic figit zonam, capiti, locat ille coronam,
Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;
Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidiſſima Letty!
Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum.

HEALTH. AN ECLOGUE.

NOW early ſhepherds o'er the meadow paſs,
And print long footſteps in the glittering gra
The cows neglectful of their paſture ſtand,
By turns obſequious to the milker's hand.
When Damon ſoftly trod the ſhaven lawn,
Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleaſing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the diſtant view;
There reſts the youth, and, while the feather'd thro
Raiſe their wild muſic, thus contrives a ſong.
Here, wafted o'er by mild Eteſian air,
Thou country Goddeſs, beauteous Health! repair;
Here let my breaſt through quivering trees inhale
Thy roſy bleſſings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I ſee?
Ah! taſteleſs all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
Joy to my ſoul! I feel the Goddeſs nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;

C

O'er the flat green refreſhing breezes run,
The ſmiling daizies blow beneath the ſun,
The brooks run purling down with ſilver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compaſs rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High ſunny ſummits, deeply-ſhaded dales,
Thick moſſy banks, and flowery winding vales,
With various proſpect gratify the ſight,
And ſcatter fix'd attention in delight.

Come, country goddeſs, come; nor thou ſuffice,
But bring thy mountain-ſiſter, Exerciſe.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, ſhe turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finiſh'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, ſhe ſkims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horſes, croud her early train.
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meſhes looſely float behind.
All theſe as means of toil the feeble ſee,
But theſe are helps to pleaſure join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lie ſoftening till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the ſultry town,
Unnerv'd with reſt; and turn her own diſeaſe,
Or foſter others in luxurious eaſe:
I mount the courſer, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennel'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where ſtags through tangled thickets tread,
And ſhake the ſaplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And ſoar to ſeize, or ſtooping ſtrike their prey;

To

To ſnare the fiſh, I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl, I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus through change of exerciſe I range,
And ſtrength and pleaſure riſe from every change.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain
When the next comes, I 'll charm thee thus ag
Oh come, thou Goddeſs of my rural ſong,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along;
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whoſe bright preſence clouds of ſorrow fly;
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,
Clip my low hedges, and ſupport my flowers;
To welcome her, this ſummer-ſeat I dreſt,
And here I court her when ſhe comes to reſt;
When ſhe from exerciſe to learned eaſe
Shall change again, and teach the change to pleaſ
Now friends converſing my ſoft hours refine,
And Tully's Tuſculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And ſuch as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of eaſy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuſe the grove:
The native Bard, that on Sicilian plains
Firſt ſung the lowly manners of the ſwains;
Or Maro's Muſe, that in the faireſt light
Paints rural proſpects and the charms of ſight;
Theſe ſoft amuſements bring Content along,
And fancy, void of ſorrow, turns to ſong.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain
When the next comes, I 'll charm thee thus ag

THE FLIES. AN ECLOGUE.

WHEN in the river cows for coolneſs ſtand,
And ſheep for breezes ſeek the lofty land,
A youth, whom Æſop taught that every tree,
Each bird and inſect, ſpoke as well as he;
Walk'd calmly muſing in a ſhady way,
Where flowering hawthorns broke the ſunny ray,
And thus inſtructs his moral pen to draw
A ſcene that obvious in the field he ſaw.

Near a low ditch, where ſhallow waters meet,
Which never learn'd to glide with liquid feet;
Whoſe Naiads never prattle as they play,
But ſcreen'd with hedges ſlumber out the day,
There ſtands a ſlender fern's aſpiring ſhade,
Whoſe anſwering branches regularly laid
Put forth their anſwering boughs, and proudly riſe
Three ſtories upward, in the nether ſkies.

For ſhelter here, to ſhun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the Flies retreat;
Some in ſoft airs their ſilken pinions ply,
And ſome from bough to bough delighted fly,
Some riſe, and circling light to perch again;
A pleaſing murmur hums along the plain.
So, when a ſtage invites to pageant ſhows,
(If great and ſmall are like) appear the beaux;
In boxes ſome with ſpruce pretenſion ſit,
Some change from ſeat to ſeat within the pit,

Som

Some roam the ſcenes, or turning ceaſe to roam;
Preluding muſic fills the lofty dome.
When thus a Fly (if what a Fly can ſay
Deſerves attention) rais'd the rural lay.
Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's ſide,
Who, mindleſs of the feaſting, went to ſip
The balmy pleaſure of the ſhepherd's lip,
I ſaw the Wanton, where I ſtoop'd to ſup,
And half reſolv'd to drown me in a cup;
Till, bruſh'd by careleſs hands, ſhe ſoar'd above:
Ceaſe, Beauty, ceaſe to vex a tender love.
Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his muſic ſung.
When ſuns by thouſands ſhone on orbs of dew,
I waſted ſoft with Zephyretta flew;
Saw the clean pail, and ſought the milky chear,
While little Daphne ſeiz'd my roving Dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,
Yet fate indulging as the danger came.
But the kind huntreſs left her free to ſoar:
Ah! guard, ye lovers, guard a miſtreſs more.
Thus from the fern, whoſe high projecting arms
The fleeting nation bent with duſky ſwarms,
The ſwains their love in eaſy muſic breathe,
When tongues and tumult ſtun the field beneath:
Black ants in teams come darkening all the road,
Some call to march, and ſome to lift the load;
They ſtrain, they labour with inceſſant pains,
Preſs'd by the cumbrous weight of ſingle grains.

The

The Flies ſtruck ſilent gaze with wonder down:
The buſy burghers reach their earthy town;
Where lay the burthens of a wintery ſtore,
And thence unwearied part in ſearch of more.
Yet one grave ſage a moment's ſpace attends,
And the ſmall city's loftieſt point aſcends,
Wipes the ſalt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the graveſt grace.
Ye fooliſh nurſlings of the ſummer air,
Theſe gentle tunes and whining ſongs forbear;
Your trees and whiſpering breeze, your grove and love,
Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove;
Let Bards to buſineſs bend their vigorous wing,
And ſing but ſeldom, if they love to ſing:
Elſe, when the flowerets of the ſeaſon fail,
And this your ferny ſhade forſakes the vale,
Though one would ſave you, not one grain of wheat,
Should pay ſuch ſongſters idling at my gate.
He ceas'd: the Flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the Mayor's ſpeech, and fell to ſing again.

AN ELEGY, TO AN OLD BEAUTY.

IN vain, poor nymph, to pleaſe our youthful ſight
You ſleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches ſoil, with paint repair,
Dreſs with gay gowns, and ſhade with foreign hair.
If truth, in ſpite of manners, muſt be told,
Why really fifty-five is ſomething old.
Once you were young; or one, whoſe life 's ſo long
She might have borne my mother, tells me wrong.

And

And once, ſince Envy 's dead before you die,
The women own, you play'd a ſparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modiſh little trip,
And pouted with the prettieſt purple lip.—
To ſome new charmer are the roſes fled,
Which blew, to damaſk all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the Graces their to fix there reign,
And airs by thouſands fill their eaſy train.
So parting Summer bids her flowery prime
Attend the Sun to dreſs ſome foreign clime,
While withering ſeaſons in ſucceſſion, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.
But thou, ſince nature bids, the world reſign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to ſhine.
With more addreſs, or ſuch as pleaſes more,
She runs her female exerciſes o'er,
Unfurls or cloſes, raps or turns the fan,
And ſmiles, or bluſhes, at the creature man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches paſs,
In ſideling courteſy ſhe drops the glaſs.
With better ſtrength, on viſit-days ſhe bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample ſtairs.
Her mien, her ſhape, her temper, eyes, and tongue
Are ſure to conquer—for the rogue is young:
And all that 's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
Let Time, that makes you homely, make you ſage.
The ſphere of wiſdom is the ſphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flattering tongues of ſoft deſire,

If not from virtue, from its graveſt ways
The ſoul with pleaſing avocation ſtrays.
But beauty gone, 'tis eaſier to be wiſe;
As harpers better by the loſs of eyes.
Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt leſs the plays, and more the public prayers,
Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
Go pray, in ſober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendant diamonds let thy Fanny take
(Their trembling luſtre ſhows how much you ſhake);
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the reſt, with leſs incumbrance hung,
You walk through life, unmingled with the young,
And view the ſhade and ſubſtance as you paſs
With joint endeavour trifling at the glaſs,
Or Folly dreſt, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart; and grow by praiſe:
Yet ſtill ſedate yourſelf, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.
'Twas thus, if man with woman we compare,
The wiſe Athenian croſt a glittering fair,
Unmov'd by tongue and ſights, he walk'd the place,
Through tape, toys, tinſel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
And—What a World I never want? he cries:
But cries unheard: for folly will be free.
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd and he:
As careleſs he for them, as they for him:
He wrapt in wiſdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

THE BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, boy, we 'll hunt to-day,
The Book-worm, ravening beaſt of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As Fame reports it, with the Gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Againſt a thouſand authors lives;
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with cluſtering eyes,
With horns without, and tuſks within,
And ſcales to ſerve him for a ſkin.
Obſerve him nearly, leſt he climb
To wound the Bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go
To tear ſome modern wretch below.
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he ſlips thee by.
See where his teeth a paſſage eat:
We 'll rouſe him from the deep retreat.
But who the ſhelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis ſacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from ſong to ſong,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He 's up, he ſcuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he paſt,
And here we have him, caught at laſt.

Inſatiate brute, whoſe teeth abuſe.
The ſweeteſt ſervants of the Muſe.
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roſes nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage,
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's ſparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half deſtroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And ſpoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every ſingle deed,
Relentleſs Juſtice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myſelf the prieſt, my deſk the ſhrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Taſſo near,
To pile a ſacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' ruſtic ſtrain;
Pray take your mortal Bards again.
Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable duſt I lay,
From manuſcripts juſt ſwept away.
The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation 's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praiſe;

Then look'd ſo wiſe, before he knew
The buſineſs he was made to do;
That, pleas'd to ſee with what a grace
He gravely ſhew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-ſomething of the ſky.
But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a Poet's God
(For which his curls ambroſial ſhake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake);
He ſaw old mother Earth ariſe,
She ſtood confeſs'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read ſhe wore,
A caſtle for a crown before,
Nor with long ſtreets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone ſhe dreſt,
And trail'd a landſkip-painted veſt.
Then thice ſhe rais'd, as Ovid ſaid,
And thrice ſhe bow'd her weighty head.
Her honours made, Great Jove, ſhe cry'd,
This thing was faſhion'd from my ſide:
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what haſt thou to call him thine?
Nay rather aſk, the Monarch ſaid,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part 's an idle ſhape of clay.
Halves, more than halves! cry'd honeſt Ca;
Your pleas would make your titles fair,

You claim the body, you the ſoul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.
Thus with the Gods debate began,
On ſuch a trivial cauſe, as man.
And can celeſtial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.
As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There 's none that paint him ſuch as I,
For what the fabling Ancients ſung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not ſhed
Their ſilver honours on his head;
He juſt had got his pinions free,
From his old fire, Eternity.
A ſerpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A ſtaff he carry'd, where on high
A glaſs was fix'd to meaſure by,
As amber boxes made a ſhow
For heads of canes an age ago.
His veſt, for day and night, was py'd;
A bending ſickle arm'd his ſide;
And Spring's new months his train adorn:
The other Seaſons were unborn.
Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cauſe.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where ſince his hours a dial made;

There paſs with melonchaly ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee they life poſſeſt,
And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt.
Thoſe with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe,
Where toil and poverty repoſe.
The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame
(Which ere our ſet of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away),
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
Theſe, all the poor remains of ſtate,
Adorn the rich, or praiſe the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrap'd with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crouds,
And all with ſober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now

Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.
When men my ſcythe and darts ſupply,
How great a King of fears am I!
They view me like the laſt of things;
They make, and then they draw, my ſtrings.
Fools! if you leſs provok'd your fears,
No more my ſpectre-form appears.
Death 's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man would ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate to eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.
Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendant cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'ſcutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul, theſe forms of woe;
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their ſuffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering ſun:

Such

Such joy, though far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waſte:
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT

LOVELY, laſting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the ſky
With more of happineſs below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;
What happy region doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of calms and eaſe!
Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate, to meet thee there.
Encreaſing avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold inſhrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way,
Through rocks amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.

The ſilent heart, which grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales,
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)
Amuſing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude 's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a ſoul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the ſky,
Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;
The reſt it ſeeks, in ſeeking dies,
And doubts at laſt for knowledge riſe.
Lovely, laſting peace, appear!
This world itſelf, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bleſt,
And man contains it in his breaſt.
'Twas thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood,
And, loſt in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of his grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.

Oh!

Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat;
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly viſion, praiſe, and prayer;
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight;
While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear, and court my ſong:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my ſtring,
And thee, great Source of Nature, ſing.

The ſun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that ſhines with borrow'd light;
The ſtars that gild the gloomy night;
The ſeas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;
The field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Should be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of man.

Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy or your vain extreams;
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from men, with God he paſs'd the days,
Prayer all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.

A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heaven itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenour of his ſoul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its watery breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſwering colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every ſide,
And glimmering fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right,
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the Pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;

Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way:
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my Son, the reverend Sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.
Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober grey;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe;
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There by the moon through ranks of trees they p
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſ
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wandering ſtranger's hon
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the livery'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.

Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 't is morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Freſh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighbouring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſtening and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear;
So ſeem'd the Sire; when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wiley partner ſhow'd.
He ſtop'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a baſe reward.
While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wandering pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighbouring ſeat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.

As near the Miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with ſhowers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt);
Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes-in the ſhivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With ſtill remark the pondering Hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, within himſelf he cry'd,
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In every ſettling feature of his face;
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup, the generous Landlord own'd before

And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoil.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.
Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lye,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praiſe, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.

He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the Landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done;
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the Youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The Youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs Guide, and thruſt him in
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then ſtaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the father's eye
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch! — But ſcarce his ſpeech begun
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man

His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form etherial burſt upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.

Though loud at firſt the Pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous Angel broke
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke).

Thy prayer, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Theſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky,
Nay, ceaſe to kneel—Thy fellow-ſervant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.

The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty through all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.

What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than, thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!

The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.

The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs the ſilver runs below.

Long had our pious friends in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 't was my miniſtry to deal the blow)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.

But

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back;
This night, his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The Sage ſtood wondering as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha when, to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fiery pomp aſcending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done:
Then, gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

PIETY, OR THE VISION*.

'TWAS when the night in ſilent ſable fled,
When chearful morning ſprung with riſing red,
When dreams and vapours leave to croud the brain,
And beſt the viſion draws its heavenly ſcene;

'Twas

* This and the following poem are not in the octavo editions of Dr. Parnell's Poems publiſhed by Mr. Pope. They were firſt communicated to the public by the late ingenious Mr. James Arbuckle, and publiſhed in his Hibernicus's Letters, No. 62. GOLDSMITH.—They are now in ſome degree corrected, from the volume of "Poſthumous Poems," N.

'Twas then, as ſlumbering on my couch I lay,
A ſudden ſplendor ſeem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in a ſweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds inveſt,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of reſt;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the ſacred volume bore,
Her raiment glittering ſeem'd a ſilver white,
And all her ſweet companions ſons of light.
Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the ſhining croud
That fail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the ſoft air, and downwards ſeem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal apply'd.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulſes ran
Diffuſing comfort, thus the maid began:
"Where glorious manſions are prepar'd above,
"The ſeats of muſic, and the ſeats of love,
"Thence I deſcend, and Piety my name,
"To warm thy boſom with celeſtial flame,
"To teach thee praiſes mix'd with humble prayer
"And tune thy ſoul to ſing ſeraphic airs.
"Be thou my Bard." A vial here ſhe caught
(An Angel's hand the cryſtal vial brought);
And as with awful ſound the word was ſaid,
She pour'd a ſacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded: "Be thy Muſe thy zeal,
"Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.

" While other pencils flattering forms create,
" And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
" While other pens exalt the vain delight,
" Whoſe waſteful revel wakes the depth of night;
" Or others ſoftly ſing in idle lines
" How Damon courts, or Amaryllis ſhines;
" More wiſely thou ſelect a theme divine,
" Fame is their recompence, 'tis heaven is thine.
" Deſpiſe the raptures of diſcorded fire,
" Where wine, or paſſion, or applauſe inſpire
" Low reſtleſs life, and ravings born of earth,
" Whoſe meaner ſubjects ſpeak their humble birth,
" Like working ſeas, that, when loud winters blow,
" Not made for riſing, only rage below.
" Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
" More laſting ſtill, as more intenſely great,
" Produc'd where prayer, and praiſe, and pleaſure breathe;
" And ever mounting whence it ſhot beneath.
" Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds,
" From glittering pinions guilty pleaſure ſheds;
" Reſtore the colour to the golden mines
" With which behind the feather'd idol ſhines;
" To flowering greens give back their native care;
" The roſe and lily, never his to wear;
" To ſweet Arabia ſend the balmy breath;
" Strip the fair fleſh, and call the phantom Death;
" His bow be fabled o'er, his ſhafts the ſame,
" And fork and point them with eternal flame.
" But urge thy powers, thine utmoſt voice advance,
" Make the loud ſtrings againſt thy fingers dance:

" 'Tis

" 'Tis love that Angels praiſe and men adore,
" 'Tis love divine that aſks it all and more.
" Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
" Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
" And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod,
" Purſue the great unſeen deſcent of God.
" Hail the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,
" The child is God, and call him Jeſus here.
" He comes, but where to reſt? A manger 's nigh,
" Make the great Being in a manger lie;
" Fill the wide ſky with Angels on the wing,
" Make thouſands gaze, and make ten thouſand ſing;
" Let men afflict him, men he came to ſave,
" And ſtill afflict him till he reach the grave;
" Make him reſign'd, his loads of ſorrow meet,
" And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
" I 'll bathe my treſſes there, my prayers rehearſe,
" And glide in flames of love along my verſe.
" Ah! while I ſpeak, I feel my boſom ſwell,
" My raptures ſmother what I long to tell.
" 'Tis God! a preſent God! through cleaving air
" I ſee the throne, and ſee the Jeſus there
" Plac'd on the right. He ſhews the wounds he bore
" (My fervours oft have won him thus before);
" How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his ear;
" He bids the gates unbar; and calls me near."

She ceas'd. The cloud on which ſhe ſeem'd to tread
Its curls unfolded, and around her ſpread;
Bright Angels waft their wings to raiſe the cloud,
And ſweep their ivory lutes, and ſing aloud;

The

The ſcene moves off, while all its ambient ſky
Is turn'd to wondrous muſic as they fly;
And ſoft the ſwelling ſounds of muſic grow,
And faint their ſoftneſs, till they fail below.
My downy ſleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were ſettling, thus I ſpoke.
Thou beauteous viſion! on the ſoul impreſs'd,
When moſt my reaſon would appear to reſt,
'Twas ſure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious Angel limn'd thy ſacred ſights;
From blazing ſuns his radiant gold he drew,
While moons the ſilver gave, and air the blue.
I 'll mount the roving winds expanded wing,
And ſeek the ſacred hill, and light to ſing;
('Tis known in Jewry well) I 'll make my lays,
Obedient to thy ſummons, ſound with praiſe.
But ſtill I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;
And barely wiſh the wondrous gift I boaſt,
And faintly practiſe what deſerves it moſt.
Indulgent Lord! whoſe gracious love diſplays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with eaſe!
Be this, to bleſs my days, no dream of bliſs;
Or be, to bleſs the nights, my dreams like this.

On Neptune's part he plac'd victorious days,
Gay trophies won, and fame extending wide;
But plenty, ſafety, ſcience, arts, and eaſe,
Minerva's ſcale with greater weight ſupply'd.

Fierce War devours whom gentle Peace would ſav
Sweet Peace reſtores what angry War deſtroys;
War made for Peace, with that rewards the brave
While Peace its pleaſures from itſelf enjoys.

Hence vanquiſh'd Neptune to the ſea withdrew,
Hence wiſe Minerva rul'd Athenian lands;
Her Athens hence in arts and honours grew,
And ſtill her Olives deck pacific hands.

From fables, thus diſclos'd, a monarch's mind
May form juſt rules to chuſe the truly great,
And ſubjects weary'd with diſtreſſes find,
Whoſe kind endeavours moſt befriend the ſtate

Ev'n Britain here may learn to place her love,
If cities won, her kingdom's wealth have coſt
If Anna's thoughts the patriot ſouls approve,
Whoſe cares reſtore that wealth the wars had lo

But if we aſk, the moral to diſcloſe,
Whom her beſt patroneſs Europa calls,
Great Anna's title no exception knows,
And unapply'd in this the fable falls.

With her nor Neptune or Minerva vies:
Whene'er ſhe pleas'd, her troops to conqueſt
Whene'er ſhe pleaſes, peaceful times ariſe:
She gave the Horſe, and gives the Olive too.

DR. DONNE'S THIRD SATIRE VERSIFIED.

COMPASSION checks my ſpleen, yet ſcorn denies
The tears a paſſage through my ſwelling eyes;
To laugh or weep at ſins, might idly ſhow
Unheedful paſſion, or unfruitful woe.
Satire! ariſe, and try thy ſharper ways,
If ever ſatire cur'd an old diſeaſe.
Is not Religion (heaven-deſcended dame)
As worthy all our ſoul's devouteſt flame,
As moral Virtue in her early ſway,
When the beſt Heathens ſaw by doubtful day?
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,
As great and ſtrong to vanquiſh earthly love,
As earthly glory, fame, reſpect, and ſhow,
As all rewards their virtue found below?
Alas! Religion proper means prepares,
Theſe means are ours, and muſt its end be theirs?
And ſhall thy father's ſpirit meet the ſight
Of heathen ſages cloath'd in heavenly light,
Whoſe merit of ſtrict life, ſeverely ſuited
To Reaſon's dictates, may be faith imputed,
Whilſt thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,
Art ever baniſh'd from the bleſt abode.
Oh! if thy temper ſuch a fear can find,
This fear were valour of the nobleſt kind.

Dar'ſt thou provoke, when rebel ſouls aſpire,
Thy Maker's vengeance, and thy Monarch's ire,
Or live entomb'd in ſhips, thy leader's prey,
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the ſea;
In ſearch of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,
Or live, exil'd the ſun, in mines beneath,
Or, where in tempeſts icy mountains roll,
Attempt a paſſage by the northern pole?
Or dar'ſt thou parch within the fires of Spain,
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?
Or for ſome idol of thy fancy draw
Some looſe-gown'd dame; O courage made of ſtraw
Thus, deſperate coward, would'ſt thou bold appear
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee centry here,
To thy own foes, to his, ignoble yield;
And leave, for wars forbid, th' appointed field?
Know thy own foes; th' apoſtate angel; he
You ſtrive to pleaſe, the foremoſt of the three;
He makes the pleaſures of his realm the bait,
But can he give for love that acts in hate?
The world 's thy ſecond love, thy ſecond foe,
The world, whoſe beauties periſh as they blow,
They fly, ſhe fades herſelf, and at the beſt,
You graſp a wither'd ſtrumpet to your breaſt;
The fleſh is next, which in fruition waſtes,
High fluſh'd with all the ſenſual joys it taſtes.
While men the fair, the goodly ſoul deſtroy,
From whence the fleſh has power to taſte a joy.
Seek thou Religion primitively ſound—
Well, gentle friend, but where may ſhe be found?

By faith implicit blind Ignaro led,
Thinks the bright ſeraph from his country fled,
And ſeeks her ſeat at Rome, becauſe we know,
She there was ſeen a thouſand years ago;
And loves her relick rags, as men obey
The foot-cloth where the prince ſat yeſterday.
Theſe pageant forms are whining Obed's ſcorn,
Who ſeeks Religion at Geneva born,
A ſullen thing, whoſe coarſeneſs ſuits the crowd:
Though young, unhandſome; though unhandſome, proud;
Thus, with the wanton, ſome perverſely judge
All girls unhealthy but the country drudge.
No foreign ſchemes make eaſy Cæpio roam,
The man contented takes his church at home,
Nay, ſhould ſome preachers, ſervile bawds of gain,
Should ſome new laws, which like new faſhions reign,
Command his faith to count ſalvation ty'd,
To viſit his, and viſit none beſide;
He grants ſalvation centres in his own,
And grants it centres but in his alone;
From youth to age he graſps the proffer'd dame,
And they confer his faith, who give his name;
So from the guardian's hands the wards, who live
Enthrall'd to guardians, take the wives they give.
From all profeſſions careleſs Airy flies,
For all profeſſions can't be good, he cries;
And here a fault, and there another views,
And lives unfix'd for want of heart to chuſe;

So men, who know what ſome looſe girls have done,
For fear of marrying ſuch, will marry none.
The charms of all obſequious Courtly ſtrike;
On each he dotes, on each attends alike;
And thinks, as different countries deck the dame,
The dreſſes altering, and the ſex the ſame:
So fares Religion, chang'd in outward ſhow,
But 'tis Religion ſtill where'er we go:
This blindneſs ſprings from an exceſs of light,
And men embrace the wrong to chuſe the right.
But thou of force muſt one Religion own,
And only one, and that the right alone;
To find that right one, aſk thy reverend ſire,
Let his of him, and him of his enquire;
Though truth and falſehood ſeem as twins ally'd,
There 's elderſhip on Truth's delightful ſide;
Her ſeek with heed—who ſeeks the ſoundeſt firſt,
Is not of no Religion, nor the worſt.
T' adore, or ſcorn an image, or proteſt,
May all be bad; doubt wiſely for the beſt,
'Twere wrong to ſleep, or headlong run aſtray;
It is not wandering, to inquire the way.
On a large mountain, at the baſis wide,
Steep to the top, and craggy at the ſide,
Sits ſacred Truth enthron'd; and he who mean
To reach the ſummit, mounts with weary pain:
Winds round and round, and every turn eſſays
Where ſudden breaks reſiſt the ſhorter ways.
Yet labour ſo, that ere faint age arrive,
Thy ſearching ſoul poſſeſs her reſt alive:

To work by twilight were to work too late,
And age is twilight to the night of fate.
To will alone, is but to mean delay,
To work at preſent, is the uſe of day,
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,
High thoughts the ſoul, hard deeds the body ſtrain,
And myſteries aſk believing, which to view,
Like the fair ſun, are plain, but dazzling too.
Be Truth, ſo found, with ſacred heed poſſeſt,
Not kings have power to tear it from thy breaſt.
By no blank charters harm they where they hate,
Nor are they vicars, but the hands of fate.
Ah! fool and wretch, who lett'ſt thy ſoul be ty'd
To human laws! or muſt it ſo be try'd?
Or will it boot thee, at the lateſt day,
When Judgment ſits, and Juſtice aſks thy plea,
That Philip that, or Gregory taught thee this,
Or John or Martin? All may teach amiſs:
For every contrary in each extreme
This holds alike, and each may plead the ſame.
Wouldſt thou to power a proper duty ſhew?
'Tis thy firſt taſk the bounds of power to know;
The bounds once paſt, it holds the ſame no more,
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,
Nor were ſubmiſſion humbleneſs expreſt,
But all a low idolatry at beſt.
Power from above, ſubordinately ſpread,
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head;
There, calm and pure, the living waters flow,
But roars a torrent or a flood below,

Each flower ordain'd the margins to adorn,
Each native beauty, from its roots is torn,
And left on deſerts, rocks and ſands, are toſt,
All the long travel, and in ocean loſt.
So fares the ſoul, which more that power reveres,
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

FROM realms of never-interrupted peace,
From thy fair ſtation near the throne of Grace,
From choirs of angels, joys in endleſs round,
And endleſs harmony's enchanting ſound,
Charm'd with a zeal the Maker's praiſe to ſhew,
Bright Gift of Verſe deſcend, and here below
My raviſh'd heart with rais'd affection fill,
And warbling o'er the ſoul incline my will.
Among thy pomp, let rich expreſſion wait,
Let ranging numbers form thy train compleat,
While at thy motions over all the ſky
Sweet ſounds, and echoes ſweet, reſounding fly;
And where thy feet with gliding beauty tread,
Let Fancy's flowery ſpring erect its head.
It comes, it comes, with unaccuſtom'd light,
The tracts of airy thought grow wondrous bright,
Its notions ancient Memory reviews,
And young Invention new deſigns purſues.
To ſome attempt my will and wiſhes preſs,
And pleaſure, rais'd in hope, forebodes ſucceſs.
My God, from whom proceed the gifts divine,
My God! I think I feel the gift is thine.

Be this no vain illuſion which I find,
Nor nature's impulſe on the paſſive mind,
But reaſon's act, produc'd by good deſire,
By grace enliven'd with Celeſtial Fire;
While baſe conceits, like miſty ſons of night,
Before ſuch beams of glory take their flight,
And frail affections, born of earth, decay,
Like weeds that wither in the warmer ray.
I thank thee, Father! with a grateful mind:
Man 's undeſerving, and thy Mercy kind.
I now perceive, I long to ſing thy praiſe,
I now perceive, I long to find my lays
The ſweet incentives of another's love,
And ſure ſuch longings have their riſe above.
My reſolution ſtands confirm'd within,
My lines aſpiring eagerly begin;
Begin, my lines, to ſuch a ſubject due,
That aids our labours, and rewards them too!
Begin, while Canaan opens to mine eyes,
Where ſouls and ſongs, divinely form'd, ariſe.
As one whom o'er the ſweetly-vary'd meads
Intire receſs and lonely pleaſure leads,
To verdur'd banks, to paths adorn'd with flowers,
To ſhady trees, to cloſely-waving bowers,
To bubbling fountains, and aſide the ſtream
That ſoftly gliding ſooths a waking dream,
Or bears the thought inſpir'd with heat along,
And with fair images improves a ſong;
Through ſacred anthems, ſo may fancy range,
So ſtill from beauty, ſtill to beauty change,

To

Ye Tempeſts, now, from every corner fly,
And wildly rage in all my fancied ſky,
Roll on, ye waters, as they roll'd before,
Ye billows of my fancied ocean, roar;
Daſh high, ride foaming, mingle, all the main,
'Tis done, and Pharaoh can't afflict again.
The work, the wondrous work of freedom 's done,
The winds abate, the clouds reſtore the ſun,
The wreck appears, the threatening army drown'd
Floats o'er the waves, to ſtrew the ſandy ground,
Then place thy Moſes near the calming flood,
Majeſtically mild, ſerenely good;
Let meekneſs, lovely virtue, gently ſtream
Around his viſage, like a lambent flame;
Let grateful ſentiments, let ſenſe of love,
Let holy zeal, within his boſom move;
And while his people gaze the watery plain,
And fear's laſt touches like to doubts remain;
While bright aſtoniſhment, that ſeems to raiſe
A queſtioning belief, is fond to praiſe;
Be thus the rapture in the prophet's breaſt,
Be thus the thanks for freedom gain'd expreſs'd:
I 'll ſing to God, I 'll ſing the ſongs of praiſe,
To God, triumphant in his wondrous ways,
To God, whoſe glories in the ſeas excel,
Where the proud horſe and prouder rider fell.
The Lord, in mercy kind, in juſtice ſtrong,
Is now my ſtrength; this ſtrength be now my ſo
This ſure ſalvation ſuch he proves to me,
From danger reſcued, and from bondage free;

The Lord 's my God, and I 'll prepare his ſeat,
My father 's God, and I'll proclaim him great;
Him Lord of battles, Him renown'd in Name,
Him ever-faithful, evermore the ſame.
His gracious aids avenge his people's thrall,
They make the pride of boaſting Pharaoh fall.
Within the ſeas his ſtately chariots lie,
Within the ſeas his choſen captains die.
The rolling deeps have cover'd o'er the foe,
They ſunk like ſtones, they ſwiftly ſunk below:
Thine hand, my God! thine hand confeſs'd thy care,
Thine hand was glorious in thy power there,
It broke their troops, unequal for the fight,
In all the greatneſs of excelling might:
Thy wrath ſent forward o'er the raging ſtream,
Swift, ſure, and ſudden, their deſtruction came.
They fell as ſtubble burns, while driving ſkies
Provoke and whirl a flame, and ruin flies.
When blaſts, diſpatch'd with wonderful intent,
On ſovereign orders from thy noſtrils went,
For our accounts, the waters were afraid,
Perceiv'd thy Preſence, and together fled;
In heaps uprightly plac'd, they learn to ſtand,
Like banks of cryſtal, by the paths of ſand.
Then, fondly fluſh'd with hope, and ſwell'd with pride,
And fill'd with rage, the foe profanely cry'd,
Secure of conqueſt, I 'll purſue their way,
I 'll overtake them, I 'll divide the prey,
My luſt I 'll ſatisfy, mine anger cloy,
My ſword I 'll brandiſh, and their name deſtroy.

How

How wildly threats their anger, hark! above,
New blaſts of wind on new commiſſion move,
To looſe the fetters that confin'd the main,
And make its mighty waters rage again.
Then, overwhelm'd with their reſiſtleſs ſway,
They ſunk like lead, they ſunk beneath the ſea.
Oh, who 's like thee, thou dreaded Lord of Hoſts,
Among the Gods, whom all the nations boaſt,
Such acts of wonder and of ſtrength diſplays?
Oh great, Oh glorious in thine holy ways!
Deſerving praiſe, and that thy praiſe appear
In ſigns of reverence, and ſenſe of fear.
With juſtice arm'd, thou ſtretcheddſt out thine hand,
And earth between its gaping jaws of land
Receiv'd its waters of the parted main,
And ſwallow'd up the dark Egyptian train.
With mercy riſing on the weaker ſide,
Thyſelf became the reſcued people's guide!
And in thy ſtrength they paſt th' amazing road
To reach thine Holy Mount, thy bleſs'd abode.
What thou haſt done the neighbouring realms hear,
And feel the ſtrange report extite their fear.
What thou haſt done ſhall Edom's Duke amaze,
And make deſpair on Paleſtina ſeize.
Shall make the warlike ſons of Moab ſhake,
And all the melting hearts of Canaan weak.
In heavy damps, diffus'd on every breaſt,
Shall cold diſtruſt and hopeleſs terror reſt,

The matchleſs Greatneſs, which thine Hand has ſhewn,
Shall keep their kingdoms as unmov'd as ſtone,
While Jordan ſtops above, and fails below,
And all thy flock acroſs the channel go.
Thus on thy Mercy's ſilver-ſhining wing,
Through ſeas and ſtreams thou wilt the nation bring,
And as the rooted trees ſecurely ſtand.
So firmly plant it in the promis'd land;
Where for thyſelf thou wilt a place prepare,
And after-ages will thine altar rear,
There reign victorious in thy ſacred ſeat,
Oh, Lord! for ever and for ever great.

Look where the tyrant was but lately ſeen,
The ſeas gave backward, and he ventur'd in:
In yonder gulph with haughty pomp he ſhew'd,
Here march'd his horſemen, there his chariots rode,
And when our God reſtor'd the floods again,
Ah, vainly ſtrong! they periſh'd in the main;
But Iſrael went a dry ſurprizing way,
Made ſafe by miracles, amidſt the ſea.

Here ceas'd the ſong, though not the Prophet's joy,
Which others hands and others tongues employ;
For ſtill the lays, with warmth divine expreſt,
Inflam'd his hearers to their inmoſt breaſt.
Then Miriam's notes the chorus ſweetly raiſe,
And Miriam's timbrel gives new life to praiſe.
The moving ſounds, like ſoft delicious wind,
That breath'd from paradiſe, a paſſage find,
Shed ſympathies for odours as they rove,
And fan the riſings of enkindled love.

Over

O'er all the croud the thought inſpiring flew,
The women follow'd, with their timbrels too,
And thus from Moſes, where his ſtrains aroſe,
They catch'd a rapture, to perform the cloſe.
We 'll ſing to God, we 'll ſing the ſongs of praiſe,
To God triumphant in his wondrous ways,
To God, whoſe glories in the ſeas excel,
Where the proud horſe and prouder rider fell.
Thus Iſrael, raptur'd with the pleaſing thought,
Of freedom wiſh'd, and wonderfully got,
Made chearful thanks from every bank reſound,
Expreſs'd by ſongs, improv'd in joy by ſound.
Oh, ſacred Moſes, each infuſing line,
That mov'd their gratitude, was part of thine;
And ſtill the Chriſtians in thy numbers view,
The type of Baptiſm, and of Heaven too.
So ſouls from water riſe to grace below,
So ſaints from toil to praiſe and glory go.
Oh, grateful Miriam, in thy temper wrought,
Too warm for ſilence, or inventing thought;
Thy part of anthem was to warble o'er,
In ſweet reſponſe what Moſes ſung before.
Thou ledſt the public voice to join his lays,
And words redoubling, well-redoubled praiſe.
Receive thy title, propheteſs was thine,
When here thy practice ſhew'd thy form divine.
The ſpirit thus approv'd, reſign'd in will,
The church bows down, and hears reſponſes ſtill.
Nor ſlightly ſuffer tuneful Jubal's name
To miſs his place among the ſons of fame;

Who

Whoſe ſweet infuſions could of old inſpire
The breathing organs, and the trembling lyre.
Father of theſe on earth, whoſe gentle ſoul,
By ſuch engagements, could the mind control,
If holy verſes aught to muſic owe,
Be that thy large account of thanks below:
Whilſt, then, the timbrels lively pleaſure gave,
And, now, whilſt organs ſound ſedately grave.
My firſt attempt the finiſh'd courſe commends,
Now, Fancy, flag not, as that ſubject ends,
But, charm'd with beauties which attend thy way,
Aſcend harmonious in the next eſſay.
So flies the lark, and learn from her to fly;
She mounts, ſhe warbles on the wind on high,
She falls from thence, and ſeems to drop her wing,
But, ere ſhe lights to reſt, remounts to ſing.
It is not far the days have roll'd their years
Before the ſecond brighten'd work appears,
It is not far, alas! the faulty cauſe,
Which, from the Prophet, ſad reflection draws;
Alas! that bleſſings in poſſeſſion cloy,
And peeviſh murmurs are prefer'd to joy;
That favour'd Iſrael could be faithleſs ſtill,
Or queſtion God's protecting power or will,
Or dread devoted Canaan's warlike men,
And long for Egypt and their bonds again.
Scarce thrice the Sun ſince harden'd Pharaoh dy'd,
As bridegrooms iſſue forth with glittering pride,
Rejoicing roſe, and let the nation ſee
Three ſhining days of eaſy liberty,

Ere the mean fears of want, produc'd within,
Vain thought, repleniſh'd, with rebellious ſin.
Oh look not, Iſrael, to thy former way;
God cannot fail; and either wait or pray.
Within the borders of thy promis'd lands,
Lot's hapleſs wife a ſtrange example ſtands,
She turn'd her eyes, and felt her change begin,
And wrath as fierce may meet reſembling ſin.
Then forward move thy camp, and forward ſtill,
And let ſweet mercy bend thy ſtubborn will.
At thy complaint, a branch in Marah caſt,
With ſweetening virtue mends the water's taſte.
At thy complaint, the labouring tempeſt ſails,
And drives before a wondrous ſhower of quails.
In tender graſs the falling manna lies,
And Heaven itſelf the want of bread ſupplies.
The rock divided, flows upon the plain:
At thy complaint, and ſtill thou wilt complain.
As, thus employ'd, thou went the Deſart through,
Lo! Sinai mount upreard its head to view.
Thine eyes perceiv'd the darkly-rolling cloud,
Thine ears the trumpet ſhrill, the thunder loud,
The forky lightning ſhot in livid gleam,
The ſmoak aroſe, the mountain all a flame
Quak'd to the Depths, and work'd with ſigns of fear;
While God deſcended to diſpenſe the law.
Yet neither mercy, manifeſt in might,
Nor power in terrors could preſerve thee right.
Provok'd with crimes of ſuch an heinous kind
Almighty juſtice ſware the doom deſign'd.

That they ſhould never reach the promis'd ſeat,
And Moſes greatly mourns their haſten'd fate.
I 'll think him now retir'd to public care,
While night in pitchy plumes ſlides ſoft in air,
I 'll think him giving what the guilty ſleep,
To thoughts where ſorrow glides, and numbers weep,
Sad thoughts of woes that reign where ſuch prevail,
And man's ſhort life, though not ſo ſhort as frail.
Within this circle for his inward eyes,
He bids the fading low creation riſe,
And ſtrait the train of mimic ſenſes brings
The duſky ſhapes of tranſitory things,
Through penſive ſhades, the viſions ſeem to range,
They ſeem to flouriſh, and they ſeem to change;
A moon decreaſing runs the ſilent ſky,
And ſickly birds on moulting feathers fly;
Men walking count their days of bleſſing o'er,
The bleſſings vaniſh, and the tale 's no more,
Still hours of nightly watches ſteal away,
Big waters roll, green blades of graſs decay,
Then all the penſive ſhades, by juſt degrees,
Grow faint in proſpect, and go off with theſe:
But while th' affecting notions paſs along,
He chuſes ſuch as beſt adorn his ſong;
And thus with God the riſing lays began,
God ever reigning, God compar'd with man:
And thus they move to man beneath his rod,
Man deeply ſinning, man chaſtis'd by God.
Oh Lord! Oh Saviour! though thy choſen band
Have ſtay'd like ſtrangers, in a foreign land,

Through number'd ages, which have run their rac
Still has thy mercy been our dwelling-place,
Before the moſt exalted duſt of earth,
The ſtately mountains had receiv'd a birth,
Before the pillars of the world were laid,
Before the habitable parts were made;
Thou wert their God, from thee their riſe they dre
Thou great for ages, great for ever too.
Man (mortal creature) fram'd to feel decays,
Thine unreſiſted power at pleaſure ſways;
Thou ſay'ſt *return*, and parting ſouls obey,
Thou ſay'ſt *return*, and bodies fall to clay.
For what 's a thouſand fleeting years with thee?
Or time, compar'd with long eternity,
Whoſe wings expanding infinitely vaſt
O'erſtretch its utmoſt ends of firſt and laſt;
'Tis like thoſe hours that lately ſaw the ſun;
He roſe, and ſet, and all the day was done.
Or like the watches which dread night divide,
And while we ſlumber unregarded glide,
When all the preſent ſeems a thing of nought,
And paſt and future cloſe to waking thought.
As raging floods, when rivers ſwell with rain,
Bear down the groves, and overflow the plain,
So ſwift and ſtrong thy wondrous might appears,
So life is carried down the rolling years.
As heavy ſleep purſues the day's retreat,
With dark, with ſilent, and unactive ſtate,
So life 's attended on by certain doom,
And death 's their reſt; their reſting-place, a tomb.

It quickly riſes, and it quickly goes,
And youth its morning, age its evening ſhews.
Thus tender blades of graſs, when beams diffuſe,
Riſe from the preſſure of their early dews.
Point tow'rds the ſkies, their elevated ſpires,
And proudly flouriſh, in their green attires,
But ſoon (ah fading ſtate of things below!)
The ſcythe deſtructive mows the lovely ſhew,
The riſing ſun thus ſaw their glories high;
That ſun deſcended, ſees their glories die.
We ſtill with more than common haſte of fate
Are doom'd to periſh, in thy kindled hate.
Our publie ſins for public juſtice call,
And ſtand like marks, on which thy judgments fall;
Our ſecret ſins, that folly thought conceal'd,
Are in thy light for puniſhment reveal'd.
Beneath the terrors of thy wrath divine
Our days unmix'd with happineſs decline,
Like empty ſtories, tedious, ſhort, and vain,
And never, never more recall'd again.
Yet what were life, if to the longeſt date,
Which we have nam'd a life, we backen'd fate,
Alas, its moſt computed length appears,
To reach the limits but of ſeventy years,
And if by ſtrength to fourſcore years we go,
That ſtrength is labour, and that labour woe.
Then will thy term expire, and thou muſt fly,
Oh man! oh creature ſurely born to die!
But who regards a truth ſo throughly known?
Who dreads a wrath ſo manifeſtly ſhewn?

Who ſeems to fear it, though the danger vies,
With any pitch to which our fear can riſe:
O teach us ſo to number all our days,
That theſe reflections may correct our ways,
That theſe may lead us from deluſive dreams
To walk in heavenly wiſdom's golden beams.
Return, oh Lord: how long ſhall Iſrael ſin?
How long thine anger be preſerv'd within?
Before our time 's irrevocably paſt,
Be kind, be gracious, and return at laſt.
Let favour ſoon diſpens'd our ſouls employ,
And ſtill remember'd favour live in joy.
Send years of comforts for our years of woes,
Send theſe at leaſt of equal length with thoſe,
Shine on thy flock, and on their offspring ſhine,
With tender mercy (ſweeteſt act divine);
Bright rays of majeſty ſerenely ſhed
To reſt in glories on the nation's head.
Our future deeds with approbation bleſs,
And in the giving them give us ſucceſs.
Thus with forgiveneſs earneſtly deſir'd,
Thus in the raptures of a bliſs requir'd,
The man of God concludes his ſacred ſtrain,
Now ſit and ſee the ſubject once again.
See ghaſtly death, where deſarts all around
Spread forth the barren undelightful ground:
There ſtalks the ſilent melancholy ſhade,
His naked bones reclining on a ſpade;
And thrice the ſpade with ſolemn ſadneſs heaves,
And thrice earth opens in the form of graves,

His gates of darkneſs gape, to take him in;
And where he ſoon would ſink, he 's puſh'd by ſin.
Poor mortals! here, your common picture know,
And with yourſelves in this acquainted grow,
Through life, with airy, thoughtleſs pride you range,
And vainly glitter in the ſphere of change,
A ſphere where all things but for time remain,
Where no fix'd ſtars with endleſs glory reign.
But meteors only, ſhort-liv'd meteors riſe,
To ſhine, ſhoot down, and die beneath the ſkies.
There is an hour, ah! who that hour attends?
When man, the gilded vanity, deſcends;
When foreign force, or waſte of inward heat,
Conſtrain the ſoul to leave its ancient ſeat;
When baniſh'd beauty from her empire flies,
And with a languiſh leaves the ſparkling eyes;
When ſoftening muſic and perſuaſion fail,
And all the charms that in the tongue prevail;
When ſpirits ſtop their courſe, when nerves unbrace,
And outward action and perception ceaſe;
'Tis then the poor deform'd remains ſhall be
That naked ſkeleton we ſeem'd to ſee.
Make this thy mirror, if thou would'ſt have bliſs,
No flattering image ſhews itſelf in this;
But ſuch as lays the lofty looks of pride,
And makes cool thought in humble channel glide;
But ſuch as clears the cheats of error's den,
Whence magic miſts ſurround the ſouls of men;
Whence ſelf-deluſion's trains adorn their flight,
As ſnow's fair feathers fleet to darken ſight;

Then reſt, and in the work of fancy ſpread,
To gay-wav'd plumes for every mortal's head.
Theſe empty forms, when death appears, diſperſe
Or melt in tears, upon its mournful hearſe;
The ſad reflection forces men to know,
Life ſurely fails and ſwiftly flies below.
Oh, leſt thy folly loſe the profit ſought,
Oh never touch it with a glancing thought,
As men to glaſſes come, and ſtraight withdraw,
And ſtraight forget what ſort of face they ſaw:
But fix, intently fix, thine inward eyes,
And in the ſtrength of this great truth be wiſe.
If on the globe's dim ſide our ſenſes ſtray,
Not us'd to perfect light, we think it day:
Death ſeems long ſleep; and hopes of heavenly beams,
Deceitful wiſhes, big with diſtant dreams;
But if our reaſon purge the carnal ſight,
And place its objects in their juſter light,
We change the ſide, from dreams on earth we move,
And wake through death, to riſing life above.
Here o'er my ſoul a ſolemn ſilence reigns,
Preparing thought for new celeſtial ſtrains,
The former vaniſh off, the new begin,
The ſolemn ſilence ſtands like night between,
In whoſe dark boſom day departing lies,
And day ſucceeding takes a lovely riſe.
But though the ſong be chang'd, be ſtill the flame,
And ſtill the prophet, in my lines the ſame;
With care renew'd, upon the children dwell,
Whoſe ſinful fathers in the deſart fell,

With

With care renew'd if any care can do,
Ah! left they ſin, and left they periſh too.
Go ſeek for Moſes at yon ſacred tent,
On which the Preſence makes a bright deſcent.
Behold the cloud, with radiant glory fair
Like a wreath'd pillar, curl itſelf in air!
Behold it hovering juſt above the door,
And Moſes meekly kneeling on the floor.
But if the gazing turn thy edge of ſight,
And darkneſs ſpring from unſupported light,
Then change the ſenſe, be ſight in hearing drown'd,
While theſe ſtrange accents from the viſion ſound:
The time, my ſervant, is approaching nigh,
When thou ſhalt gather'd with thy fathers lie,
And ſoon thy nation, quite forgetful grown
Of all the glories which mine arm has ſhewn,
Shall through my covenant perverſely break,
Deſpiſe my worſhip, and my name forſake,
By cuſtoms conquer'd, where to rule they go,
And ſerving gods that can't protect their foe.
Diſpleas'd at this, I 'll turn my face aſide
Till ſharp Affliction's rod reduce their pride;
Till, brought to better mind, they ſeek relief,
By good confeſſions in the midſt of grief.
Then write thy ſong, to ſtand a witneſs ſtill
Of favours paſt, and of my future will,
For I their vain conceits before diſcern,
Then write thy ſong which Iſrael's ſons ſhall learn.
As thus the wondrous voice its charge repeats,
The Prophet muſing deep within repeats,

He

He ſeems to feel it on a ſtreaming ray,
Pierce through the ſoul enlightening all its way.
And much obedient will, and free deſire,
And much his love of Jacob's ſeed inſpire;
And much, Oh! much above the warmth of thoſe
The ſacred ſpirit in his boſom glows,
Majeſtic Notion ſeems decrees to nod,
And holy Tranſport ſpeaks the words of God.
He now returns, the finiſh'd roll he brings,
Enrich'd with ſtrains of paſt and future things;
The prieſts in order to the tent repair,
The gather'd Tribes attend the elders there:
Oh! ſacred Mercy's inexhauſted ſtore!
Shall theſe have warning of their faults before,
Shall theſe be told the recompenſes due,
Shall heaven and earth be call'd to witneſs too!
Then ſtill the tumult, if it will be ſo,
Let fear, to loſe a word, its caution ſhew;
Let cloſe attention in dead calm appear,
And ſoftly, ſoftly ſteal with ſilence near;
While Moſes, rais'd above the liſtening throng,
Pronounces thus in all their ears the Song:
Hear, Oh ye heavens, Creation's lofty ſhow,
Hear, Oh thou heaven-encompaſs'd earth below,
As ſilver ſhowers of gently dropping rain,
As honey dews diſtilling on the plain,
As rain, as dews, for tender graſs deſign'd,
So ſhall my ſpeeches ſink within the mind,
So ſweetly turn the ſoul's enlivening food,
So fill and cheriſh hopeful ſeeds of good,

For now my numbers to the world abroad
Will loudly celebrate the name of God.
Aſcribe, thou nation, every favour'd tribe,
Excelling greatneſs to the Lord aſcribe,
The Lord! the rock on whom we ſafely truſt,
Whoſe work is perfect, and whoſe ways are juſt;
The Lord! whoſe promiſe ſtands for ever true
The Lord! moſt righteous, and moſt holy too.
Ah, worſe election! Ah, the bonds of ſin!
They chuſe themſelves, to take corruption in.
They ſtain their ſouls with Vice's deepeſt blots,
When only frailties are his children's ſpots.
Their thoughts, words, actions, all are run aſtray,
And none more crooked, more perverſe, than they.
Say, rebel nation, and unwiſely light,
Say, will thy folly thus the Lord requite?
Or is he not the God who made thee free,
Whoſe mercy purchas'd and eſtabliſh'd thee?
Remember well the wondrous days of old,
The years of ages long before thee told,
Aſk all thy fathers, who the truth will ſhow,
Or aſk thine elders, for thine elders know.
When the Moſt High with ſceptre pointed down,
Deſcribed the Realms of each beginning crown,
When Adam's offspring providential care,
To people countries, ſcatter'd here and there;
He to the limits of their lands confin'd,
That favour'd Iſrael has its part aſſign'd,
For Iſrael is the Lord's, and gains the place
Reſerv'd for thoſe, whom he would chuſe to grace.

Him

To burn the depths, conſume the land's increaſe,
And on the mountains' ſtrong foundation's ſeize,
Thick heaps of miſchief on their heads I ſend,
And all mine arrows, wing'd with fury, ſpend;
Slow-parching death, and peſtilential heat,
Shall bring the bitter pangs of lingering Fate.
The teeth of beaſts ſhall ſwift deſtruction bring,
The ſerpents wound them with invenom'd ſting,
The ſword without, and dread within, conſume
The youth and virgin, in their lovely bloom,
Weak tender infancy, by ſuckling fed,
And helpleſs age, with hoary froſted head.
I ſaid I 'd ſcatter all the ſinful race,
I ſaid I 'd make its meer remembrance ceaſe,
But that I fear'd the foe's unruly pride,
Their glory vaunted, and their power deny'd,
While thus they boaſt, our arm has ſhewn us brave,
And God did nothing, for he could not ſave.
So fond their thoughts are, ſo remote of ſenſe,
And blind in every courſe of Providence.
O did they know to what my judgments tend!
O would they ponder on their latter end!
They ſoon would find, that when upon the field
One makes a thouſand, two, ten thouſand yield.
The Lord of Hoſts has ſold a rebel ſtate
And ſure incloſ'd it in the nets of Fate.
For what 's another's rock compar'd with ours,
Let them be judges that have prov'd their powers,
That on their own have vainly call'd for aid,
While ours to freedom and to glory led.

The

Their vine, indeed, may ſeem to flouriſh fair,
But yet it grows in Sodom's tainted air,
It ſucks corruption from Gomorrah's fields,
And galls for grapes in bitter cluſters yields.
And poiſon ſheds for wine, like that which comes
From aſps, and dragons death-infected gums.
And are not theſe their hateful ſins reveal'd,
And in my treaſures for my juſtice ſeal'd?
To me the province of revenge belongs,
To me the certain recompence of wrongs,
Their feet ſhall totter in appointed time,
And threatening danger overtake their crime;
For, wing'd with feather'd haſte, the minutes fly
To bring thoſe things that muſt afflict them nigh.
The Lord will judge his own, and bring them low,
And then repent, and turn upon the foe.
And when the judgments from his own remove
Will thus the foe convincingly reprove.
Where are the gods, the rock, to whom in vain
Your offerings have been made, your victims ſlain?
Let them ariſe, let them afford their aid,
And with protection's ſhield ſurround your head.
Know then your Maker, I the Lord am he,
Nor ever was there any God with me,
And death, or life, or wounds, or health, I give,
Nor can another from my power reprieve.
With ſolemn ſtate I lift my arm on high,
Above the glories of the lofty ſky:
And by myſelf majeſtically ſwear,
I live for ever, and for ever there.

If in my rage the glitttering ſword I whet;
And, ſternly ſitting, take the judgment-ſeat,
My juſt awarding ſentence dooms my foe,
And vengeance wields the blade, and gives the blow,
And deep in fleſh the blade of fury bites,
And deadly deep my bearded arrow lights,
And both grow drunk with blood defil'd in ſin,
When executions of revenge begin.
Then let his nation in a common voice,
And with his nation let the world rejoice:
For whether he for crimes or trials ſpill
His ſervants blood, he will avenge it ſtill;
He 'll break the troops, he 'll ſcatter them afar,
Who vex our realm with deſolating war.
And on the favour'd tribes and on the land,
Shed victories and peace, from Mercy's hand.
Here ceas'd the ſong, and Iſrael look'd behind,
And gaz'd before, with unconfining mind,
And fix'd in ſilence and amazement ſaw
The ſtrokes of all their ſtate beneath the law.
Their recollection does its light preſent
To ſhew the mountain bleſs'd with God's deſcent,
To ſhew their wanderings, their unfix'd abode,
And all their guidance in the deſart road.
Then where the beams of recollection go
To leave the fancy diſpoſſeſs'd of ſhow,
The fairer light of prophecy 's begun,
Which, opening future days, ſupplies their ſun,
By ſuch a ſun (and fancy needs no more)
They ſee the coming times, and walk them o'er,

And

And now they gain that reſt their travail ſought,
Now milk and honey ſtream along the thought.
Anon they feel their ſouls the bleſſing cloy,
And God 's forgot in full exceſs of joy.
And oft they ſin, and oft his anger burns,
And every nation 's made their ſcourge by turns,
Till, oft repenting, they convert to God,
And he, repenting too, deſtroys the rod.
O nation timely warn'd in ſacred ſtrain,
O never let thy Moſes ſing in vain!
Dare to be good, and happineſs prolong,
Or, if thy folly will fulfil the ſong,
At leaſt be found the ſeldomer in ill,
And ſtill repent, and ſoon repent thee ſtill;
When ſuch fair paths thou ſhalt avoid to tread,
Thy blood will reſt upon thy ſinful head;
Thy crime, by laſting, will ſecure thy foe,
The gracious warning to the Gentiles go,
And all the world, that 's call'd to witneſs here,
Convinc'd by thine example, learn to fear.
The Gentile world, a myſtic Iſrael grown,
Will in thy firſt condition find their own,
A God's deſcent, a pilgrimage below,
And promis'd reſt where living waters flow.
They 'll ſee the pen, deſcribe in every trace
The frowns of anger, or the ſmiles of grace;
Why mercy turns aſide, and leave to ſhine,
What cauſe provokes the jealouſy divine;
Why juſtice kindles dire avenging flames,
What endleſs power the lifted arm proclaims;

Why mercy ſhines again with chearful ray,
And glory double-gilds the lightſome day.
Though nations change, and Iſrael's empire dies,
Yet ſtill the caſe on earth again may riſe;
Eternal Providence its rule retains,
And ſtill preſerves, and ſtill applies the ſtrains.
'Twas ſuch a gift, the Prophet's ſacred pen,
On his departure, left the ſons of men;
Thus he, and thus the ſwan her breath reſigns,
(Within the beauty of poetic lines,)
He white with innocence, his figure ſhe,
And both harmonious, but the ſweeter he.
Death learns to charm, and, while it leads to bliſs,
Has found a lovely circumſtance in this,
To ſuit the meekeſt turn of eaſy mind,
And actions chearful in an air reſign'd.
Thou flock whom Moſes to thy freedom led,
How wilt thou lay the venerable dead?
Go (if thy fathers taught a work they knew)
Go build a pyramid to Glory due,
Square the broad baſe, with ſloping ſides ariſe,
And let the point diminiſh in the ſkies.
There leave the corpſe, impending o'er his head
The wand whoſe motion winds and waves obey'd,
On ſable banners to the ſight deſcribe
The painted arms of every mourning tribe.
And thus may public grief adorn the tomb,
Deep-ſtreaming downwards through the vaulted room.
On the black ſtone a fair inſcription raiſe,
That ſums his government to ſpeak his praiſe,

And

And may the ſtile as brightly worth proclaim
As if affection, with a pointed beam,
Engrav'd or fir'd the words, or honour due
Had with itſelf inlaid the tablet through.

But ſtop the pomp that is not man's to pay,
For God will grace him in a nobler way.
Mine eyes perceive an orb of heavenly ſtate,
With ſplendid forms and light ſerene replete;
I hear the ſound of fluttering wings in air,
I hear the tuneful tongues of angels there:
They fly, they bear, they reſt on Nebo's head,
And in thick glory wrap the reverend dead;
This errand crowns his ſongs, and tends to prove
His near communion with the Quire above.
Now ſwiftly down the ſteepy mount they go,
Now ſwiftly glides their ſhining orb below,
And now moves off, where riſing grounds deny
To ſpread their valley to the diſtant eye.
Ye bleſs'd inhabitants of glittering air,
You 've borne the Prophet, but we know not where.
Perhaps, leſt Iſrael, over-fondly led,
In rating worth when envy leaves the dead,
Might plant a grove, invent new rites divine,
Make him their idol, and his grave the ſhrine.
But what diſorder? what repels the light?
And ere its ſeaſon forces on the night?
Why ſweep the ſpectres o'er the blaſted ground?
What ſhakes the mount with hollow-roaring ſound?
Hell rolls beneath it, terror ſtalks before
With ſhrieks and groans, and horror burſts a door;

And Satan riſes in infernal ſtate,
Drawn up by malice, envy, rage, and hate,
A darkening vapour with ſulphureous ſteam,
In pitchy curlings edg'd by ſullen flame,
And fram'd a chariot for the dreadful form,
Drives whirling up on mad Confuſion's ſtorm.

Then fiercely burning where the Prophet dy'd,
Nor ſhall thy nation ſcape my wrath, he cry'd;
This corpſe I 'll enter and thy flock miſlead,
And all thy miracles my lies ſhall aid.
But where?—He 's gone, and, by the ſcented ſky,
The favourite courtiers have been lately nigh;
Oh, ſlow to buſineſs, curs'd in miſchief's hour,
Trace on their odours, and if hell has power—
This ſaid, with ſpite and with a bent for ill,
He ſhot with fury from the trembling hill.

In vain, proud fiend, thy threats are half expreſt,
And half lie choaking in thy ſcornful breaſt,
His ſhining bearers have perform'd their rite,
And laid him ſoftly down in ſhades of night,
A warriour heads the band, great Michael he,
Renown'd for victories in wars with thee,
A ſword of flame to ſtop thy courſe he bears,
Nor has thy rage avail'd, nor can thy ſnares;
The Lord rebuke thy pride! he meekly cries:
The Lord has heard him, and thy project dies.

Here Moſes leaves my ſong, the tribes retire,
The deſert flies, and forty years expire;
And now, my fancy, for a while be ſtill,
And think of coming down from Nebo's hill.

Go ſearch among thy forms, and thence prepare
A cloud in folds of ſoft ſurrounding air!
Go find a breeze to lift thy cloud on high,
To waft thee gently-rock'd in open ſky,
Then ſtealing back to leave a ſilent calm,
And thee repoſing in a grove of palm,
The place will ſuit my next ſucceeding ſtrain,
And I 'll awake thee ſoon to ſing again.

DEBORAH.

TIME, ſire of years, unfold thy leaf anew,
And ſtill the paſt recall to preſent view,
Spread forth thy circles, ſwiftly gaze them o'er,
But where an action 's nobly ſung before,
There ſtop and ſtay for me, whoſe thoughts deſign
To make another 's ſong reſound in mine.
Paſs where the prieſt's proceſſion bore the law,
When Jordan's parted waters fix'd with awe,
While Iſrael march'd upon the naked ſand,
Admir'd the wonder, and obtain'd the land;
Slide through the numerous fates of Canaan's kings,
While conqueſts rode on Expedition's wings,
Glance over Iſrael at a ſingle view,
In bondage oft and oft unbound anew,
Till Jabin riſe, and Deborah ſtand enroll'd,
Upon the gilded leaf's revolving fold.
Oh, king ſubdued! Oh, woman born to fame!
Oh, wake my fancy for the glorious theme;

Here break the files, and vainly ſtrive to cloſe,
There on their own repell'd aſſiſt their foes.
Here Deborah calls, and Jabin's ſoldiers fly,
There Barack fights and Jabin's ſoldiers dye.
But now nine hundred chariots roll along,
Expert their guiders and their horſes ſtrong;
And Terrour, ratling in their fierce array,
Bears down on Iſrael to reſtore the day.
Oh, Lord of battle, Oh, the danger 's near!
Aſſiſt thine Iſrael, or they periſh here.
How ſwift is Mercy's aid, behold it fly
On ruſhing tempeſts through the troubled ſky;
With daſhing rain, with pelting hail they blow,
And ſharply drive them on the facing foe.
Thus bleſs'd with help, and only touch'd behind
The favourite nation preſſes in the wind.
But heat of action now diſturbs the fight,
And wild confuſion mingles all the fight;
Cold-whiſtling winds, and ſhrieks of dying men
And groans and armour, ſound in all the plain.
The bands of Canaan fate no longer dare,
Oppreſs'd by weather and deſtroy'd by war;
And, from his chariot whence he rul'd the fight,
Their haughty leader leaps to join the flight.
See where he flies, and ſee the victor near;
See rapid conqueſt in purſuit of fear.
See, ſee, they both make off, the work is o'er,
And fancy clear'd of viſion as before.
Thus (if the mind of man may ſeem to move
With ſome reſemblance of the ſkies above)

When wars are gathering in our hearts below,
We 've ſeen their battles in ethereal ſhow:
The long diſtended tracts of opening ſky,
The phantoms azure field of fight ſupply;
The whitiſh clouds an argent armor yield,
A radiant blazon gilds their argent ſhield;
Young glittering comets point the level'd ſpear,
Which for their pennons hang their flaming hair,
And o'er the helms for gallant glory dreſt
Sit curls of air, and nod upon the creſt.
Thus arm'd, they ſeem to march, and ſeem to fight,
And ſeeming wounds of death delude the ſight,
The ruddy thunder-clouds look ſtain'd with gore,
And for the din of war within they roar.
Then flies aſide, and then aſide purſues,
Till in their motion all their ſhapes they looſe,
Diſperſing air concludes the mimic ſcene,
The ſky ſhuts up, and ſwiftly clears again.
But does their Siſera ſhare the common fate,
Or mourn his humbled pride in dark retreat?
With ſuch enquiry near the palm repair,
Victorious Honour knows and tells it there.
To that fair type of Iſrael's late ſucceſs,
Which nobly riſes as its weights depreſs,
To that fair type returns the joyful band,
Whoſe courage roſe to free their groaning land;
There ſtands the leader in the pomp of arms,
There ſtands the judge in Beauty's awful charms;
And whilſt, reclin'd upon the reſting ſpear,
He pants with chace and breathes in calmer air

Her

er thoughts are working with a backward view,
and would in ſong the great exploit renew.
he ſees an arm'd oppreſſion's hundred hands
Impoſe its fetters on the promis'd lands.
She ſees their nation ſtruggling in the chains,
And wars ariſing with unequal trains.
She ſees their fate in arms, the field imbrued,
The foe diſorder'd, and the foe purſued,
Till Conqueſt, dreſt in rays of glory, come
With peace and freedom, brought in triumph home.
Then round her heart a beamy gladneſs plays,
Which, darting forward, thus converts to praiſe.
For Iſrael's late avengings on the foe
When led by no compelling power below,
When each ſpring forward of their own accord,
For this, for all the mercy, praiſe the Lord.
Hear, O ye kings; ye neighbouring princes, hea
My ſong triumphant ſhall inſtruct your fear:
My ſong triumphant bids your glory bow,
To God confeſs'd, the God of Jacob now.
O glorious Lord! when, with thy ſovereign h
Thou led'ſt the nation off from Edom's land,
Then trembled earth, and ſhook the heavens on
And clouds in drops forſook the melted ſky,
With tumbling waters, hills were heard to roa
And felt ſuch ſhocks as Sinai felt before.
But fear abating, which by time decays,
The kings of Canaan roſe in Shamgar's days
And ſtill continued ev'n in Jael's times,
Their empire fixing with ſucceſsful crimes.

Oppreſſion ravag'd all our loſt abodes,
Nor dare the people truſt the common roads;
But paths perplex'd and unfrequented choſe,
To ſhun the danger of perplexing foes.
Thus direful was deform'd the country round,
Unpeopled towns, and diſimprov'd the ground.
Till I, reſolving in the gap to ſtand,
I Deborah roſe a mother of the land,
Where others, ſlaves by ſettled cuſtom grown,
Could ſerve, and chuſe to ſerve, the Gods unknown;
Where others ſuffer'd with a tame regret,
Deſtruction ſpilling blood in every gate,
And forty thouſand had not for the field
One ſpear offenſive, or defenſive ſhield.

O towards the leaders of my nation move,
O beat my warming heart with ſenſe of love,
Commend th' aſſerters on their own accord,
And bleſs the ſovereign cauſer, bleſs the Lord.

Speak ye, that ride with power return'd in ſtate,
Speak ye the praiſe, that rule the judgment-ſeat,
Speak ye the praiſe to God, that walk the roads,
While ſafety brings you to reſtor'd abodes.

The reſcued villagers, no more afraid
Of archers lurking in the faithleſs ſhade,
And ſudden death convey'd from ſounding ſtrings,
Shall ſafe approach the water's riſing ſprings;
And, while their turns of drawing there they wait,
Loitering in eaſe upon a moſſy ſeat,
Call all the bleſſings of the Lord to mind,
And ſing the Lord in all the bleſſings kind.

The

The townſmen reſcued from the tyrant's reign
Shall flock with joy to fill their walls again,
See juſtice in the gates the balance bear,
And none but her unſheath a weapon there.
Awake, O Deborah, O awake to praiſe,
Awake, and utter forth triumphant lays.
Ariſe, O Barack, be thy pomp begun,
Lead on thy triumph thou Abinoam's ſon;
Thy captives bound in chains, when God's decree
Made humbled princes ſtoop their necks to thee,
When he, the giver of ſucceſs in fight,
Advanc'd a woman o'er the ſons of might.
Againſt this Amaleck, of banded foes,
I Deborah, root of all the war, aroſe,
From Ephraim ſprung, and leading Ephraim's lin
The next in riſing, Benjamin, was thine.
The ruling heads of half Manaſſeh's land,
To ſerve in danger, left their ſafe command.
The tribe of Zebulon's unactive men
For glorious arms forſook the peaceful pen.
The Lords of Iſſachar with Deborah went,
The tribe with Barack to the vale was ſent,
Where he on foot perform'd the general's part,
And ſhar'd the ſoldier's toil to raiſe their heart.
But Reuben's ſtrange diviſions juſtly wrought
Amongſt his brethren deep concern of thought.
Ah! while the nation in affliction lay,
How could'ſt thou, Reuben, by the ſheepfolds ſtay
And let thy bleating flock divert thy days
That idly paſs'd thee with inglorious eaſe.

Divi

ded tribe, without thy dangers free,
p were the ſearchings of our heart for thee.
: Gilead too, by ſuch example ſway'd,
ith unconcern beyond the river ſtay'd,
nd Dan in ſhips at ſea for ſafety rode,
nd frighten'd Aſher in its rock's abode.
Now ſing the field, the feats of war begun,
And praiſe thy Napthali with Zebulun,
To deaths expos'd, in poſts advanc'd they ſtood
With ſouls reſolv'd, and gallant rage of blood.
Then came the kings and fought, the gather'd kings
By waters ſtreaming from Megiddo's ſprings;
In Taanach vale ſuſtain'd the daring toil,
Yet neither fought for pay, nor won the ſpoil.
The ſkies, indulgent in the cauſe of right,
On Iſrael's ſide, againſt their army fight,
In evil aſpects, ſtars and planets range,
And by the weather in tempeſtuous change
Promote the dire diſtreſs, and make it known
That God has Hoſts above to ſave his own.
The Kiſhon ſwell'd, grew rapid as they fled,
And roll'd them ſinking down its ſandy bed.
O river Kiſhon, river of renown!
And, O my ſoul, that trod their glory down!
The ſtony paths, by which diſorder'd flight
Convey'd their troops and chariots from the fight,
With rugged points their horſes hoofs diſtreſs'd,
And broke them prancing in impetuous haſte.
Curſe, curſe ye Meroz, curſe the town abhorr'd,
(So ſpake the glorious angel of the Lord)

For Meroz came not in the field prepar'd,
To join that ſide on which the Lord declar'd.
But bleſs ye Jael, be the Kenite's name
Above our women's bleſs'd in endleſs fame.
The captain, faint with ſore fatigue of flight,
Implor'd for water to ſupport his might,
And milk ſhe pour'd him, while he water ſought
And in her lordly diſh her butter brought.
With courage well-deſerving to prevail,
One hand the hammer held, and one the nail,
And him, reclin'd to ſleep, ſhe boldly ſlew,
She ſmote, ſhe pierc'd, ſhe ſtruck the temples thr
Before her feet, reluctant on the clay,
He bow'd, he fell; he bow'd, he fell, he lay;
He bow'd, he fell, he dy'd. By ſuch degrees
As thrice ſhe ſtruck, each ſtroke's effect ſhe ſees.
His mother gaz'd with long-expecting eyes;
And, grown impatient, through the lattice cries
Why moves the chariot of my ſon ſo ſlow?
Or what affairs retard his coming ſo?
Her Ladies anſwer'd—but ſhe would not ſtay,
(For pride had taught what flattery meant to ſay
They 've ſped, ſhe ſays, and now the prey they
For each a damſel, or a lovely pair,
For Siſera's part a robe of gallant grace,
Where diverſe colours rich embroidery trace,
Meet for the necks of thoſe who in the ſpoil
When triumph offers its reward for toil.
Thus periſh all whom God's decrees oppoſe,
Thus, like the vanquiſh'd, periſh all thy foes,

But let the men that in thy name delight
Be like the ſun in heavenly glory bright.
When mounted on the dawn he poſts away,
And with full ſtrength encreaſes on the day.
'Twas here the Propheteſs reſpir'd from ſong,
Then loudly ſhouted all the chearful throng,
By freedom gain'd, by victory complete,
Prepar'd for mirth irregularly great.
The frowns of ſorrow gave their ancient place
To pleaſure, drawn in ſmiles of every face.
The groans of ſlavery were no longer wrung,
But thoughts of comfort from the bleſſing ſprung.
And as they ſhouted from the breezy weſt,
Amongſt the plumes that deck the ſinger's creſt,
The ſpirit of applauſe itſelf convey'd
On wafted air, and lightly waving play'd:
Such was the caſe (or ſuch ideas flow,
From thought repleniſh'd with triumphant ſhow).
What rais'd their joy their love could alſo raiſe,
And each contended in the words of praiſe,
And every word proclaim'd the wonders paſt,
And God was ſtill the firſt, and ſtill the laſt;
Deep in their ſouls the fair impreſſion lay,
Deep-trac'd, and never to be worn away.
From hence the reſcued generation ſtill
Abhorr'd the practice of rebellious ill,
And fear'd the puniſhment for ill abhorr'd,
And lov'd repentance, and ador'd the Lord.
From hence in all their days the Lord was kind,
His face ſerene with ſettled favour ſhin'd,

Fair

Fair baniſh'd Order was recall'd in ſtate,
The laws reviv'd, the princes rul'd the gate,
Peace chear'd the vales, Contentment laugh'd with Peace
Gay-blooming Plenty roſe with large increaſe,
Sweet Mercy thoſe who thought on mercy bleſt,
And ſo for forty years the land had reſt.

Reſt, happy land, a while; ah longer ſo,
Didſt thou thine happineſs ſincerely know!
But ſoon thy quiet with thy goodneſs paſt,
And in the ſong alone obtain'd to laſt.

Live, ſong triumphant, live in fair record,
And teach ſucceeding times to fear the Lord;
For fancy moves by bright example woo'd,
And wins the mind with images of good.
Touch'd with a ſacred rage and heavenly flame,
I ſtrive to ſing thine univerſal aim.
To quit the ſubject, and in lays ſublime,
The moral fit for any point of time.
Then go, my verſes, with applying ſtrain,
Go form a triumph not aſcrib'd to men.

Let all the clouds of grief impending lie,
And ſtorms of trouble drive along the ſky,
Then humble Piety thine accents raiſe,
For prayer will prove the powerful charm of eaſe.

Lo, now my ſoul has ſpoke its beſt deſires,
How bleſſings anſwer what the prayer requires!
Before thy ſighs the clouds of grief retreat,
The ſtorms of trouble by thy tears abate,
And radiant glory, from her upper ſphere,
Looks down and glitters in relented air.

Riſe, lovely Piety, from earthy bed,
The parted flame deſcends upon thine head,
This wondrous Mitre, fram'd by ſacred love,
And for thy triumph ſent thee from above,
In two bright points with upper rays aſpires,
And rounds thy temples with innocuous fires.
Riſe, lovely Piety, with pomp appear,
And thou, kind Mercy, lend thy chariot here;
On either ſide, fair Fame and Honour place,
Behind let Plenty walk in hand with Peace;
While Irreligion, muttering horrid ſound,
With fierce and proud Oppreſſion backward bound,
Drag by the wheels along the duſty plain,
And gnaſhing lick the ground, and curſe with pain.
Now come, ye thouſands, and more thouſands yet,
With order join to fill the train of ſtate,
Souls tun'd for praiſing to the temple bring,
And thus amidſt the ſacred muſic ſing:
Hail, Piety! triumphant goodneſs, hail!
Hail, O prevailing, ever O prevail!
At thine entreaty, Juſtice leaves to frown,
And wrath appeaſing lays the thunder down;
The tender heart of yearning Mercy burns,
Love aſks a bleſſing, and the Lord returns.
In his great name that heaven and earth has made,
In his great name alone we find our aid;
Then bleſs the Name, and let the world adore,
From this time forward, and for evermore.

HANNAH.

NOW crouds move off, retiring trumpets ſound,
n echoes dying in their laſt rebound;
'he notes of fancy ſeem no longer ſtrong,
But ſweetening cloſes fit a private ſong.
So when the ſtorms forſake the ſea's command,
To break their forces in the winding land,
No more their blaſts tumultuous rage proclaim,
But ſweep in murmurs o'er a murmuring ſtream.
Then ſeek the ſubject, and its ſong be mine,
Whoſe numbers, mixt in ſacred ſtory, ſhine:
Go, brightly-working thought, prepar'd to fly,
Above the page on hovering pinions lye,
And beat with ſtronger force, to make thee riſe
Where beauteous Hannah meets the ſearching eyes.
There frame a town, and fix a tent with cords,
The town be Shiloh call'd, the tent the Lord's.
Carv'd pillars, filleted with ſilver, rear,
To cloſe the curtains in an outward ſquare,
But thoſe within it, which the porch uphold,
Be finely wrought, and overlaid with gold.
Here Eli comes to take the reſting-ſeat,
Slow moving forward with a reverend gait:
Sacred in office, venerably ſage,
And venerably great in ſilver'd age.
Here Hannah comes, a melancholy wife,
Reproach'd for barren in the marriage-life;

Like ſummer mornings ſhe to ſight appears,
Bedew'd and ſhining in the midſt of tears.
Her heart in bitterneſs of grief ſhe bow'd,
And thus her wiſhes to the Lord ſhe vow'd:
If thou thine handmaid with compaſſion ſee,
If I, my God! am not forgot by thee;
If in mine offspring thou prolong my line,
The child I wiſh for all his days be thine;
His life devoted, in thy courts be led,
And not a razor come upon his head.

So, from receſſes of her inmoſt ſoul,
Through moving lips her ſtill devotion ſtole:
As ſilent waters glide through parted trees,
Whoſe branches tremble with a riſing breeze.
The words were loſt becauſe her heart was love,
But free deſire had taught the mouth to go;
This Eli mark'd, and, with a voice ſevere,
While yet ſhe multiply'd her thoughts in prayer,
How long ſhall wine, he cries, diſtract thy breaſt?
Be gone, and lay the drunken fit by reſt.

Ah! ſays the mourner, count not this for ſin,
It is not wine, but grief, that works within;
The ſpirit of thy wretched hand-maid know,
Her prayer 's complaint, and her condition woe.
Then ſpake the ſacred prieſt, in peace depart,
And with thy comfort God fulfil thine heart!
His bleſſing thus pronounc'd with awful ſound,
The votary bending leaves the ſolemn ground,
She ſeems confirm'd the Lord has heard her cries,
And chearful hope the tears of trouble dries,

d makes her alter'd eyes irradiate roll,
ith joy that dawns in thought upon the ſoul.
Now let the town, and tent, and court remain,
nd leap the time till Hannah comes again.
As painted proſpects ſkip along the green,
From hills to mountains eminently ſeen,
And leave their intervals that ſink below,
In deep retreat, and unexpreſs'd to ſhow.
Behold! ſhe comes (but not as once ſhe came,
To grieve, to ſigh, and teach her eyes to ſtream);
Content adorns her with a lively face,
An open look, and ſmiling kind of grace;
Her little Samuel in her arms ſhe bears,
The wiſh of long deſire, and child of prayers;
And as the ſacrifice ſhe brought begun,
To reverend Eli ſhe preſents her ſon.
Here, cries the mother, here my Lord may ſee
The woman come, who pray'd in grief by thee;
The child I ſued for, God in bounty gave;
And what he granted, let him now receive.
But ſtill the votary feels her temper move,
With all the tender violence of love,
That ſtill enjoys the gift, and inly burns
To ſearch for larger, or for more returns.
Then, fill'd with bleſſings which allure to praiſ
And rais'd by joy to ſoul-enchanting lays,
Thus thanks the Lord, beneficently kind,
In ſweet effuſions of the grateful mind:
My lifting heart, with more than common h
Sends up its thanks to God on every beat,

My glory, rais'd above the reach of ſcorn,
To God exalts its highly-planted horn;
My mouth enlarg'd, mine enemies defies,
And finds in God's ſalvation full replies.
Oh, bright in holy beauty's power divine,
There 's none whoſe glory can compare with thine!
None ſhare thine honours, nay, there's none beſide,
No rock on which thy creatures can confide.

Ye proud in ſpirits, who your gift adore,
Unlearn the faults, and ſpeak with pride no more;
No more your words in arrogance be ſhown,
Nor call the works of Providence your own,
Since he that rules us infinitely knows,
And, as he wills, his acts of power diſpoſe.

The ſtrong, whoſe ſinewy forces arch'd the bow,
Have ſeen it ſhatter'd by the conquering foe;
The weak have felt their nerves more firmly brace,
And new-ſprung vigour in the limbs encreaſe.
The Full, whom vary'd taſtes of plenty fed,
Have let their labour out to gain their bread.
The Poor, that languiſh'd in a ſtarving ſtate,
Content and full, have ceas'd to beg their meat.
The Barren Womb, no longer barren now,
(Oh, be my thanks accepted with my vow!)
In pleaſure wonders at a mother's pain,
And ſees her offspring, and conceives again;
While ſhe that glory'd in her numerous heirs,
Now broke by feebleneſs, no longer bears.

Such turns their riſing from the Lord derive,
The Lord that kills, the Lord that makes alive;

He brings by ſickneſs down to gaping graves,
And, by reſtoring health, from ſickneſs ſaves.
He makes the Poor by keeping back his ſtore,
And makes the Rich by bleſſing men with more;
He ſinking hearts with bitter grief annoys,
Or lifts them bounding with enliven'd joys.
He takes the Beggar from his humble clay,
From off the dunghill where deſpis'd he lay,
To mix with Princes in a rank ſupreme,
Fill thrones of honour, and inherit fame:
For all the pillars of exalted ſtate,
So nobly firm ſo beautifully great,
Whoſe various orders bear the rounded ball,
Which would without them to confuſion fall,
All are the Lord's, at his diſpoſure ſtand,
And prop the govern'd world at his command.
His mercy, ſtill more wonderfully ſweet,
Shall guard the righteous, and uphold their feet,
While, through the darkneſs of the wicked ſoul,
Amazement, dread, and deſperation roll;
While envy ſtops their tongues, and hopleſs grief
That ſees their fears, but not their fears relief.
And they their ſtrength as unavailing view,
Since none ſhall truſt in that and ſafety too.
The foes of Iſrael, for his Iſrael's ſake,
God will to pieces in his anger break;
His bolts of thunder, from an open'd ſky,
Shall on their heads, with force unerring, fly.
His voice ſhall call, and all the world ſhall hear,
And all for ſentence at his ſeat appear.

But mount to gentler praiſes, mount again,
My thoughts, prophetic of Meſſiah's reign;
Perceive the glories which around him ſhine,
And thus thine hymn be crown'd with grace divine.
'Tis here the numbers find a bright repoſe,
The vows accepted, and the votary goes.
But thou, my ſoul, upon her accents hung,
And ſweetly pleas'd with what ſhe ſweetly ſung,
Prolong the pleaſure with thine inward eyes,
Turn back thy thoughts, and ſee the ſubject riſe.
In her peculiar caſe, the ſong begun,
And for a while through private bleſſings run,
As through their banks the curling waters play,
And ſoft in murmurs kiſs the flowery way,
With force encreaſing then ſhe leaps the bounds,
And largely flows on more extended grounds;
Spreads wide and wider, till vaſt ſeas appear,
And boundleſs views of Providence are here.
How ſwift theſe views along her anthem glide,
As waves on waves puſh forward in the tide!
How ſwift thy wonders o'er my fancy ſweep,
O Providence, thou great unfathom'd deep!
Where Reſignation gently dips the wing,
And learns to love and thank, admire and ſing;
But bold preſumptuous reaſonings, diving down
To reach the bottom, in their diving drown.
Neglecting man, forgetful of thy ways,
Nor owns thy care, nor thinks of giving praiſe,
But from himſelf his happineſs derives,
And thanks his wiſdom, when by thine he thrives;

is limbs at eaſe in ſoft repoſe he ſpreads,
ewitch'd with vain delights, on flowery beds;
And, while his ſenſe the fragrant breezes kiſs,
He meditates a waking dream of bliſs;
He thinks of kingdoms, and their crowns are near;
He thinks of glories, and their rays appear;
He thinks of beauties, and a lovely face
Serenely ſmiles in every taking grace;
He thinks of riches, and their heaps ariſe,
Diſplay their glittering forms, and fix his eyes;
Thus drawn with pleaſures in a charming view,
Riſing he reaches, and would fain purſue.
But ſtill the fleeting ſhadows mock his care,
And ſtill his fingers graſp at yielding air;
Whate'er our tempers as their comforts want,
It is not man's to take, but God's to grant.
If then, perſiſting in the vain deſign,
We look for bliſs without an help divine,
We ſtill may ſearch, and ſearch without relief,
Nor only want a bliſs, but find a grief.
That ſuch conviction may to ſight appear,
Sit down, ye ſons of men, ſpectators here;
Behold a ſcene upon your folly wrought,
And let this lively ſcene inſtruct the thought.

Boy, blow the pipe until the bubble riſe,
Then caſt it off to float upon the ſkies;
Still ſwell its ſides with breath—O beauteous fr
It grows, it ſhines: be now the world thy nan
Methinks creation forms itſelf within,
The men, the towns, the birds, the trees, ar

The ſkies above preſent an azure ſhow,
And lovely verdure paints an earth below.
I 'll wind myſelf in this delightful ſphere,
And live a thouſand years of pleaſure there;
Roll'd up in bliſſes, which around me cloſe,
And now regal'd with theſe, and now with thoſe.
Falſe hope, but falſer words of joy, farewell,
You 've rent the lodging where I meant to dwell,
My bubbles burſt, my proſpects diſappear,
And leave behind a moral and a tear.
If at the type our dreaming ſouls awake,
And Hannah's ſtrains their juſt impreſſion make,
The boundleſs power of Providence we know,
And fix our truſt on nothing here below.
Then he, grown pleas'd that men his greatneſs own,
Looks down ſerenely from his ſtarry throne,
And bids the bleſſed days our prayers have won
Put on their glories, and prepare to run.
For which our thanks be juſtly ſent above,
Enlarg'd by gladneſs, and inſpir'd with love:
For which his praiſes be for ever ſung,
O ſweet employment of the grateful tongue!
Burſt forth, my temper, in a godly flame,
For all his bleſſings laud his holy name:
That, ere mine eyes ſaluted chearful day,
A gift devoted in the womb I lay,
Like Samuel vow'd, before my breath I drew,
O could I prove in life like Samuel too!
That all my frame is exquiſitely wrought,
The world enjoy'd by ſenſe, and God by thought;

That

That living ſtreams through living channels glide,
To make this frame by Nature's courſe abide;
That, for its good, by Providence's care,
Fire joins with water, earth concurs with air;
That Mercy's ever-inexhauſted ſtore
Is pleas'd to proffer, and to promiſe more;
And all the proffers ſtream with grace divine,
And all the promiſes with glory ſhine.
O praiſe the Lord, my ſoul, in one accord,
Let all that is within me praiſe the Lord;
O praiſe the Lord, my ſoul, and ever ſtrive
To keep the ſweet remembrances alive.
Still raiſe the kind affections of thine heart,
Raiſe every grateful word to bear a part,
With every word the ſtrains of love deviſe,
Awake thine harp, and thou thyſelf ariſe;
Then, if his Mercy be not half expreſs'd,
Let wondering Silence magnify the reſt.

D A V I D.

MY thought, on views of admiration hung,
Intently raviſh'd, and depriv'd of tongue,
Now darts a while on earth, a while in air,
Here mov'd with praiſe, and mov'd with glory there;
The joys entrancing, and the mute ſurprize,
Half fix the blood, and dim the moiſtening eyes;
Pleaſure and praiſe on one another break,
An exclamation longs at heart to ſpeak;

Wh

When thus my Genius on the work design'd,
Awaiting closely, guides the wandering mind.
If, while thy thanks would in thy lays be wrought,
A bright astonishment involve the thought,
If yet thy temper would attempt to sing,
Another's quill shall imp thy feebler wing;
Behold the name of royal David near,
Behold his musick, and his measures hear,
Whose harp Devotion in a rapture strung,
And left no state of pious souls unsung.
Him to the wondering world but newly shewn,
Celestial Poetry pronounc'd her own;
A thousand hopes, on clouds adorn'd with rays,
Bent down their little beauteous forms to gaze;
Fair-blooming Innocence, with tender years,
And native Sweetness for the ravish'd ears,
Prepar'd to smile within his early song,
And brought their rivers, groves, and plains along:
Majestic Honour, at the palace bred,
Enrob'd in white, embroider'd o'er with red,
Reach'd forth the sceptre of her royal fate,
His forehead touch'd, and bid his lays be great;
Undaunted Courage, deck'd with manly charms,
With waving azure plumes, and gilded arms,
Display'd the glories and the toils of fight,
Demanded Fame, and call'd him forth to write.
To perfect these, the sacred Spirit came,
By mild infusion of celestial flame,
And mov'd with dove-like candour in his breast,
And breath'd his graces over all the rest.

Ah!

Ah! where the daring flights of men aſpire,
To match his numbers with an equal fire;
In vain they ſtrive to make proud Babel riſe,
And with an earth-born labour touch the ſkies:
While I the glittering page reſolve to view,
That will the ſubject of my lines renew;
The laurel wreath, my fame's imagin'd ſhade,
Around my beating temples fears to fade;
My fainting fancy trembles on the brink,
And David's God muſt help, or elſe I ſink.

As rolling rivers in their channels flow,
Swift from aloft, but on the level ſlow:
Or rage in rocks, or glide along the plains,
So juſt, ſo copious, move the Pſalmiſt's ſtrains:
So ſweetly vary'd with proportion'd heat,
So gently clear, or ſo ſublimely great;
While Nature 's ſeen in all her forms to ſhine,
And mix with beauties drawn from Truth divine;
Sweet beauties (ſweet affection's endleſs rill)
That in the ſoul like honey-drops diſtil.

Hail, Holy Spirit, hail Supremely Kind,
Whoſe inſpirations thus enlarg'd the mind;
Who taught him what the gentle ſhepherd ſings,
What rich expreſſions ſuit the port of kings:
What daring words deſcribe the ſoldier's heat,
And what the Prophet's extaſies relate;
Nor let his worſt condition be forgot,
In all this ſplendour of exalted thought.
On one thy different ſorts of graces fall,
Still made for each, of equal force in all;

And

ıile from heavenly courts he feels a flame,
s the place from whence the bleſſing came;
ıkes his inſpirations ſweetly prove
ıeful ſubject of the mind they move.
ɔrtal Spirit, Light of Life inſtill'd,
ıus the boſom of a mortal fill'd,
ı weak my voice, and though my light be dim,
n I'd praiſe thy wondrous gifts in him;
ſince thine aid's attracted by deſire,
ey that ſpeak thee right muſt feel thy fire,
afe a portion of thy Grace Divine,
iſe my voice, and in my numbers ſhine;
f David, David ſings of thee,
ıe Pſalmiſt, and his work in me.
now, my verſe, ariſing on the wing,
ɔart of all thy ſubject wilt thou ſing?
e thy firſt attempt? in what reſort
:ſtina's plains, or Salem's court;
, as his hands the ſolemn meaſure play'd,
fiends with torment and confuſion fled;
at the roſy ſpring of chearful light,
us Fame record tradition right)
:fflation of celeſtial fire
ike a ruſhing breeze, and ſhook the lyre;
eetly giving every trembling ſtring
ı of ſound, as made him wake to ſing?
in my view the country firſt appears,
ıntry firſt enjoy'd his youthful years;
ame thy ſhady landſcapes in my ſtrain,
ɔnſcious mountain, or accuſtom'd plain;

Where

Where by the waters, on the graſs reclin'd,
With notes he rais'd, with notes he calm'd his mir
For through the paths of rural life I 'll ſtray,
And in his pleaſures paint a ſhepherd's day.
With grateful ſentiments, with active will,
With voice exerted, and enlivening ſkill,
His free return of thanks he duly paid,
And each new day new beams of bounty ſhed.
Awake, my tuneful harp; awake, he cries;
Awake, my lute, the ſun begins to riſe;
My God, I 'm ready now! then takes a flight,
To pureſt Piety's exalted height:
From thence his ſoul, with heaven itſelf in view,
On humble prayers and humble praiſes flew.
The praiſe as pleaſing, and as ſweet the prayer,
As incenſe curling up through morning air.
When towards the field with early ſteps he trod,
And gaz'd around, and own'd the works of God,
Perhaps, in ſweet melodious words of praiſe,
He drew the proſpect which adorn'd his ways;
The ſoil, but newly viſited with rain,
The river of the Lord with ſpringing grain,
Inlarge, encreaſe the ſoften'd furrow bleſt,
The year with goodneſs crown'd, with beauty dre
And ſtill to power divine aſcribe it all,
From whoſe high paths the drops of fatneſs fall;
Then in the ſong the ſmiling ſights rejoice,
And all the mute creation finds a voice;
With thick returns delightful echoes fill
The paſtur'd green, or ſoft aſcending hill,

R

Rais'd by the bleatings of unnumber'd sheep,
To boast their glories in the crowds they keep.
And corn, that 's waving in the western gale,
With joyful sound proclaims the cover'd vale.
Whene'er his flocks the lovely shepherd drove,
To neighbouring waters, to the neighbouring grove;
To Jordan's flood, refresh'd by cooling wind,
Or Cedron's brook, to mossy banks confin'd;
In easy notes, and guise of lowly swain,
'Twas thus he charm'd and taught the listening train.
The Lord 's my shepherd, bountiful and good,
I cannot want, since he provides me food.
Me for his sheep along the verdant meads,
Me, all too mean, his tender mercy leads,
To taste the springs of life, and taste repose
Wherever living pasture sweetly grows.
And as I cannot want, I need not fear,
For still the presence of my shepherd's near;
Through darksome vales, where beasts of prey resort,
Where Death appears with all his dreadful court,
His rod and hook direct me when I stray,
He calls to fold, and they direct my way.
Perhaps, when seated on the river's brink,
He saw the tender sheep at noon-day drink,
He sung the land where milk and honey glide,
And fattening Plenty rolls upon the tide.
Or, fix'd within the freshness of a shade,
Whose boughs diffuse their leaves around his head,
He borrow'd notions from the kind retreat,
Then sung the righteous in their happy state,

And

Ends all my days, as all my days begin,
And keeps my goings, and my comings in.
Here think the ſinking ſun deſcends apace,
And, from thy firſt attempt, my fancy ceaſe;
Here bid the ruddy ſhepherd quit the plain,
And to the fold return his flocks again.
Go, leſt the lion, or the ſhagged bear,
Thy tender lambs with ſavage hunger tear;
Though neither bear nor lion match thy might,
When in their rage they ſtood reveal'd to ſight;
Go, leſt thy wanton ſheep returning home,
Should, as they paſs, through doubtful darkneſs roam.
Go, ruddy youth, to Bethlem turn thy way,
On Bethlem's road conclude the parting day.
Methinks he goes as twilight leads the night,
And ſees the creſcent riſe with ſilver light;
His words conſider all the ſparkling ſhow
With which the ſtars in golden order glow.
And what is man, he cries, that thus thy kind,
Thy wondrous love, has lodg'd him in thy mind?
For him they glitter, him the beaſts of prey,
That ſcare my ſheep, and theſe my ſheep obey.
O Lord, our Lord, with how deſerv'd a fame,
Does earth record the glories of thy name!
Then, as he thus devoutly walks along,
And finds the road has finiſh'd with the ſong,
He ſings, with lifted hands and lifted eyes,
Be this, my God, an evening ſacrifice.
But now, the lowly dales, the trembling groves,
O'er which the whiſper'd breeze ſerenely roves,

Leav

Leave all the courſe of working fancy clear,
Or only grace another ſubject here;
For in my purpoſe new deſigns ariſe,
Whoſe brightening images engage mine eyes.
Then here, my verſe, thy louder accents raiſe,
Thy theme through lofty paths of glory trace;
Call forth his honours in imperial throngs,
And ſtrive to touch his more exalted ſongs.

While yet in humble vales his harp he ſtrung,
While yet he follow'd after ewes with young,
Eternal Wiſdom choſe him for his own,
And from the flock advanc'd him to the throne;
That there his upright heart, and prudent hand,
With more diſtinguiſh'd ſkill, and high command,
Might act the ſhepherd in a noble ſphere,
And take his nation into regal care.
He could of mercy then, and juſtice ſing,
Thoſe radiant virtues that adorn a king,
That make his reign blaze forth with bright renown,
Beyond thoſe gems whoſe ſplendour decks a crown:
That fixing peace, by temper'd love and fear,
Make plains abound, and barren mountains bare.
To thee, to whom theſe attributes belong,
To thee, my God, he cry'd, I ſend my ſong;
To thee, from whom my regal glory came,
I ſing the forms in which my court I frame;
Aſſiſt the models of imperfect ſkill,
O come, with ſacred aid, and fix my will.
A wiſe behaviour in my private ways,
And all my ſoul diſpos'd to public peace,

Shall daily ſtrive to let my ſubjects ſee
A perfect pattern how to live, in me.
Still will I think, as ſtill my glories riſe,
To ſet no wicked thing before mine eyes,
Nor will I chooſe the favourites of ſtate,
Among thoſe men that have incurr'd thine hate,
Whoſe vice but makes them ſcandalouſly great;
'Tis time that all, whoſe froward rage of heart
Would vex my realm, ſhall from my realm depa
'Tis time that all, whoſe private ſlandering lye
Leads Judgment falſely, ſhall by Judgment dye.
And time the great, who looſe the reins to pride,
Shall with neglect and ſcorn be laid aſide;
But o'er the tracts that my commands obey,
I 'll ſend my light, with ſharp diſarming ray,
Through dark retreats, where humble minds abi
Through ſhades of peace, where modeſt tempers l
To find the good that may ſupport my ſtate,
And, having found them, then to make them gr
My voice ſhall raiſe them from the lonely cell,
With me to govern, and with me to dwell.
My voice ſhall Flattery and Deceit diſgrace,
And in their room exulted Virtue place;
That, with an early care, and ſtedfaſt hand,
The wicked periſh from the faithful land.
When on the throne he ſate in calm repoſe,
And with a royal hope his offspring roſe,
His prayers, anticipating time, reveal
Their deep concernment for the public weal;

Upon a good forecaſted thought they run,
For common bleſſings in the king begun:
For righteouſneſs and judgment ſtrictly fair,
Which from the king deſcends upon his heir.
So when his life and all his labour ceaſe,
The reign ſucceeding, brings ſucceeding peace;
So ſtill the poor ſhall find impartial laws,
And orphans ſtill a guardian of their cauſe:
And ſtern Oppreſſion have its galling yoke,
And rabid teeth of prey, to-pieces broke.
Then, wondering at the glories of his way,
His friends ſhall love, his daunted foes obey;
For peaceful commerce neighbouring kings apply,
And with great preſents court the grand ally.
For him rich gums ſhall ſweet Arabia bear,
For him rich Sheba mines of gold prepare;
Him Tharſis, him the foreign iſles ſhall greet,
And every nation bend beneath his feet.
And thus his honours far-extended grow,
The type of great Meſſiah's reign below.
But worldly realms, that in his accents ſhine,
Are left beneath the full-advanc'd deſign;
When thoughts of empire in the mind encreaſe
O'er all the limits that determine place,
If thus the monarch's riſing fancy move
To ſearch for more unbounded realms above,
In which celeſtial courts the king maintains,
And o'er the vaſt extent of nature reigns;
He then deſcribes, in elevated words,
His Iſrael's ſhepherd, as the Lord of Lords.

How bright between the Cherubims he ſits,
What dazzling luſtre all his throne emits;
How Righteouſneſs, with Judgment join'd, ſupport
The regal ſeat, and dignify the court;
How faireſt honour, and majeſtic ſtate,
The preſence grace, and ſtrength and beauty wait;
What glittering miniſters around him ſtand,
To fly like winds, or flames, at his command.
How ſure the beams, on which his palace riſe,
Are ſet in waters, rais'd above the ſkies;
How wide the ſkies, like out-ſpread curtains, fly
To veil majeſtic light from human eye;
Or form'd the wide-expanded vaults above,
Where ſtorms are bounded, tho' they ſeem to rove;
Where fire, and hail, and vapour, ſo fulfil
The wiſe intentions of their Maker's will;
How well 'tis ſeen the great Eternal Mind
Rides on the clouds, and walks upon the wind.

O, wondrous Lord! how bright thy glories ſhine
The heavens declare, for what they boaſt is thine;
And yon blue tract, enrich'd with orbs of light,
In all its handy-work diſplays thy might.

Again the Monarch touch'd another ſtrain,
Another province claim'd his verſe again,
Where goodneſs infinite has fix'd a ſway,
Whoſe out-ſtretch'd limits are the bounds of day.
Beneath this empire of extended air,
Yet ſtill in reach of Providence's care,
God plac'd the rounded earth with ſtedfaſt hand,
And bid the baſis ever firmly ſtand:

He bid the mountains from Confuſion's heaps
Exalt their ſummits, and aſſume their ſhapes.
He bid the waters like a garment ſpread,
To form large ſeas, and, as he ſpake, they fled.
His voice, his thunder, made the waves obey,
And forward haſten, till they form'd the ſea;
Then, left with lawleſs rage the ſurges roar,
He mark'd their bounds, and girt them in with ſhore.
He fill'd the land with brooks, that trembling ſteal
Through winding hills, along the flowery vale;
To which the beaſts, that graze the vale, retreat
For cool refreſhings in the ſummer's heat;
While, perch'd in leaves upon the tender ſprays,
The birds around their ſinging voices raiſe.
He makes the vapours, which he taught to fly,
Forſake the chambers of the clouds on high,
And golden harveſt, rich with ears of grain
And ſpiry blades of graſs, adorn the plain;
And grapes luxuriant chear the ſoul with wine,
And ointment ſhed, to make the viſage ſhine.
Through trunks of trees fermenting ſap proceeds,
To feed, and tinge the living boughs it feeds:
So ſhoots the fir, where airy ſtorks abide,
So cedar, Lebanon's aſpiring pride,
Whoſe birds, by God's appointment, in their neſts,
With green ſurrounded, lie ſecure of reſt;
Where ſmall increaſe the barren mountains give,
There kines, adapted to the feeding, live;
There flocks of goats in healthy paſtures browſe,
And, in their rocky entrails, rabbits houſe.

Where forests, thick with shrubs, entangled stand,
Untrod the roads, and desolate the land,
There close in coverts hide the beasts of prey,
Till heavy darkness creeps upon the day,
Then roar with Hunger's voice, and range abroad,
And, in their method, seek their meat from God;
And, when the dawning edge of eastern air
Begins to purple, to their dens repair.
Man, next succeeding, from the sweet repose
Of downy beds, to work appointed goes.
When first the morning sees the rising sun,
He sees their labours both at once begun;
And, night returning with its starry train,
Perceives their labours done at once again.
O! manifold in works supremely wise,
How well thy gracious store the world supplies!
How all thy creatures on thy goodness call,
And that bestows a due support for all!
When from an open hand thy favours flow,
Rich Bounty stoops to visit us below;
When from thy hand no more thy favours stream,
Back to the dust we turn, from whence we came;
And when thy spirit gives the vital heat,
A sure succession keeps the Kinds compleat;
The propagated seeds their forms retain,
And all the face of earth's renew'd again.
Thus, as you've seen th' effect reveal the cause,
Is Nature's ruler known in Nature's laws;
Thus still his power is o'er the world display'd,
And still rejoices in the world he made.

The Lord he reigns, the King of kings is king;
Let nations praiſe, and praiſes learn to ſing.
My verſes here may change their ſtile again,
And trace the Pſalmiſt in another ſtrain;
Where all his ſoul the ſoldier's ſpirit warms,
And to the muſic fits the ſound of arms;
Where brave diſorder does in numbers dwell,
And artful number ſpeaks diſorder well.
Ariſe, my genius, and attempt the praiſe
Of dreaded power, and perilous eſſays;
And where his accents are too nobly great,
Like diſtant echoes, give the faint repeat:
For who, like him, with enterprizing pen,
Can paint the Lord of Hoſts in wrath with men?
Or, with juſt images of tuneful lay,
Set all his terrors in their fierce array?
He comes! The tumult of diſcording ſpheres,
The quivering ſhocks of earth, confeſs their fears;
Thick ſmoak precede, and blaſts of angry breath,
That kindle dread devouring flames of death.
He comes! the firmament, with diſmal night,
Bows down, and ſeems to fall upon the light;
The darkling miſts enwrap his head around,
The waters deluge, and the tempeſts ſound;
While on the cherub's purple wings he flies,
And plants his black pavilion in the ſkies.
He comes! the clouds remove; the rattling hail,
Deſcending, bounds, and ſcatters o'er the vale:
His voice is heard, his thunder ſpeaks his ire,
His lightening blaſts with blue ſulphureous fire;

His

His brandiſh'd bolts with ſwift commiſſion go,
To puniſh man's rebellious acts below.
His ſtern rebukes lay deepeſt ocean bare,
And ſolid earth, by wide eruption, tear.
Then glares the naked gulph with diſmal ray,
And then the dark foundations ſee the day:
O God! let mercy this thy war aſſwage:
Alas! no mortal can ſuſtain thy rage.
While I but ſtrive the dire effects to tell,
And on another's words attentive dwell,
Confuſing paſſions in my boſom roll,
And all in tumult work the troubled ſoul:
Remorſe with pity, fear with ſorrow blend,
And I but ſtrive in vain; my verſe, deſcend,
To leſs aſpiring paths direct thy flight,
Though ſtill the leſs may more than match thy m
While I to ſecond agents tune the ſtrings,
And Iſrael's warrior Iſrael's battles ſings;
Great warrior he, and great to ſing of war,
Whoſe lines (if ever lines prevail'd ſo far)
Might pitch the tents, compoſe the ranks anew,
To combat ſound, and bring the toil to view.
O nation moſt ſecurely rais'd in name,
Whoſe fair records he wrote for endleſs fame;
O nation oft victorious o'er thy foes,
At once thy conqueſts, and thy thanks he ſho
For thus he ſung the realms that muſt be thin
And made thee thus confeſs an aid divine.
When mercy look'd, the waves perceiv'd its
And Iſrael paſs'd the deep divided ſea.

When Mercy ſpake it, haughty Pharaoh's hoſt,
And haughty Pharaoh, by the waves were toſt.
When Mercy led us through the deſert ſand,
We reach'd the borders of the promis'd land:
Then all the kings their gather'd armies brought,
And all thoſe kings by Mercy's help we fought:
There, with their monarch, Amor's people bleed,
For God was gracious, and the tribes ſucceed.
There monſtrous Ogg was fell'd on Baſan's plain,
For God was gracious to the tribes again.
At length their yoke the realms of Canaan feel,
And Iſrael ſings that God is gracious ſtill.
Nor has the warlike prince alone inroll'd
The wondrous fates their fathers did of old;
His own emblazon'd acts adorn his lays,
Theſe too may challenge juſt returns of praiſe.
My God! he cries, my ſureſt rock of might,
My truſt in dangers, and my ſhield in fight;
Thy matchleſs bounties I with gladneſs own,
Nor find aſſiſtance but from thee alone:
Thy ſtrength is armour, and my path ſucceſs,
No power like thee can thus ſecurely bleſs.
When troops united would arreſt my courſe,
I break their files, and through their order force;
When in their towns they keep, my ſiege I form,
And leap the battlements, and lead the ſtorm;
And when in camps abroad intrench'd they lie,
As ſwift as hinds in chace I bound on high;
My ſtrenuous arms thou teacheſt how to kill,
And ſnap in ſunder temper'd bows of ſteel;

My

My moving footſteps are enlarg'd by thee,
And kept from ſnares of planned ambuſh free;
And when my foes forſake the field of fight,
Then fluſh'd, with conqueſt, I purſue their flight;
In vain their fears, that almoſt reach deſpair,
The trembling wretches from mine anger bear;
As ſwift as fear briſk warmth of conqueſt goes,
And at my feet dejects the wounded foes;
For help they call, but find their helper 's gone,
For God 's againſt them, and I drive them on
As whirling duſt in airy tumult fly,
Before the tempeſt that involves the ſky;
And, in my rage 's unavoided ſway,
I tread their necks like abject heaps of clay.
The warrior thus in ſong his deeds expreſs'd,
Nor vainly boaſted what he but confeſs'd;
While warlike actions were proclaim'd abroad,
That all their praiſes ſhould refer to God.
And here, to make this bright deſign ariſe,
In fairer ſplendor to the nation's eyes,
From private valour he converts his lays,
For yet the publick claim'd attempts of praiſe;
And public conqueſts where they jointly fought,
Thus ſtand recorded by reflecting thought;
God ſent his Samuel from his holy ſeat
To bear the promiſe of my future ſtate,
And I, rejoicing, ſee the tribes fulfil
The promis'd purpoſe of Almighty will:
Subjected Sichem, ſweet Samaria's plain,
And Succoth's valleys, have confeſs'd my reign;

Remot

Remoter Gilead's hilly tracts obey,
Manaſſeh's parted ſands accept my ſway;
Strong Ephraim's ſons and Ephraim's ports are mine,
And mine the throne of princely Judah's line;
Then ſince my people with my ſtandard go,
To bring the ſtrength of adverſe empire low,
Let Moab's ſoil, to vile ſubjection brought,
With groans declare how well our ranks have fought;
Let vanquiſh'd Edom bow its humbled head,
And tell how pompous on its pride I tread;
And now, Philiſtia, with thy conquering haſt,
Diſmay'd and broke, of conquer'd Iſrael boaſt;
But if a Seer or Rabbah yet remain
On Johemaan's hill, or Amon's plain,
Lead forth our armies, Lord, regard our prayer;
Lead, Lord of battles, and we 'll conquer there.
As this the warrior ſpake, his heart aroſe,
And thus, with grateful turn, perform'd the cloſe;
Though men to men their beſt aſſiſtance lend,
Yet men alone will but in vain befriend;
Through God we work exploits of high renown,
'Tis God that treads our great oppoſers down.
Hear now the praiſe of well-diſputed fields,
The beſt return victorious honour yields;
'Tis common good reſtor'd, when lovely Peace
Is join'd with Righteouſneſs in ſtrict embrace;
Hear, all ye victors, what your ſword ſecures,
Hear, all ye nations, for the cauſe is yours;
And when the joyful trumpets loudly ſound,
When groaning captives in their ranks are bound,

When

When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,
And broken ſhafts and batter'd armour bear
When painted arches acts of war relate,
When ſlow proceſſion's pomps augment the
When fame relates their worth among the th
Thus take from David their triumphant ſon
Oh, clap your hands together! oh, rejoice,
In God, with melody's exalted voice;
Your ſacred Pſalm within his dwelling raiſe
And, for a pure oblation, offer praiſe;
For the rich goodneſs plentifully ſhows
He proſpers our deſign upon our foes.
Then hither, all ye nations, hither run,
Behold the wonders which the Lord has dor
Behold, with what a mind, the heap of ſlair
He ſpreads the ſanguine ſurface of the plain
He makes the wars, that mad confuſion hur
Be ſpent in victories, and leave the world.
He breaks the bended bows, the ſpears of i
And burns the ſhatter'd chariots in the fire
And bids the realms be ſtill, the tumult ce
And know the Lord of war, for Lord of pe
Now may the tender youth in goodneſs riſe,
Beneath the guidance of their parents eyes,
As tall young poplars, when the ranger 's
To watch their riſings, leſt they ſhoot awry
Now may the beauteous Daughters, bred w
In modeſt rules, and pious acts of fear,
Like poliſh'd corners of the Temple be,
So bright, ſo ſpotleſs, and ſo fit for thee.

Now may the various ſeaſons bleſs the ſoil,
And plenteous Gardeners pay the Ploughman's toil;
Now ſheep and kine, upon the flowery meads,
Encreaſe in thouſands, and ten thouſand heads;
And now no more the ſound of grief complains
For thoſe that fall in fight, or live in chains;
Here, when the bleſſings are proclaim'd aloud,
Join all the voices of the thankful crowd;
Let all that feel them thus confeſs their part,
Thus own their worth, with one united heart;
Happy the realm which God vouchſafes to bleſs
With all the glories of a bright ſucceſs!
And happy thrice the realm, if thus he pleaſe
To crown thoſe glories with the ſweets of eaſe;
From warfare finiſh'd on a chain of thought,
To bright attempts of future rapture wrought;
Yet ſtronger, yet thy pinions ſtronger raiſe,
O Fancy, reigning in the power of lays.
For Sion's Hill thine airy courſes hold,
'Twas there thy David propheſy'd of old;
And there devout in contemplation ſit,
In holy viſion, and extatic fit.
Methinks I ſeem to feel the charm begin,
Now ſweet Contentment tunes my ſoul within;
Now wondrous ſoft ariſing muſic plays,
And now full ſounds upon the ſenſe increaſe;
Fit David's lyre, his artful fingers move,
To court the ſpirit from the realms above
And, pleas'd to come where holineſs attends,
The courted ſpirit from above deſcends.

Hence on the lyre and voice new graces reſt,
And bright prophetic forms enlarge the breaſt;
Hence firm decrees his myſtic hymns relate,
Affix'd in heaven's adamantine gate,
The glories of the moſt important age,
And Chriſt's bleſt empire ſeen by ſure preſage.

When, in a diſtant view, with inward eyes,
He ſees the Son deſcending from the ſkies,
To take the form of Man for Mankind's ſake,
'Tis thus he makes the great Meſſiah ſpake:
It is not, Father, blood of bullocks ſlain
Can cleanſe the World from univerſal ſtain;
Such offerings are not here requir'd by thee,
But point at mine, and leave the work for me;
To perfect which, as ſervants ears they drill,
In ſign of opening to their Maſter's will;
Thy will would open mine, and have me bear
My ſign of Miniſtry, the body there.
Prophetic volumes of our ſtate aſſign,
The world's redemption as an act of mine;
And lo, with chearful and obedient heart,
I come, my Father, to perform my part.
So ſpake the Son, and left his throng above,
When wings to bear him were prepar'd by Love;
When with their Monarch, on the great deſcent,
Sweet Humbleneſs and gentle Patience went;
Fair ſiſters both, both bleſs'd in his eſteem,
And both appointed here to wait on him.

But now, before the Prophet's raviſh'd eyes,
Succeeding Proſpects of his Life ariſe;

ıere he teaches all the world to ſing
ſtrains in which the nation own'd him King.
ı boughs as at an holy feaſt they bear,
ew the Godhead manifeſted there;
ɜarments, as a mark of glory, ſtrow'd,
r'd a Prince proclaim'd upon the road:
day the Lord hath made, we will employ,
gs, he cries, and conſecrate to joy.
nah, Lord, Hoſannah, ſhed thy peace;
nah, long-expecting nations grace;
leſs'd in honour's height triumphant thou,
waſt to come, oh, bleſs thy people now.
vere eaſy dwelling here with fix'd delight,
nuch the ſweet engagement of the ſight;
eeting viſions each on other throng,
hange the muſic, and demand the ſong:
nuſic chang'd by ſadly moving ſhow:
ong demanded in exceſs of woe!
hat was all the gracious Saviour's ſtay,
t here he trod in Life's encumber'd way,
oubled patience, perſecuted breath,
ted ſorrows, and afflicting death;
ach, ye ſinners; think the garden ſhows
oody ſweat of full ariſing throws;
ach his grief, and hear him thus complain,
ıgh David's perſon, and in David's ſtrain.
ſave me, God, thy floods about me roll,
vrath divine hath overflow'd my ſoul:
e at length where riſing waters drown,
ink in deep affliction, deeply down.

Deceitful ſnares, to bring me to the dead,
Lie ready plac'd in every path I tread;
And Hell itſelf, with all that Hell contains,
Of fiends accurs'd, and dreadful change of pains
To daunt firm will, and croſs the good deſign'd,
With ſtrong temptations faſten on the mind;
Such grief, ſuch ſorrows, in amazing view,
Diſtracted fears and heavineſs purſue.
Ye ſages, deeply read in human frame,
The paſſion's cauſes, and their wild extreme;
Where mov'd an object more oppos'd to bliſs,
What other agony could equal his?
The muſic ſtill proceeds with mournful airs,
And ſpeaks the dangers, as it ſpeaks the fears.
Oh, ſacred Preſence, from the Son withdrawn:
Oh, God, my Father, whither art thou gone?
Oh, muſt my ſoul bewail tormenting pain,
And all my words of anguiſh fall in vain?
The trouble 's near, in which my life will end;
But none is near, that will aſſiſtance lend;
Like Baſhan's bulls, my foes againſt me throng,
So proud, inhuman, numberleſs, and ſtrong.
Like deſert lions, on their prey they go,
So much their fierce deſire of blood they ſhow:
As ploughers wound the ground, they tore my b
And long deep furrows manifeſt the track.
They pierc'd my tender hands, my tender feet,
And caus'd ſharp pangs, where nerves in number
Rich ſtreams of life forſake my rended veins,
And fall like water ſpill'd upon the plains;

My bones, that us'd in hollow ſeats to cloſe,
Disjoint with anguiſh of convulſive throws;
My mourning heart is melted in my frame,
As wax diſſolving runs before a flame;
My ſtrength dries up, my fleſh the moiſture leaves,
And on my tongue my clammy palate cleaves:
Alas! I thirſt; alas! for drink I call;
For drink they give me vinegar and gall.
To ſportful game the ſavage ſoldiers go,
And for my veſture, on my veſture throw;
While all deride, who ſee me thus forlorn,
And ſhoot their lips, and ſhake their heads in ſcorn.
And, with deſpiteful jeſt, Behold, they cry,
The great peculiar darling of the ſky;
He truſted God would ſave his ſoul from woe,
Now God may have him, if he loves him ſo.
But to the duſt of death, by quick decay,
I come; O Father, be not long away.
And was it thus, the Prince of Life was ſlain?
And was it thus he dy'd for worthleſs men?
Yes, bleſſed Jeſus! thus, in every line,
The ſufferings which the Prophet ſpake were thine.
Come, Chriſtian, to the corpſe, in ſpirit come,
And with true ſins of grief ſurround the tomb.
Upon the threſhold-ſtone let ſin be ſlain,
Such ſacrifice will beſt avenge his pain.
Bring thither then repentance, ſighs, and tears,
Bring mortify'd deſires, bring holy fears;
And earneſt prayer expreſs'd from thoughts that roll
Through broken mind, and groanings of the ſoul;

Theſe ſcatter on his hearſe, and ſo prepare
Thoſe obſequies the Jews deny'd him there;
While in your hearts the flames of love may burn,
To dreſs the vault, like lamps in ſacred urn.
There oft, my ſoul, in ſuch a grateful way,
Thine humbleſt homage, with the godly pay.
But David ſtrikes the ſounding chords anew,
And to thy firſt deſign recals thy view;
From life to death, from death to life he flies,
And ſtill purſues his object in his eyes;
And here recounts, in more enliven'd ſong,
The ſacred Preſence, not abſented long:
The fleſh not ſuffer'd in the grave to dwell,
The ſoul not ſuffer'd to remain in hell;
But as the conqueror, fatigu'd in war,
With hot purſuit of enemies afar,
Reclines to drink the torrent gliding by,
Then lifts his looks to repoſſeſs the ſky;
So bow'd the Son, in life's uneaſy road,
With anxious toil and thorny danger ſtrow'd;
So bow'd the Son, but not to find relief,
But taſte the deep imbitter'd floods of grief;
So when he taſted theſe, he rais'd his head,
And left the ſable manſions of the dead,
Ere mouldering time conſum'd the bones away,
Or ſlow corruption's worms had work'd decay:
Here faith's foundations all the ſoul employ
With ſpringing graces, ſpringing beams of joy;
Then paus'd the voice, where nature 's ſeen to p:
And for a time ſuſpend her ancient laws.

From hence ariſing as the glories riſe,
That muſt advance above the lofty ſkies,
He runs with ſprightly fingers o'er the lyre,
And fills new ſongs with new celeſtial fire:
In which he ſhews, by fair deſcription's ray,
The Chriſt's aſcenſion to the realms of day;
When Juſtice, pleas'd with life already paid,
Unbends her brows, and ſheaths her angry blade;
And meditates rewards, and will reſtore
What Mercy woo'd him, to forſake before.
When on a cloud, with gilded edge of light,
He roſe above the reach of human ſight,
And met the pomp that hung aloft in air,
To make his honours more exceeding fair.
See, cries the Prophet, how the chariots wait
To bear him upwards, in triumphant ſtate.
By twenty thouſands in unnumber'd throng,
And Angels draw the glittering ranks along.
The Lord amongſt them ſits in glory dreſs'd,
Nor more the Preſence, Sinai Mount confeſt.
And now the chariots have begun to fly,
The triumph moves, the Lord aſcends on high,
And Sin and Satan, us'd to captive men,
Are dragg'd for captives in his ample train;
While, as he goes, ſeraphic circles ſing
The wondrous conqueſt of their wondrous king;
With ſhouts of joy their heavenly voices raiſe,
And with ſhrill trumpets manifeſt his praiſe;
From ſuch a point of ſuch exceeding height,
A while my verſes ſtoop their airy flight,

And ſeem for reſt on Olivet to breathe,
And charge the two that ſtand in white beneath;
That as they move, and join the moving rear
Within their honour'd hands, aloft they bear
The crown of thorns, the croſs on which he dy'd,
The nails that pierc'd his limbs, the ſpear his ſide;
Then, where kind Mercy lays the thunder by,
Where Peace has hung great Michael's arms on high;
Let theſe adorn his magazine above,
And hang the trophies of victorious love;
Leſt man, by ſuperſtitious mind entic'd,
Should idolize whatever touch'd the Chriſt.
But ſtill the Prophet in the ſpirit ſoars
To new Jeruſalem's imperial doors;
There ſees and hears the bleſs'd angelic throng,
There feels their muſic, and records their ſong:
Or, with the viſion warm'd, attempts to write,
For thoſe inhabitants of native light,
And teaches harmony's diſtinguiſh'd parts,
In ſweet reſpondence of united hearts;
For thus without might warbling angels ſing,
Their courſe containing on the flutter'd wing,
Eternal gates! your ſtately portals rear,
Eternal gates! your ways of joy prepare;
The King of Glory for admittance ſtays;
He comes, he 'll enter, O prepare your ways;
Then bright arch-angels, that attend the wall,
Might thus upon the beauteous order call;
Ye fellow-miniſters, that now proclaim
Your King of Glory, tell his awful name.

At which the beauteous order will accord,
And ſound of ſolemn notes pronounce the Lord:
The Lord endued with ſtrength, renown'd for might,
With ſpoils returning from the finiſh'd fight.
Again with Lays they charm the ſacred gates,
And graces double, while the ſong repeats;
Again within the ſacred guardians ſing,
And aſk the name of their victorious king;
And then again, the Lord 's the name rebounds
From tongue to tongue, catch'd up in frequent rounds.
New thrones and powers appear to lift the gate,
And David ſtill purſues their enter'd ſtate.
Oh, prophet! father! whither would'ſt thou fly?
Oh, myſtic Iſrael's chariot for the ſky;
Thou, ſacred ſpirit! what a wondrous height,
By thee ſupported, ſoars his airy flight!
For glimpſe of Majeſty divine is brought,
Among the ſhifted proſpects of the thought:
Dread, ſacred ſight! I dare not gaze for fear,
But ſit beneath the ſinger's feet, and hear;
And hold each ſound that interrupts the mind,
Thus in a calm by power of verſe confin'd.
Ye dreadful miniſters of God, diſpleas'd,
In blaſting tempeſts be no longer rais'd!
Ye deep-mouth'd thunders, leave your direful groan,
Nor roll in hollow clouds around the throne.
The ſtill ſmall voice more juſtly will expreſs
How great Jehovah did the Lord addreſs.
And you bright-feather'd choirs of endleſs peace,
A while from tuneful Hallelujahs ceaſe;

A while ſtand fix'd, with deep attentive care,
You 'll have the time to ſing for ever there.
The royal Prophet will the ſilence break,
And in his words Almighty goodneſs ſpeak.
He ſpake (and ſmil'd to ſee the buſineſs done,)
Thou art my firſt, my great begotten Son;
Here on the right of Majeſty ſit down,
Enjoy thy conqueſt, and receive thy Crown,
While I thy worſhip and renown compleat,
And make thy foes the foot-ſtool of thy feet;
For I 'll pronounce the long-reſolv'd decree,
My ſacred Sion be reſerv'd for thee.
From thence thy peaceful rod of power extend,
From thence thy Meſſenger of Mercy ſend,
And teach thy vanquiſh'd enemies to bow;
And rule where Hell has fix'd an empire now.
Then ready nations to their rightful king
The free-will offerings of their hearts ſhall bring,
In holy beauties for acceptance dreſs'd,
And ready nations be with pardon bleſs'd;
Meanwhile thy dawn of truth begins the day,
Enlighten'd ſubjects ſhall encreaſe the ſway;
With ſuch a ſplendid and unnumber'd train,
As dews in morning fill the graſſy plain.
This by myſelf I ſwore; the great intent
Has paſt my ſanction, and I can't repent:
Thou art a king, and prieſt of peace below,
Like Salem's monarch, and for ever ſo.
Aſk what thou wilt, 'tis thine the Gentiles' claim
For thy poſſeſſion take, the world's extreme.

kings ſhall rage, the parties ſtrive in vain,
erſecuting rage, to break thy reign;
u art my Chriſt, and they that ſtill can be
illious ſubjects be deſtroy'd by thee.
g, like the Potter, to ſevere decay,
worthleſs creatures, found in humble clay;
n hear, ye monarchs, and ye judges hear,
ice with trembling, ſerve the Lord with fear;
is commands with ſigns of homage move,
kiſs the gracious offers of his love:
urely periſh if his anger flame,
l only they be bleſs'd that bleſs his name.
s does the Chriſt in David's anthems ſhine,
h full magnificence of art divine;
n on his ſubjects gifts of grace beſtow,
l ſpread his image on their hearts below;
when our earthly kings receive the globe,
ſacred unction, and the purple robe,
l mount the throne with golden glory crown'd,
y ſcatter medals of themſelves around;
re heavenly fingers clap their vary'd wings,
l lead the choir of all created things.
ite his glory's everlaſting prime,
fame continued with the length of time;
ile, ere the ſun ſhall dart a gilded beam,
hanging moons diffuſe the ſilver'd gleam;
ere-e'er the waves of rolling ocean ſent,
ompaſs land with arms of wide extent.
l, full of mercy: ready nations cry!
l, oh, for ever, ever bleſs'd on high!
l, oh, for ever on thy beauteous throne!
ou Lord that workeſt wondrous things alone!

Still let thy glory to the world appear,
And all the riches of thy goodneſs hear.
But thou, fair church, in whom he fixes love,
Thou queen accepted of the Prince above;
Behold him, fairer than the ſons of men;
Embrace his offer'd heart, and ſhare his reign;
In Moſes' laws they bred thy tender years;
But now to new commands incline thine ears,
Forget thy people, bear no more in mind
Thy father's houſhold, for thy ſpouſe is kind.
Within thy ſoul let vain affections die,
Him only worſhip, and with him comply.
So ſhall thy ſpouſe's heart with thine agree,
So ſhall his fervour ſtill encreaſe for thee.
Come, while he calls, ſupremely-favour'd queen
In heavenly glories dreſs thy ſoul within;
With pious actions to the throne be brought,
In cloſe connection of the virtues wrought;
Let theſe around thee for a garment ſhine,
And be the work to make them pleaſing thine:
Come, lovely queen, advance with ſtately port;
Thy good companions ſhall compleat thy court,
With joyful ſouls their joyful entrance ſing,
And fill the palace of your gracious king;
What though thy Moſes and the prophets ceaſe,
What though the prieſthood leaves the ſettled ra
The father's place their offspring well ſupplies,
When at thy ſpouſe's miniſtry they riſe;
When thy bleſs'd houſhold on his orders go,
And rule for him where-e'er he reigns below.

C

Come, Queen exalted, come; my laſting ſong
To future ages ſhall thy fame prolong.
The joyful nations ſhall thy praiſe proclaim,
And, for their ſafety, crowd beneath thy name.
Oh, bounteous Saviour! ſtill thy mercy kind,
Still what thy David ſung thy ſervants find;
Still what thy David ſung thy ſervants ſee,
From thee ſent down, and ſent again to thee.
They ſee the words of Thanks, and Love divine,
In ſtrains myſterious intermingled ſhine,
As ſweet and rich unite in coſtly waves,
When purling gold the purpled webb receives;
And ſtill the church he ſhadow'd hears the lays,
In daily ſervice, as an aid to praiſe.
At theſe her temper good Devotion warms,
And mounts aloft with more engaging charms:
Then, as ſhe ſtrives to reach the lofty ſky,
Bids Gratitude aſſiſt her will to fly;
In theſe our gratitude becomes on fire,
Then feels its flames improv'd by ſtrong deſire;
Then feels deſire in eager wiſhes move,
And wiſh determine in the point of love.
Such hymns to regulate, and ſuch to raiſe,
Approach, ye ſounding inſtruments of praiſe:
'Tis fit you tune for him whoſe holy love,
In wiſh aſpiring to the choir above,
And fond to practiſe ere his time to go,
Devoutly call'd you to the choir below;
There, where he plac'd you, with your ſolemn ſound,
For God's high glory, fill the ſacred ground,

And

And there, and every-where, his wondrous name
Within his firmament of power proclaim.
Soft pleaſing lutes with eaſy ſweetneſs move,
To touch the ſentiments of heavenly love;
Aſſiſt the lyre and voice, to tell the charms
That gently ſtole him from the father's arms;
Gay trembling timbrels, us'd with airs of mirth,
Aſſiſt the loud Hoſannah rais'd on earth;
When on an aſs he meekly rides along,
And multitudes are heard within the ſong.
Full-tenor'd Pſaltery join the doleful part,
In which his agony poſſeſt his heart;
And ſeem to feel thyſelf, and ſeem to ſhew,
A riſing heavineſs and ſigns of woe.
Sonorous organ, at his paſſion moan,
And utter forth thy ſympathizing groan,
In big ſlow murmurs anxious ſorrow ſpeak,
While melancholy winds thine entrails ſhake.
As when he ſuffer'd, with complaining ſound,
The ſtorms in vaulted caverns ſhook the ground;
Swift chearful cymbals give an airy ſtrain,
When, having bravely broke the doubled chain
Of Death and Hell, he left the conquer'd grave,
And roſe to viſit thoſe he dy'd to ſave,
And as he mounts in ſong and Angels ſing,
With grand proceſſion their returning king,
Triumphant trumpets raiſe their notes on high,
And make them ſeem to mount, and ſeem to fly,
Then all at once conſpire to praiſe the Lord,
In Muſick's full conſent, and juſt accord:

'e ſons of Art, in ſuch melodious way,
Conclude the ſervice which you join to pay,
While nations ſing Amen, and yet again
Hold forth the note, and ſing aloud Amen.
Here has my fancy gone where David leads,
Now ſoftly pacing o'er the graſſy meads;
Now nobly mounting where the monarchs rear,
The gilded ſpires of palaces in air;
Now ſhooting thence, upon the level flight,
To dreadful dangers and the toils of fight,
Anon with utmoſt ſtretch aſcending far,
Beyond the region of the fartheſt ſtar;
As ſharpeſt-ſighted eagles towering fly,
To weather their broad ſails in open ſky,
At length on wings half-clos'd ſlide gently down,
And one attempt ſhall all my labours crown.
In others' verſe the reſt be better ſhewn,
But this is more, or ſhould be more, thine own.
If then the ſpirit that ſupports my lines
Have prov'd unequal to my large deſigns,
Let others riſe from earthly paſſion's dream,
By me provok'd to vindicate the theme.
Let others round the world in rapture rove,
Or with ſtrong feathers fan the breeze above,
Or walk the duſky ſhades of death, and dive
Down hell's abyſs, and mount again alive.
But, Oh, my God! may theſe unartful rhymes
In ſober words of woe bemoan my crimes.
'Tis fit the ſorrows I for ever vent
For what I never can enough repent;

'Tis

'Tis fit, and David ſhews the moving way,
And with his prayer inſtructs my ſoul to pray.
Then, ſince thy guilt is more than match'd by me,
And ſince my troubles ſhould with thine agree,
O Muſe, to glories in affliction born!
May thy humility my ſoul adorn.
For humbleſt prayers are moſt affecting ſtrains,
As mines lye rich in lowly planted veins;
Such aid I want, to render mercy kind,
And ſuch an aid as here I want, I find:
Thy weeping accents in my numbers run,
Ah, thought! ah, voice of inward dole begun!
My God, whoſe anger is appeas'd by tears,
Bow gently down thy mercy's gracious ears;
With many tongues my ſins for juſtice call,
But Mercy's ears are manifold for all.
Thoſe ſweet celeſtial windows open wide,
And in full ſtreams let ſoft compaſſion glide;
There waſh my ſoul, and cleanſe it yet again,
O throughly cleanſe it from the guilty ſtain;
For I my life with inward anguiſh ſee,
And all its wretchedneſs confeſs to thee.
The large indictment ſtands before my view,
Drawn forth by conſcience, moſt amazing true;
And fill'd with ſecrets hid from human eye,
When, fooliſh man, thy God ſtood witneſs by.
Then, oh, thou majeſty divinely great,
Accept the ſad confeſſions I repeat,
Which clear thy juſtice to the world below,
Should diſmal ſentence doom my ſoul to woe.

When in the ſilent womb my ſhape was made,
And from the womb to lightſome life convey'd,
Curs'd ſin began to take unhappy root,
And through my veins its early fibres ſhoot;
And then, what goodneſs didſt thou ſhew, to kill
The riſing weeds, and principles of ill;
When to my breaſt, in fair celeſtial flame,
Eternal Truth and lovely Wiſdom came,
Bright gift, by ſimple Nature never got,
But here reveal'd to change the ancient blot.
This wondrous help which Mercy pleas'd to grant,
Continue ſtill, for ſtill thine aid I want;
And, as the men whom leproſies invade,
Or they that touch the carcaſe of the dead,
With hyſſop ſprinkled, and by water clean'd,
Their former pureneſs in the law regain'd;
So purge my ſoul, diſeas'd, alas! within,
And much polluted with dead works of ſin.
For ſuch bleſs'd favours at thine hand I ſue,
Be grace thine hyſſop, and thy water too.
Then ſhall my whiteneſs for perfection vie
With blanching ſnows that newly leave the ſky.
Thus, through my mind, thy voice of gladneſs ſend,
Thus ſpeak the joyful word, I will be clean'd;
That all my ſtrength, conſum'd with mournful pain,
May, by thy ſaving health, rejoice again:
And now no more my ſoul offences ſee,
O turn from theſe, but turn thee not from me;
Or, leſt they make me too deform'd a ſight,
Oh, blot them with Oblivion's endleſs night.

Then

Then further pureneſs to thy ſervant grant,
Another heart, or change in this, I want.
Create another, or the change create,
For now my vile corruption is ſo great,
It ſeems a new creation to reſtore
Its fall'n eſtate to what it was before.
Renew my ſpirit, raging in my breaſt,
And all its paſſions in their courſe arreſt;
Or turn their motions, widely gone aſtray,
And fix their footſteps in thy righteous way;
When this is granted, when again I 'm whole,
Oh ne'er withdraw thy preſence from my ſoul:
There let it ſhine, ſo let me be reſtor'd
To preſent joy, which conſcious hopes afford.
There let it ſweetly ſhine, and o'er my breaſt,
Diffuſe the dawning of eternal reſt;
Then ſhall the wicked this compaſſion ſee,
And learn thy worſhip, and thy works, from me.
For I, to ſuch occaſions of thy praiſe,
Will tune my lyre, and conſecrate my lays.
Unſeal my lips, where guilt and ſhame have hung,
To ſtop the paſſage of my grateful tongue,
And let my prayer and ſong aſcend, my prayer
Here join'd with ſaints, my ſong with angels there;
Yet neither prayer I 'd give, nor ſongs alone,
If either offerings were as much thy own:
But thine 's the contrite ſpirit, thine 's an heart
Oppreſs'd with ſorrow, broke with inward ſmart;
That at thy footſtool in confeſſion ſhews,
How well its faults, how well the judge it knows;

That

ſin with ſober reſolution flies,
gift thy mercy never will deſpiſe.
in my ſoul a myſtic altar rear,
ſuch a ſacrifice I 'll offer there.
ſhall it ſtand, in vows of virtue bound,
falling tears ſhall waſh it all around;
harp remorſe, yet ſharper edg'd by woe,
r'd and fear'd, inflict the bleeding blow;
ſhall my thoughts to holy breathings fly,
l of incenſe, to perfume the ſky,
hence my willing heart aſpires above,
im panting in the flames of love.

SOLOMON.

through the Pſalms, from theme to theme, I
chang'd,
nks like Eve in Paradiſe I rang'd;
very grace of ſong I ſeem'd to ſee,
gay pride of every ſeaſon ſhe;
ently treading all the walks around,
'd the ſpringing beauties of the ground,
ly, gliſtering with the morning dew,
ſe in red, the violet in blue,
nk in pale, the bells in purple rows,
lips colour'd in a thouſand ſhows:
here and there perhaps ſhe pull'd a flower,
w with moſs, and paint her leafy bower;
ere and there, like her, I went along,
a bright ſtrain, and bid it deck my ſong.

But now the ſacred Singer leaves mine eye,
Crown'd as he was, I think he mounts on high;
Ere this devotion bore his heavenly Pſalms,
And now himſelf bears up his harp and palms.
Go, ſaint triumphant, leave the changing ſight,
So fitted out, you ſuit the realms of light;
But let thy glorious robe at parting go,
Thoſe realms have robes of more effulgent ſhow;
It flies, it falls, the fluttering ſilk I ſee;
Thy ſon has caught it, and he ſings like thee,
With ſuch election of a theme divine,
And ſuch ſweet grace, as conquers all but thine.
Hence every writer o'er the fabled ſtreams,
Where frolic fancies ſport with idle dreams;
Or round the ſight enchanted clouds diſpoſe,
Whence wanton Cupids ſhoot with gilded bows,
A nobler writer, ſtrains more brightly wrought,
Themes more exalted, fill my wondering thought:
The parted ſkies are track'd with flames above,
As love deſcends to meet aſcending love;
The ſeaſons flouriſh where the ſpouſes meet,
And earth in gardens ſpreads beneath their feet;
This freſh-bloom proſpect in the boſom throngs,
When Solomon begins his ſong of ſongs,
Bids the wrapt ſoul to Lebanon repair,
And lays the ſcene of all his actions there;
Where as he wrote, and from the bower ſurvey'd
The ſcenting groves, or anſwering knots he made,
His ſacred art the ſights of nature brings,
Beyond their uſe, to figure heavenly things.

Grea

Son of God! whoſe goſpel pleas'd to throw
ıy rich glory veils of earthly ſhow;
de the vineyard oft thy church deſign,
de the marriage-feaſt a type of thine;
verſes, which attempt to trace
ow'd beauties of celeſtial grace,
ı illapſes of ſeraphic fire
k which pleas'd thee once, once more inſpire.
or Illuſion's airy viſions draw,
I walk the gardens which I ſaw,
ilver waters feed a flowering ſpring,
ids ſalute it with a balmy wing.
ın a bank, whoſe ſhades directly riſe,
n the ſun, and not exclude the ſkies,
ts the ſacred church; methinks I view
uſe's aſpect, and her enſigns too.
: has features where the Virtues reign,
ds the book of ſacred Love contain,
(Truth's emblem) on her boſom ſhines,
her ſide the meekeſt lamb reclines:
: on heavenly lectures in the book,
: on heaven itſelf ſhe caſts a look,
humble, fervent zeal, that works within,
th burſts forth, and raptures thus begin:
lim, that Him my ſoul adores above,
communions breathe his holy love;
ſe bleſs'd words his pleaſing lips impart,
all cordials, chear the fainting heart.
and ſweet the precious ointments ſtream,
thy graces flow, ſo ſweet thy name

There fits the king, while all around our heads
His grace, my ſpikenard, pleaſing odours ſheds
About my ſoul, his holy comfort flies;
So cloſely treaſur'd in the boſom lies
The bundled myrrh, ſo ſweet the ſcented gale
Breathes all En-gedi 's aromatic vale.
Now, ſays the king, my love, I ſee thee fair,
Thine eyes, for mildneſs, with the dove's compa
No, thou, belov'd, art fair, the church replies
(Since all my beauties but from thee ariſe;)
All fair, all pleaſant, theſe communions ſhew
Thy counſels pleaſant, and thy comforts ſo.
And as at marriage feaſts they ſtrow the flowers,
With nuptial chaplets hang the ſummer bowers,
And make the rooms of ſmelling cedars fine,
Where the fond bridegroom and the bride recline
I dreſs my ſoul with ſuch exceeding care,
With ſuch, with more, to court thy preſence the
Well haſt thou prais'd, he ſays; the Sharon n
Through flowery fields a pleaſing odour throws,
The valley lilies raviſh'd ſenſe regale,
And with pure whiteneſs paint their humble vale
Such names of ſweetneſs are thy lover 's due,
And thou, my love, be thou a lily too,
A lily ſet in thorns; for all I ſee,
All other daughters, are as thorns to thee.
Then ſhe; the trees that pleaſing apples yield
Surpaſs the barren trees that cloath the field;
So you ſurpaſs the ſons with worth divine,
So ſhade, and fruit as well as ſhade, is thine.

I ſat me down, and ſaw thy branches ſpread,
And green protection flouriſh o'er my head;
I ſaw thy fruit, the ſoul's celeſtial food,
I pull'd, I taſted, and I found it good.
Hence in the ſpirit to the bliſsful ſeats,
Where Love, to feaſt, myſteriouſly retreats;
He led me forth; I ſaw the banner rear,
And love was pencil'd for the motto there.
Prophets and teachers in your care combine,
Stay me with apples, comfort me with wine,
The cordial promiſes of joys above,
For hope deferr'd has made me ſick with love.
Ah! while my tongue reveals my fond deſire,
His hands ſupport me, leſt my life expire;
As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd,
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waiſt.

Here ceas'd the church, and lean'd her languid head,
Bent down with joy; when thus the lover ſaid,
Behold, ye daughters of the realm of peace,
She ſleeps, at leaſt her thoughts of ſorrow ceaſe.
Now, by the bounding roes, the ſkipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the graſſy lawns,
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges, in my ſacred grove,
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
I would not have her wake but when ſhe will.

So reſt the church and ſpouſe: my verſes ſo
Appear to languiſh with the flames you ſhew,
And pauſing reſt; but not the pauſe be long,
For ſtill thy Solomon purſues the ſong.

Then keep the place in view; let ſweets more rare
Than earth produces fill the purpled air;
Let ſomething ſolemn overſpread the green,
Which ſeems to tell us, Here the Lord has been!
But let the virgin ſtill in proſpect ſhine,
And other ſtrains of her's enliven mine.
She wakes, ſhe riſes: bid the whiſpering breeze
More ſoftly whiſper in the waving trees,
Or fall with ſilent awe; bid all around,
Before the church's voice, abate their ſound;
While thus her ſhadowy ſtrains attempt to ſhew
A future advent of the ſpouſe below:
Hark! my beloved's voice! behold him too!
Behold him coming in the diſtant view:
No clambering mountains make my lover ſtay,
(For what are mountains in a lover's way?)
Leaping he come, how like the nimble roe
He runs the paths his prophets us'd to ſhow!
And now he looks from yon partition-wall,
Built till he comes—'tis only then to fall,
And now he 's nearer in the promiſe ſeen,
Too faint the ſight—'tis with a glaſs between;
From hence I hear him as a lover ſpeak,
Who near a window calls a fair to wake.
Attend, ye virgins, while the words that trace
An opening ſpring deſign the day of grace.
Hark! or I dream, or elſe I hear him ſay,
Ariſe, my love; my fair-one, come away;
For now the tempeſts of thy winter end,
Thick rains no more in heavy drops deſcend;

:t painted flowers their silken leaves unclose,
dress the face of earth with varied shows;
ıe green wood the singing birds renew,
r chirping notes, the silver turtles coo:
trees that yield the fig already shoot,
knit their blossoms for their early fruit;
ı fragrant scents the vines refresh the day,
:, my love; my fair-one, come away.
me, my dove, forsake thy close retreat,
:lose in safety hast thou fix'd thy seat,
earful pigeons in dark clefts abide,
safe the clefts their tender charges hide.
let thy looks with modest guise appear,
let thy voice salute my longing ear,
in thy looks an humble mind I see,
er forms thy voice, and both are sweet to me.
ave the bloomings of my vineyard, haste,
ch foxes (false deluding teachers) waste;
ch well their haunts, and catch the foxes there,
grapes are tender, and demand thy care.
s speaks my love: surprizing love divine!
ıs am his, he thus for ever mine.
, till he comes, I find a presence still,
re souls attentive serve his holy will;
re down in vales unspotted lilies grow,
te types of innocence, in humble show.
till the spicy breath of heavenly day,
all thy shadows fleet before thy ray;
ı, my beloved, with thy comforts here,
ı in thy promise, in thy grace appear,

Nor let ſuch ſwiftneſs in the roes be ſhown
To ſave themſelves, as thou to chear thine own;
Turn like the nimble harts that lightly bound,
Before the ſtretches of the fleeteſt hound;
Skim the plain chace of lofty Bether's head,
And make the mountain wonder if they tread.
But long expectance of a bliſs delay'd
Breeds anxious doubt, and tempts the ſacred maid;
Then miſts ariſing ſtrait repel the light,
The colour'd garden lies diſguis'd with night;
A pale-horn'd creſcent leads a glimmering throng,
And groans of abſence jar within the ſong.
By night, ſhe cries, a night which blots the mind,
I ſeek the lover, whom I fail to find:
When on my couch compos'd to thought I lie,
I ſearch, and vainly ſearch, with reaſon's eye;
Riſe, fondly riſe, thy preſent ſearch give o'er,
And aſk if others knew thy lover more.
Dark as it is, I riſe; the moon that ſhines
Shows by the gleam the city's outward lines:
I range the wandering road, the winding ſtreet,
And aſk, but aſk in vain, of all I meet,
Till, toil'd with every diſappointing place,
My ſteps the guardians of the temple trace,
Whom thus my wiſh accoſts: Ye ſacred guides,
Ye prophets, tell me where my love reſides?
'Twas well I queſtion'd, ſcarce I paſs'd them by,
Ere my rais'd ſoul perceives my lover nigh:
And have I found thee, found my joy divine?
How faſt I 'll hold thee, till I make thee mine!

My mother waits thee, thither thou repair,
Long-waiting Iſrael wants thy preſence there.
The lover ſmiles to ſee the virgin's pain;
The miſts roll off, and quit the flowery plain;
Yes, there I come, he ſays, thy ſorrow ceaſe;
And guard her, daughters of the realms of peace,
By all the bounding roes and ſkipping fawns,
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the graſſy lawns;
By all the tender innocents that rove,
Your hourly charges, in my ſacred grove:
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,
I 'll have her feel my comforts while ſhe will.
Here, hand in hand, with chearful heart they go,
When wandering Salem ſees the ſolemn ſhow,
Dreams the rich pomp of Solomon again,
And thus her daughters ſing th' approaching ſcene:
Who from the deſert, where the waving clouds
High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
For Sion's hill her ſober pace ſhe bends,
As grateful incenſe from the dome aſcends.
It ſeems the ſweets, from all Arabia ſhed,
Curl at her ſide, and hover o'er her head.
For her the king prepares a bed of ſtate,
Round the rich bed her guards in order wait,
All myſtic Iſrael's ſons, 'tis there they quell
The foes within, the foes without repel.
The guard his miniſtry, their ſwords of fight,
His ſacred laws, her preſent ſtate of night.
He forms a chariot too, to bring her there,
Not the carv'd frame of Solomon ſo fair;

Sweet

Sweet ſmells the chariot as the temple ſtood,
The fragrant cedar lent them both the wood;
High wreaths of ſilver'd columns prop the door,
Fine gold engrail'd adorns the figur'd floor,
Deep-fringing purple hangs the roof above,
And ſilk embroidery paints the midſt with love.

Go forth, ye daughters; Sion's daughters, go;
A greater Solomon exalts the ſhow,
If crown'd with gold, and by the queen beſtow'd,
To grace his nuptials, Jacob's monarch rode;
A crown of glory from the King Divine,
To grace theſe nuptials, makes the Saviour ſhine;
While the bleſs'd pair expreſs'd in emblem ride,
Meſſiah Solomon, his church the bride.

Ye kind attendants, who, with wondering eyes,
Saw the grand entry, what you ſaid ſuffice;
You ſung the lover with a loud acclaim,
The lover's fondneſs longs to ſing the dame.
He ſpeaks, admiring Nature ſtands around,
And learns new muſic, while it hears the ſound.

Behold, my love, how fair thy beauties ſhow,
Behold how more, how moſt extremely ſo!
How ſtill to me thy conſtant eyes incline,
I ſee the turtle's when I gaze on thine;
Sweet through the lids they ſhine with modeſt care,
And ſweet and modeſt is a virgin's air.
How bright thy locks! how well their number paints
The great aſſemblies of my lovely ſaints!
So bright the kids, ſo numerouſly fed,
Graze the green top of lofty Gilead's head;

All

ilead's head a fleecy whiteneſs clouds,
he rich maſter glories in the crowds.
w pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
anſwering each, whilſt all the publick aid;
lovely graces in my church I find,
:andor, order, and accorded mind:
when the ſeaſon bids the ſhepherd lave
ieep new ſhorn within the cryſtal wave;
'd they return, in ſuch unſully'd white,
march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
pleaſe thy lips adorn'd with native red!
ainly mocks them in the ſcarlet thread!
f they part, what muſic wafts the air!
:et thy praiſes, and ſo ſoft thy prayer.
ough thy looſen'd curls, with honeſt ſhame,
ovely temples fine complexion flame,
ever crimſon granate bloſſoms ſhow,
; never theirs ſo much to pleaſe, and glow.
hat 's thy neck, the poliſh'd form I ſee,
: ivory ſtrength ſupports thine eyes to me!
ype of firmneſs, when my ſaints aſpire
icred confidence that lifts deſire,
avid's turret, on the ſtately frame,
d its thouſand conquering ſhields of fame.
vhat thy breaſts! they ſtill demand my lays,
image wakes to charm me whilſt I gaze!
ovely mountains each exactly round,
ovely mountains with the lily crown'd;
two twin roes, and each on either bred,
n the lilies of the mountain's head.

Let this reſemblance ſpotleſs virtues ſhow,
And in ſuch lilies feed my young below.
But now, farewell, till night's dark ſhades decay,
Farewell, my virgin, till the break of day;
Swift for the hills of ſpice and gums I fly,
To breathe ſuch ſweets as ſcent a purer ſky;
Yet, as I leave thee, ſtill, above compare,
My Love, my ſpotleſs, ſtill I find thee fair.
Here reſt, celeſtial maid; for if he go,
Nor will he part, nor is the promiſe ſlow,
Nor ſlow my fancy move; diſpel the ſhade,
Charm forth the morning, and relieve the maid.
Ariſe, fair ſun, the church attends to ſee
The ſun of righteouſneſs ariſe in thee;
Ariſe, fair ſun; and bid the church adore;
'Tis then he 'll court her, whom he prais'd before.
As thus I ſing, it ſhines; there ſeems a ſound
Of plumes in air, and feet upon the ground:
I ſee their meeting, ſee the flowery ſcene,
And hear the myſtic love purſued again.
Now to the mount, whoſe ſpice perfumes the day,
'Tis I invite thee; come, my ſpouſe, away;
Come, leave thy Lebanon: is aught we ſee
In all thy Lebanon, compar'd to me?
Nor tow'rd thy Canaan turn with wiſhful ſight,
From Hermon's, Sheniar's, and Amana's height;
There dwells the leopard, there aſſaults the bear;
This world has ills, and ſuch may find thee there.
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter, O thy wondrous art,
Which through my boſom drew my raviſh'd heart!

Won by one eye, my raviſh'd heart is gone,
For all thy ſeeing guides conſent as one.
Drawn by one chain, which round thy body plies,
For all thy members one bleſs'd union ties.
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter, O the charm to pleaſe,
When love repaid returns my boſom eaſe!
Strongly thy love, and ſtrongly wines reſtore,
But wines muſt yield, thy love enflames me more.
Sweetly thine ointments (all thy virtues) ſmell,
Not altar-ſpices pleaſe thy king ſo well.
How ſoft thy doctrine on thy lips reſides!
From thoſe two combs the dropping honey glides;
All pure without, as all within ſincere,
Beneath thy tongue—I find it honey there.
Ah, while thy graces thus around thee ſhine,
The charms of Lebanon muſt yield to thine!
His ſpring, his garden, every ſcented tree,
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter, all I find in thee.
Thee, for myſelf, I fence, I ſhut, I ſeal;
Myſterious ſpring, myſterious garden, hail!
A ſpring, a font, where heavenly waters flow;
A grove, a garden, where the Graces grow.
There riſe my fruits, my cypreſs, and my fir,
My ſaffron, ſpikenard, cinnamon, and myrrh;
Perpetual fountains for their uſe abound,
And ſtreams of ſavour feed the living ground.

Scarce ſpake the Chriſt, when thus the church replies
(And ſpread her arms where-e'er the ſpirit flies):
Ye cooling northern gales, who freſhly ſhake
My balmy reeds; ye northern gales, awake.

nd thou the regent of the ſouthern ſky,
ſoft inſpiring, o'er my garden fly;
Unlock and waft my ſweets, that every grace,
In all its heavenly life, regale the place.
If thus a paradiſe thy garden prove,
'Twere beſt prepar'd to entertain my love;
And, that the pleaſing fruits may pleaſe the more
O think my proffer was thy gift before.
At this, the Saviour cries, Behold me near,
My ſpouſe, my ſiſter; O behold me here;
To gather fruits, I come at thy requeſt,
And, pleas'd, my ſoul accepts the ſolemn feaſt;
I gather myrrh, with ſpice to ſcent the treat,
My virgin-honey with the combs I eat;
I drink my ſweetening milk, my lively wine
(Theſe words of pleaſure mean thy gifts divine);
To ſhare my bliſs, my good elect I call,
The church (my garden) muſt include them all
Now ſit and banquet; now, belov'd, you ſee
What gifts I love, and prove theſe fruits with
O might this ſweet communion ever laſt!
But with the ſun the ſweet communion paſt.
The Saviour ſmarts, and on Oblivion's breaſt
Benumb'd and ſlumbering lies the church to
Paſs the ſweet alleys while the duſk abides,
Seek the fair lodge in which the maid reſid
Then, Fancy, ſeek the maid at night again
The Chriſt will come, but comes, alas, in
I ſleep, ſhe ſays, and yet my heart awak
(There's ſtill ſome feeling while the love

With what fond fervor from without he cries,
Ariſe, my love; my undefil'd, ariſe!
My dove, my ſiſter, cold the dews alight,
And fill my treſſes with the drops of night;
Alas, I 'm all unrob'd, I waſh'd my feet,
I taſted ſlumber, and I find it ſweet.
As thus my words refuſe, he ſlips his hands
Where the clos'd latch my cruel door commands;
What, though deny'd, ſo perſevering kind!
Who long denies a perſevering mind?
From my wak'd ſoul my ſlothful temper flies,
My bowels yearn; I riſe, my love, I riſe;
I find the latch thy fingers touch'd before,
Thy ſmelling myrrh comes dropping off the door.
Now, where 's my love?—what! haſt thou left the place?
O, to my ſoul repeat thy words of grace!
Speak in the dark, my love; I ſeek thee round,
And vainly ſeek thee, till thou wilt be found.
What, no return? I own my folly paſt,
I lay too liſtleſs; ſpeak, my love, at laſt.
The guards have found me—are ye guards indeed,
Who ſmite the ſad, who make the feeble bleed?
Dividing teachers, theſe; who wrong my name,
Rend my long veil, and caſt me bare to ſhame.
But you, ye daughters of the realm of reſt,
If ever pity mov'd a virgin-breaſt,
Tell my belov'd how languiſhing I lie,
How love has brought me near the point to die.
And what belov'd is this you would have found?
Say Salem's daughters, as they flock'd around?

What wondrous thing? what charm beyond compare?
Say, what 's thy lover, faireſt o'er the fair?
His face is white and ruddy, ſhe replies,
So mercy, join'd to juſtice, tempers dies;
His lofty ſtature, where a myriad ſhine,
O'ertops, and ſpeaks a majeſty divine.
Fair honour crowns his head, the raven-black,
In buſhy curlings, flows adown his back:
Sparkling his eyes, with full proportion plac'd,
White like the milk, and with a mildneſs grac'd;
As the ſweet doves, whene'er they fondly play
By running waters in a glittering day.
Within his breath what pleaſing ſweetneſs grows!
'Tis ſpice exhal'd, and mingled on the roſe.
Within his words what grace with goodneſs meets!
So beds of lilies drop with balmy ſweets.
What rings of eaſtern price his fingers hold!
Gold decks the fingers, beryl decks the gold!
His ivory ſhape adorns a coſtly veſt,
Work paints the ſkirts, and gems inrich the breaſt;
His limbs beneath, his ſhining ſandals caſe
Like marble columns on a golden baſe.
Nor boaſts that mountain, where the cedar-tree
Perfumes our realm, ſuch numerous ſweets as he.
O, lovely all! what could my king require
To make his preſence more the world's deſire?
And now, ye maids, if ſuch a friend you know,
'Tis ſuch my longings look to find below.
While thus her friend the ſpouſe's anthems ſing,
Deck'd with the thummim, crown'd a ſacred king;

Th

The Daughters' hearts the fine deſcription drew,
And that which rais'd their wonder, aſk'd their view.
Then where, they cry, thou faireſt o'er the fair,
Where goes thy lover? Tell the virgins where.
What flowering walks invite his ſteps aſide?
We 'll help to ſeek him, let thoſe walks be try'd.
The ſpouſe revolving here the grand deſcent,
'Twas that he promis'd, there, ſhe cries, he went;
He keeps a garden where the ſpices breathe,
Its bowering borders kiſs the vale beneath;
'Tis there he gathers lilies, there he dwells,
And binds his flowerets to unite their ſmells.
O, 'tis my height of love that I am his!
O, he is mine, and that 's my height of bliſs!
Deſcend, my virgins; well I know the place,
He feeds in lilies, that 's a ſpotleſs race.
At dawning day the bridegroom leaves a bower,
And here he waters, there he props a flower,
When the kind damſel, ſpring of heavenly flame,
With Salem's daughters to the garden came.
Then thus his love the bridgroom's words repeat
(The ſmelling borders lent them both a ſeat):
O, great as Tirzah! 'twas a regal place,
O, fair as Salem! 'tis the realm of peace;
Whoſe aſpect, awful to the wondering eye,
Appears like armies when the banners fly;
O turn, my ſiſter, O my beauteous bride,
Thy face o'ercomes me, turn that face aſide;
How bright thy locks, how well their number paints
The great aſſemblies of my lovely ſaints!

So bright the kids, ſo numerouſly fed,
Graze the green wealth of lofty Gilead's head.
How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,
Each anſwering each, while all the publick aid;
As when the ſeaſon bids the ſhepherd lave
His ſheep new ſhorn within the ſilver wave:
Waſh'd, they return in ſuch unſully'd white,
So march by pairs, and in the flock unite.
How ſweet thy temples! not pomegranates know,
With equal modeſt look, to pleaſe and glow.
If Solomon his life of pleaſure leads,
With wives in numbers, and unnumber'd maids,
In other paths, my life of pleaſure ſhown,
Admits my love, my undefil'd alone.
Thy mother, Iſrael, ſhe the dame who bore
Her choice, my dove, my ſpotleſs, owns no more;
The Gentile queens, at thy appearance, cry,
Hail, queen of nations! hail, the maids reply;
And thus they ſing thy praiſe: what heavenly dame
Springs like the morning, with a purple flame?
What riſes like the morn with ſilver light?
What, like the ſun, aſſiſts the world with ſight?
Yet awful ſtill, though thus ſerenely kind,
Like hoſts with enſigns rattling in the wind?
I grant I left thy ſight, I ſeem'd to go,
But was I abſent when you fancy'd ſo?
Down to my garden, all my planted vale,
Where nuts their ground in underwood conceal;
Where blown pomegranates, there I went to ſee
What knitting bloſſoms white the bearing tree:

Vi

View the green buds, recall the wandering ſhoots,
Smell my gay flowerets, taſte my flavour'd fruits;
Raiſe the curl'd vine, refreſh the ſpicy beds,
And joy for every grace my garden ſheds.
The Saviour here, and here the church ariſe,
And am I thus reſpected, thus ſhe cries!
I mount for heaven, tranſported on the winds,
My flying chariot's drawn by willing minds.
As, rapt with comfort, thus the maid withdrew,
The waiting daughters wonder'd where ſhe flew;
And O! return, they cry, for thee we burn,
O maid of Salem; Salem's ſelf return.
And what 's in Salem's maid we covet ſo?
Hear, all ye nations—'tis your bliſs below;
That glorious viſion, by the patriarch ſeen,
When ſky-born beauties march'd the ſcented green;
There the met ſaints and meeting angels came,
Two lamps of God, Mahanaim was the name.
Again the maid reviews her ſacred ground;
Solemn ſhe ſits, the damſels ſing around.
O, prince's daughter! how, with ſhining ſhow,
Thy golden ſhoes prepare thy feet below!
How firm thy joints! what temple-work can be,
With all its gems and art, preferr'd to thee?
In thee, to feed thy lover's faithful race,
Still flow the riches of abounding grace;
Pure, large, refreſhing, as the waters fall
From the carv'd navels of the ciſtern-wall.
In thee the lover finds his race divine,
You teem with numbers, they with virtues ſhine;

So wheat with lilies, if their heaps unite,
The wheat's unnumber'd, and the lilies white
Like tender roes, thy breaſts appear above,
Two types of innocence, and twins of love.
Like ivory-turrets ſeems thy neck to rear,
O, ſacred emblem, upright, firm, and fair!
As Heſhbon-pools, which, with a ſilver-ſtate,
Diffuſe their waters at their city-gate,
For ever ſo thy virgin eyes remain,
So clear within, and ſo without ſerene.
As through ſweet fir the royal turret ſhows,
Whence Lebanon ſurveys a realm of foes;
So through thy lovely curls appear thy face,
To watch thy foes, and guard thy faithful ra
The richeſt colours flowery Carmel wears,
Red fillets, croſs'd with purple, braid thy hai
Yet, not more ſtrictly theſe thy locks reſtrain,
Than thou thy king, with ſtrong affection's ch
When from his palace he enjoys thy ſight,
O love, O beauty, form'd for all delight!
Strait is thy goodly ſtature, firm, and high,
As palms aſpiring in the brighter ſky;
Thy breaſts the cluſter (if thoſe breaſts we vie
As late for beauty, now for profit too),
Woo'd to thine arms, thoſe arms that oft exte
In the kind poſture of a waiting friend;
Each maid of Salem cries, I'll mount the tre
Hold the broad branches, and depend on thee
O, more than grapes, thy fruit delights the ma
Thy pleaſing breath excels the citron ſhades;

Thy mouth exceeds rich wine, the words that go
From thoſe ſweet lips with more refreſhment flow;
Their powerful graces ſlumbering ſouls awake,
And cauſe the dead, that hear thy voice, to ſpeak.
This anthem ſung, the glorious ſpouſe aroſe,
Yet thus inſtructs the daughters ere ſhe goes.
Haught, my damſels, in the ſpouſe ye find
Deſerving praiſes, think the lover kind:
To my belov'd theſe marriage-robes I owe,
I'm his deſire, and he would have it ſo.
Scarce ſpake the ſpouſe, but ſee the lover near!
Her humble temper brought the Preſence here;
Then, rais'd by grace, and ſtrongly warm'd by love,
No ſecond languor lets her Lord remove;
She flies to meet him, zeal ſupplies the wings,
And thus her haſte to work his will ſhe ſings:
Come, my beloved, to the fields repair,
Come, where another ſpot demands our care;
There in the village we 'll to reſt recline,
Mean as it is, I try to make it thine.
When the firſt rays their chearing crimſon ſhed,
We 'll riſe betimes to ſee the vineyard ſpread;
See vines luxuriant-verdur'd leaves diſplay,
Supporting tendrils curling all the way.
See young unpurpled grapes in cluſters grow,
And ſmell pomegranate-bloſſoms as they blow;
There will I give my loves, employ my care,
And, as my labours thrive, approve me there:
Scarce have we paſs'd my gate, the ſcent we meet,
My covering jaſmines now diffuſe their ſweet;

My ſpicy flowerets, mingled as they fly,
With doubling odours croud a balmy ſky.
Now all the fruits, which crown the ſeaſon, view,
Theſe nearer fruits are old, and thoſe are new;
And theſe, and all of every loaded tree,
My love, I gather, and reſerve for thee.
If then thy ſpouſe's labour pleaſe thee well,
Oh! like my brethren, with thy Siſter dwell;
No blameleſs maid, whoſe fond careſſes meet
An infant-brother in the public ſtreet,
Clings to its lips with leſs reſerve than I
Would hang on thine, where'er I found thee nigh:
No ſhame would make me from thy ſide remove,
No danger make me not confeſs thy love.
Strait to my mother's houſe, thine Iſrael ſhe
(And thou my monarch wouldſt arrive with me),
'Tis there I 'd lead thee, where I mean to ſtay,
'Till thou, by her, inſtruct my ſoul to pray;
There ſhalt thou prove my virtues, drink my wine,
And feel my joy, to find me wholly thine.
Oh! while my ſoul were ſick, through fond deſire,
Thine hands ſhould hold me leſt my life expire;
As round a child the parents' arms are plac'd,
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waiſt.
So caſt thy cares on me, the lover cry'd,
Lean to my boſom, lean, my lovely bride;
And now, ye daughters of the realm of bliſs,
Let nothing diſcompoſe a love like this;
But guard her reſt from each approach of ill;
I caus'd her languor, guard her while ſhe will.

He

Here pauſe the lines, but ſoon the lines renew,
nce more the pair celeſtial come to view;
h! ſeek them once, my raviſh'd fancy, more,
nd then thy ſongs of Solomon are o'er:
y yon green bank purſue their orb of light,
he ſun ſhines out, but ſhines not half ſo bright.
ee Salem's maids, in white, attend the King,
hey greet the ſpouſes—hark, to what they ſing.
Who, from the deſert, where the wandering clouds
ligh Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?
Tis ſhe, the ſpouſe! Oh! favour'd o'er the reſt!
Vho walks reclin'd by ſuch a lover's breaſt.
The ſpouſe, rejoicing, heard the kind ſalute,
nd thus addreſs'd him—all the reſt were mute.
eneath the law, our goodly parent tree,
went, my much-belov'd, in ſearch of thee;
'or thee, like one in pangs of travail, ſtrove;
ence, none may wonder, if I gain thy love.
As ſeals their pictures to the wax impart,
So let my picture ſtamp thy gentle heart;
As fix'd the ſignets on our hands remain,
So fix me thine, and ne'er to part again;
For Love is ſtrong as Death, whene'er they ſtrike,
Alike imperious, vainly check'd alike;
But dread to looſe, love, mix'd with jealous dread!
As ſoon the marble tomb reſigns the dead.
Its fatal arrows fiery-pointed fall,
The fire intenſe, and thine the moſt of all;
To ſlack the points no chilling floods are found,
Nay, ſhould afflictions roll like floods around,

Were wealth of nations offer'd, all would prove
Too ſmall a danger, or a price for love.
If then with love this world of worth agree,
With ſoft regard our little ſiſter ſee;
How far unapt, as yet, like maids that own
No breaſts at all, or breaſts but hardly grown;
Her part of Proſelyte is ſcarce a part,
Too much a Gentile at her erring heart;
Her day draws nearer; what have we to do,
Leſt ſhe be aſk'd, and prove unworthy too?
Deſpair not, ſpouſe, he cries; we 'll find the mea
Her good beginnings aſk the greater pains.
Let her but ſtand, ſhe thrives; a wall too low
Is not rejected for the ſtanding ſo;
What falls is only loſt, we 'll build her high,
Till the rich palace glitters in the ſky.
The door that's weak (what need we ſpare the co
If 'tis a door, we need not think it loſt;
The leaves ſhe brings us, if thoſe leaves be good,
We 'll cloſe in cedar's uncorrupting wood.
Wrapt with the news, the ſpouſe converts her e
And, oh! companions to the maids, ſhe cries,
What joys are ours, to hail the nuptial day,
Which calls our ſiſter!—Hark, I hear her ſay,
Yes, I 'm a wall; lo! ſhe that boaſted none,
Now boaſts of breaſts unmeaſurably grown;
Large towery buildings, where ſecurely reſts
A thouſand thouſand of my lover's gueſts;
The vaſt increaſe affords his heart delight,
And I find favour in his heavenly ſight.

The lover here, to make her rapture laſt,
Thus adds aſſurance to the promiſe paſt.
A ſpacious vine-yard, in Baal-Hamon vale,
The vintage ſet, by Solomon, to ſale,
His keepers took; and every keeper paid
A thouſand purſes for the gains he made.
And I 've a vintage too; his vintage bleeds
A large increaſe, but my return exceeds.
Let Solomon receive his keeper's pay,
He gains his thouſand, their two hundred they;
Mine is mine own, 'tis in my preſence ſtill,
And ſhall increaſe the more, the more ſhe will.
My love, my vineyard, oh the future ſhoots
Which fill my garden-rows with ſacred fruits!
I ſaw the liſtening maids attend thy voice,
And in their liſtening ſaw their eyes rejoice;
A due ſucceſs thy words of comfort met,
Now turn to me—'tis I would hear thee yet.
Say, dove, and ſpotleſs, for I muſt away,
Say, ſpouſe, and ſiſter, all you wiſh to ſay.
He ſpake; the place was bright with lambent fire,
(But what is brightneſs, if the Chriſt retire?)
Gold-bordering purple mark'd his road in air,
And kneeling all, the ſpouſe addreſs'd the prayer:
Deſire of nations! if thou muſt be gone,
Accept our wiſhes, all compriz'd in one;
We wait thine advent! Oh, we long to ſee
I, and my ſiſter, both as one, in thee.
Then leave thy heaven, and come and dwell below;
Why ſaid I leave?—'tis heaven where-e'er you go.

Haſte,

Haſte, my belov'd, thy promiſe haſte to crown,
The form thou 'lt honour waits thy coming down;
Nor let ſuch ſwiftneſs in the roes be ſhown
To ſave themſelves, as thine to ſave thine own.
Haſte, like the nimbleſt harts, that lightly bound
Before the ſtretches of the ſwifteſt hound;
With reaching feet devour a level way,
Acroſs their backs their branching antlers lay,
In the cool dews their bending body ply,
And bruſh the ſpicy mountains as they fly.

JONAH.

THUS ſung the king—ſome angel reach a bo
From Eden's tree to crown the wiſeſt brow.
And now, thou faireſt garden ever made,
Broad banks of ſpices, bloſſom'd walks of ſhade,
O Lebanon! where much I love to dwell,
Since I muſt leave thee, Lebanon, farewell!
Swift from my ſoul the fair idea flies,
A wilder ſight the changing ſcene ſupplies;
Wide ſeas come rolling to my future page,
And ſtorms ſtand ready, when I call, to rage.
Then go where Joppa crowns the winding ſhore,
The prophet Jonah juſt arrives before;
He ſees a ſhip unmooring, ſoft the gales,
He pays, and enters, and the veſſel ſails.
Ah, wouldſt thou fly thy God? raſh man, for
What land ſo diſtant but thy God is there?

Weak reaſon, ceaſe thy voice.—They run the deep,
And the tir'd Prophet lays his limbs to ſleep.
Here God ſpeaks louder, ſends a ſtorm to ſea,
The clouds remove to give the vengeance way;
Strong blaſts come whiſtling, by degrees they roar,
And ſhove big ſurges tumbling on to ſhore;
The veſſel bounds, then rolls, and every blaſt
Works hard to tear her by the groaning maſt;
The ſailors, doubling all their ſhouts and cares,
Furl the white canvas, and caſt forth the wares;
Each ſeek the God their native regions own,
In vain they ſeek them, for thoſe Gods were none.
Yet Jonah ſlept the while, who ſolely knew,
In all that number, where to find the true.
To whom the pilot. Sleeper, riſe and pray,
Our Gods are deaf; may thine do more than they!
But thus they reſt, perhaps we waft a foe
To heaven itſelf, and that 's our cauſe of woe;
Let's ſeek by lots, if heaven be pleas'd to tell;
And what they ſought by lots, on Jonah fell:
Then, whence he came, and who, and what, and why
Thus rag'd the tempeſt, all confus'dly cry;
Each preſs'd in haſte to get his queſtion heard,
When Jonah ſtops them with a grave regard.
An Hebrew man, you ſee, who God revere,
He made this world, and makes this world his care;
His the whirl'd ſky, theſe waves that lift their head,
And his yon land, on which you long to tread.
He charg'd me late, to Nineveh repair,
And to their face denounce his ſentence there:

Go,

Go, ſaid the viſion, Prophet, preach to all,
Yet forty days, and Nineveh ſhall fall.
But well I knew him gracious to forgive,
And much my zeal abhorr'd the bad ſhould live;
And if they turn, they live; then what were I
But ſome falſe Prophet, when they fail to die?
Or what, I fancied, had the Gentiles too
With Hebrew prophets, and their God, to do?
Drawn by the wilful thoughts, my ſoil I run,
I fled his preſence, and the work 's undone.

The ſtorm increaſes as the Prophet ſpeaks,
O'er the toſt ſhip a foaming billow breaks;
She riſes pendant on the lifted waves,
And thence deſcries a thouſand watery graves;
Then, downward ruſhing, watery mountains hide
Her hulk beneath, in deaths on every ſide.
O, cry the ſailors all, thy fact was ill,
Yet, if a Prophet, ſpeak thy maſter's will;
What part is ours with thee? can aught remain
To bring the bleſſings of a calm again?

Then Jonah: Mine's the death will beſt atone
(And God is pleas'd that I pronounce my own);
Ariſe, and caſt me forth, the wind will ceaſe,
The ſea ſubſiding wear the looks of peace,
And you ſecurely ſteer. For well I ſee
Myſelf the criminal, the ſtorm for me.

Yet pity moves for one that owns a blame,
And awe reſulting from a Prophet's name;
Love pleads, he kindly meant for them to die;
Fear pleads againſt him, leſt they power defy:

If then to aid the flight abets the ſin,
They think to land him where they took him in.
Perhaps, to quit the cauſe, might end the woe,
And, God appeaſing, let the veſſel go.
For this they fix their oars, and ſtrike the main,
But God withſtands them, and they ſtrike in vain.
The ſtorm increaſes more with want of light,
Low blackening clouds involve the ſhip in night;
Thick battering rains fly through the driving ſkies,
Loud thunder bellows, darted lightning flies;
A dreadful picture night-born horror drew,
And his, or their's, or both their fates, they view.
Then thus to God they cry: Almighty power,
Whom we ne'er knew till this deſpairing hour,
From this devoted blood thy ſervants free,
To us he 's innocent, if ſo to thee;
In all the paſt we ſee thy wond'rous hand,
And that he periſh, think it thy command.
This prayer perform'd, they caſt the Prophet o'er;
A ſurge receives him, and he mounts no more;
Then ſtill 's the thunder, ceaſe the flames of blue,
The rains abated, and the winds withdrew;
The clouds ride off, and, as they march away,
Through every breaking ſhoots a chearful day;
The ſea, which rag'd ſo loud, accepts the prize,
A while it rolls, then all the tempeſt dies;
By gradual ſinking, flat the ſurface grows,
And ſafe the veſſel with the ſailors goes.
The Lion thus, that bounds the fences o'er,
And makes the mountain-echoes learn to roar,

If

If on the lawn a branching deer he rend,
Then falls his hunger, all his roarings end;
Murmuring a while, to reſt his limbs he lays,
And the freed lawn enjoys its herd at eaſe.
Bleſs'd with the ſudden calm, the ſailors own
That wretched Jonah worſhip'd right alone;
Then make their vows, the victim ſheep prepare,
Bemoan the Prophet, and the God revere.
Now, though you fear to loſe the power to breathe,
Now, though you tremble, Fancy, dive beneath;
What worlds of wonders in the deep are ſeen!
But this the greateſt—Jonah lives within!
The man who fondly fled the Maker's view,
Strange as the crime, has found a dungeon too.
God ſent a monſter of the frothing ſea,
Fit, by the bulk, to gorge the living prey,
And lodge him ſtill alive; this hulk receives
The falling Prophet, as he daſh'd the waves.
There, newly wak'd from fancied death, he lies,
And oft again in apprehenſion dies:
While three long days and nights, depriv'd of ſleep,
He turn'd and toſs'd him up and down the deep,
He thinks the judgment of the ſtrangeſt kind,
And much he wonders what the Lord deſign'd;
Yet, ſince he lives, the gift of life he weighs,
That 's time for prayer, and thus a ground for praiſe
From the dark entrails of the whale to thee,
(This new contrivance of a hell to me)
To thee, my God, I cry'd; my full diſtreſs
Pierc'd thy kind ear, and brought my ſoul redreſs.

Cal

ne deep I fell, by thy command,
ne midſt, beyond the reach of land;
the midſt brought down, the ſeas abide
my feet, the ſeas on every ſide;
the billow, and in calms the wave,
ing coverings to my wandering grave.
y deſpair, I cry'd, How to my coſt
r preſence, Oh, for ever loſt!
revives my ſoul, and makes me ſay,
rds thy temple ſhall I turn and pray;
know not here where Salem lies,
ple 's heaven, and faith has inward eyes.
ne waters, which my whale ſurround,
ough my ſorrowing ſoul a paſſage found;
r the dungeon moves, new depths I try,
ights of danger all his paths ſupply.
of deeps affords the laſt of dread,
ps its funeral weeds around my head:
the ſand his rollings ſeem to go,
ne big mountains root their baſe below;
r to rocks and clefts their courſe they take,
ndleſs bars, too ſtrong for me to break;
m th' abyſs, my God! thy grace divine
l'd him upward, and my life is mine.
I toſs'd, I ſcarce retain'd my breath,
was ſick within, and faint to death.
ien I thought of thee, for pity pray'd,
hy temple flew the prayers I made.
, whom lying vanity enſnares,
thy mercy, that which might be theirs.

But I will pay—my God! my King! receive
The ſolemn vows my full affection gave,
When in thy temple, for a pſalm, I ſing
Salvation only from my God, my king.

Thus ends the Prophet; firſt from Canaan
To let the Gentiles know they muſt repent:
God hears, and ſpeaks; the Whale, at God's c
Heaves to the light, and caſts him forth to lan

With long fatigue, with unexpected eaſe,
Oppreſs'd a while, he lies aſide the ſeas;
His eyes, though glad, in ſtrange aſtoniſh'd w
Stare at the golden front of chearful day;
Then, ſlowly rais'd, he ſees the wonder plain,
And what he pray'd, he wrote, to ſing again.

The ſong recorded brings his vow to mind;
He muſt be thankful, for the Lord was kind;
Strait to the work he ſhunn'd he flies in haſte
(That ſeems his vow, or ſeems a part at leaſt)
Preaching he comes, and thus denounc'd to al
Yet forty days, and Nineveh ſhall fall;
Fear ſeiz'd the Gentles, Nineveh believes;
All faſt with penitence, and God forgives.

Nor yet of uſe the Prophet's ſuffering fails;
Hell's deep black boſom more than ſhews the
But ſome reſemblance brings a type to view,
The place was dark, the time proportion'd to
A race, the Saviour cries, a ſinful race,
Tempts for a ſign the powers of heavenly gra
And let them take the ſign: as Jonah lay,
Three days and nights within the fiſh of prey

ll the Son of Man deſcend below,
s opening entrails ſhall retain him ſo.
ſoul, now ſeek the ſong, and find me there
Heaven has ſhewn thee to repel deſpair;
here from Hell ſhe breaks the crumbling ground,
irs ſtand upright, and they ſtare around;
rrid front deep-trenching wrinkles trace,
harpening looks deform her livid face;
e the brows, and at the bend below,
fire and blood two wandering eye-balls glow;
are her arms with numerous aids to kill,
God ſhe fancies but the judge of ill.
ur-ey'd Hope! thou ſee'ſt the paſſion nigh,
iter of Promiſe, Oh forbear to fly!
nce holds thee, Fear would have thee go,
thy blue wings, and ſtand thy deadly foe;
udge of Ill is ſtill the Lord of Grace,
ch behold him in the Prophet's caſe,
3 be drown'd, devour'd within the ſea,
to the deep, and yet reſtor'd to day.
love the Lord, my ſoul, whoſe parent care
es the world he puniſhes to ſpare.
ivy grief my downcaſt heart oppreſs,
ody danger, or my ſtate diſtreſs,
low ſubmiſſion in thy temper bow,
Jonah pray, like Jonah make thy vow;
l hopes of comfort kiſs the chaſtening rod,
ſhunning mad deſpair, repoſe in God;
, whatſoe'er the Prophet's vow deſign,
atance, Thanks, and Charity, be mine.

HEZEKIAH.

FROM the bleak beach, and broad expanſe of ſe
To lofty Salem, Thought, direct thy way;
Mount thy light chariot, move along the plains,
And end thy flight when Hezekiah reigns.
How ſwiftly Thought has paſs'd from land to lan
And quite out-run Time's meaſuring-glaſs of ſand!
Great Salem's walls appear, and I reſort
To view the ſtate of Hezekiah's court.
Well may that king a pious verſe inſpire,
Who cleans'd the temple, who reviv'd the choir,
Pleas'd with the ſervice David fix'd before,
That heavenly muſic might on earth adore.
Deep-rob'd in white, he made the Levites ſtand
With cymbals, harps, and pſalteries in their hand;
He gave the prieſts their trumpets, prompt to raiſe
The tuneful ſoul, by force of ſound, to praiſe.
A ſkilful maſter for the ſong he choſe,
The ſongs were David's theſe, and Aſaph's thoſe;
Then burns their offering, all around rejoice,
Each tunes his inſtrument to join the voice;
The trumpets ſounded, and the ſingers ſung,
The people worſhip'd, and the temple rung.
Each, while the victim burns, preſents his heart,
Then the prieſt bleſſes, and the people part.
Hail! ſacred Muſic! ſince you know to draw
The ſoul to heaven, the ſpirit to the law,

: to prove thy force, thy warbling ſtring
une my ſoul to write what others ſing.
is this Salem? this the promis'd bliſs,
ſighs and groans? what means the realm by this?
ſolemn ſorrow dwells in every ſtreet?
ear confounds the downcaſt looks I meet?
the king! whole nations ſink with woe,
righteous kings are ſummon'd hence to goe;
ag lies ſick; and thus, to ſpeak his doom,
ophet, grave Iſaiah, ſtalks the room:
ince, thy ſervant, ſent from God, believe,
in order, for thou canſt not live.
he ſaid, and ſighing left the place;
ints of horror furrow'd every face;
their minds appear eternal glooms,
aping marbles of their monarchs' tombs;
belov'd deceas'd, his offspring none,
ars deſtructive, ere they fix the throne.
o the wall he turn'd, with dark deſpair,
tow'rds the temple, or for private prayer,)
us to God the pious monarch ſpoke,
urn'd the groves, the brazen ſerpent broke:
ber, Lord, with what a heart for right,
are for truth, I walk'd within thy ſight.
s thus with terror, prayers, and tears, he toſs'd,
he mid-court the grave Iſaiah croſs'd,
in the cedar columns of the ſquare,
a ſweet Angel, hung in glittering air.
vith a trance, he ſtop'd, before his eye
a rais'd arch of viſionary ſky,

Where, as a minute paſs'd, the greater light
Purpling appear'd, and ſouth'd and ſet in night;
A moon ſucceeding leads the ſtarry train,
She glides, and ſinks her ſilver horns again:
A ſecond fancied morning drives the ſhades,
Clos'd by the dark, the ſecond evening fades;
The third bright dawn awakes, and ſtrait he ſees
The temple riſe, the monarch on his knees.
Pleas'd with the ſcene, his inward thoughts rejoice,
When thus the Guardian Angel form'd a voice:
Now tow'rds the captain of my people go,
And, Seer, relate him what thy viſions ſhow;
The Lord has heard his words, and ſeen his tears,
And through fifteen extends his future years.
Here, to the room prepar'd with diſmal black,
The Prophet turning, brought the comfort back.
Oh, monarch, hail, he cry'd; thy words are heard,
Thy virtuous actions meet a kind regard;
God gives thee fifteen years, when thrice a day
Shews the round ſun, within the temple pray.
When thrice the day! ſurpriz'd, the monarch cries,
When thrice the ſun! what power have I to riſe!
But, if thy comfort 's human or divine,
'Tis ſhort to prove it—give thy prince a ſign.
Behold, the Prophet cry'd, (and ſtretch'd his hands)
Againſt yon lattice, where the dial ſtands;
Now ſhall the ſun a backward journey go
Through ten drawn lines, or leap to ten below.
'Tis eaſier poſting Nature's airy track,
Replies the monarch: let the ſun go back.

Attentive

ıe gaz'd, the Prophet pray'd,
ſun, and back purſued the ſhade.
ıe ſign, and by the Prophet heal'd,
anks his gratitude reveal'd!
ows, when a ſummer ends,
: paſſage with their flying friends,
, there lean the languid head,
find them think the ſleepers dead;
mth new days of ſummer bring,
d joyful flutter up to ſing:
narch, ſick to death he lay,
ir'd, and watch'd the laſt decay;
favour ſhines, new life he gains,
ſings; 'tis thus the ſong remains:
God, when in the loath'd diſeaſe
words cut off my future days,
ave, with mournful haſte, I go,
bars his ſable gates below.
y years by courſe of nature laſt!
ounc'd it, and the proſpect paſs'd.
od, thy ſervant now no more
:mple's ſacred courts adore;
arth with living man converſe,
old uncomfortable hearſe.
tents which wandering ſhepherds raiſe,
t dwelling, and removes at-eaſe.
ıe me; ſee the deadly band!
o ſees them, cuts me from the land;
eaver finds his labour ſped,
ıe beam he parts the faſtening thread.

With pining ſickneſs all from night to day,
From day to night, he makes my ſtrength decay:
Reckoning the time, I roll with reſtleſs groans,
Till, with a lion's force, he cruſh my bones;
New morning dawns, but, like the morning paſt,
'Tis day, 'tis night, and ſtill my ſorrows laſt.
Now, ſcreaming like the crane, my words I ſpoke,
Now, like the ſwallow, chattering quick, and broke
Now, like the doleful dove, when on the plains
Her mourning tone affects the liſtening ſwains.
To heaven, for aid, my wearying eyes I throw,
At length they 're weary'd quite, and ſink with wo
From Death's arreſt, for ſome delays, I ſue;
Thou, Lord, who judg'd me, thou reprieve me, to
Rapture of joy! what can thy ſervant ſay?
He ſent his Prophet to prolong my day;
Through my glad limbs I feel the wonder run,
Thus ſaid the Lord, and this Himſelf has done.
Soft ſhall I walk, and, well ſecur'd from fears,
Poſſeſs the comforts of my future years.
Keep ſoft, my heart, keep humble, while they roll,
Nor e'er forget my bitterneſs of ſoul.
'Tis by the means thy ſacred words ſupply,
That mankind live, but in peculiar I;
A ſecond grant thy mercy pleas'd to give,
And my rais'd ſpirits doubly ſeem to live.
Behold the time! when peace adorn'd my reign,
'Twas then I felt my ſtroke of humbling pain;
Corruption dug her pit, I fear'd to ſink,
God lov'd my ſoul, and ſnatch'd me from the brink

le turn'd my follies from his gracious eye,
ls men who paſs accounts, and caſt them by.
What mouth has death, which can thy praiſe proclaim?
Vhat tongue the grave, to ſpeak thy glorious name?
r will the ſenſeleſs dead exult with mirth,
lov'd to their hope by promiſes on earth?
he living, Lord, the living only praiſe,
he living only fit to ſing thy lays:
heſe feel thy favours, theſe thy temple ſee;
heſe raiſe the ſong, as I this day to thee.
or will thy truth the preſent only reach,
his the good fathers ſhall their offspring teach;
eport the bleſſings which adorn my page,
nd hand their own, with mine, from age to age.
So, when the Maker heard his creature crave,
o kindly rode his ready Will to ſave,
hen march we ſolemn tow'rds the temple-door,
hile all our joyful muſick ſounds before;
here, on this day, through all my life appear,
hen this comes round in each returning year;
ere ſtrike the ſtrings, our voices jointly raiſe,
nd let his dwellings hear my ſongs of praiſe.
Thus wrote the monarch, and I 'll think the lay
ſign'd for publick, when he went to pray;
ll think the perfect compoſition runs,
rform'd by Heman's or Jeduthun's ſons.
Then, ſince the time arrives the Seer foretold,
nd the third morning rolls an orb of gold,
ith thankful zeal, recover'd Prince, prepare
o lead thy nation to the dome of prayer.

My

My fancy takes her chariot once again,
Moves the rich wheels, and mingles in thy train;
She ſees the ſingers reach Moriah's hill,
The minſtrels follow, then the porches fill;
She wakes the numerous inſtruments of art,
That each perform its own adapted part;
Seeks airs expreſſive of thy grateful ſtrains,
And, liſtening, hears the vary'd tune ſhe feigns.
From a grave pitch, to ſpeak the monarch's woe,
The notes flow down, and deeply ſound below;
All long-continuing, while depriv'd of eaſe
He rolls for tedious nights and heavy days.
Here intermix'd with diſcord, when the crane
Screams in the notes, through ſharper ſenſe of pain;
There, run with deſcant on, and taught to ſhake,
When pangs repeated force the voice to break:
Now like the dove they murmur, till in ſighs
They fall, and languiſh with the failing eyes:
Then ſlowly ſlackening, to ſurprize the more,
From a dead pauſe his exclamations ſoar,
To meet briſk health the notes aſcending fly,
Live with the living, and exult on high:
Yet ſtill diſtinct in parts the muſick plays,
Till prince and people both are call'd to praiſe;
Then all, uniting, ſtrongly ſtrike the ſtring,
Put forth their utmoſt breath, and loudly ſing;
The wide-ſpread chorus fills the ſacred ground,
And holy tranſport ſcales the clouds with ſound.
Or thus, or livelier, if their hand and voice
Join'd the good anthem, might the realm rejoice.

This ſtory known, the learn'd Chaldeans came,
Drawn by the ſign obſerv'd, or mov'd by fame;
Theſe aſk the fact for Hezekiah done,
And much they wonder at their God the ſun,
That thrice he drove, through one extent of day,
His gold-ſhod horſes in etherial way:
Then vainly ground their gueſs on nature's laws;
The ſoundeſt knowledge owns a greater cauſe.
Faith knows the fact tranſcends, and bids me find
What help for practice here incites the mind:
Strait to the ſong, the thankful ſong, I move;
May ſuch the voice of every creature prove!
If every creature meets its ſhare of woe,
And for kind reſcues every creature owe,
In publick ſo thy Maker's praiſe proclaim,
Nor what you begg'd with tears, conceal with ſhame.
'Tis there the miniſtry thy name repeat,
And tell what mercies were vouchſaf'd of late;
Then joins the church, and begs, through all our days,
Not only with our lips, but lives, to praiſe.
'Tis there our Sovereigns, for a ſignal day
The feaſt proclaim'd, their ſignal thanks repay.
O'er the long ſtreets we ſee the chariots wheel,
And, following, think of Hezekiah ſtill.
In the bleſs'd dome we meet the white-rob'd choir,
In whoſe ſweet notes our raviſh'd ſouls aſpire;
Side anſwering ſide, we hear, and bear a part,
All warm'd with language from the grateful heart;
Or raiſe the ſong, where meeting keys rejoice,
And teach the baſe to wed the treble voice;

Arts

Art's ſoftening echoes in the muſick ſound,
And, anſwering nature's, from the roof rebound.
Here cloſe my verſe, the ſervice aſks no more,
Bleſs thy good God, and give the tranſport o'er.

HABAKKUK.

NOW leave the porch, to viſion now retreat,
Where the next rapture glows with varying heat;
Now change the time, and change the temple-ſcene,
The following Seer forewarns a future reign.
To ſome retirement, where the Prophets' ſons
Indulge their holy flight, my fancy runs;
Some ſacred college, built for praiſe and prayer,
And heavenly dream, ſhe ſeeks Habakkuk there.
Perhaps 'tis there he moans the nation's ſin,
Hears the word come, or feels the fit within;
Or ſees the viſion, fram'd with angels' hands,
Ands dread the judgments of revolted lands;
Or holds a converſe, if the Lord appear,
And, like Elijah, wraps his face for fear.
This deep receſs portends an act of weight,
A meſſage labouring with the work of fate.
Methinks the ſkies have loſt their lovely blue,
A ſtorm rides fiery, thick the clouds enſue.
Fall'n to the ground, with proſtrate face I lie;
Oh! 'twere the ſame in this to gaze and die!
But hark the Prophet's voice; My prayers complain
Of labour ſpent, of preaching urg'd in vain.

And

uſt, my God, thy ſorrowing ſervant ſtill
y lone joys, to walk this world of ill?
ſpoiling rages, ſtrife and wrong command,
e ſlack'd laws no longer curb the land?
his a ſtrange and more than human ſound
reaks the cloud, and daunts the trembling ground.
, ye Gentiles; wondering all behold,
:arce ye credit, though the work be told;
. the proud Chaldean troops I raiſe,
:h the breadth, and all the region ſeize;
s the prowling wolves, at cloſe of day,
ift as eagles in purſuit of prey.
:rn winds to blaſt the ſeaſon blow,
od and rapine flies the dreadful foe;
he ſad captives, countleſs as the ſand,
the princes, and deſtroys the land.
ſe, triumphant grown, offend me more,
ly thank the gods they choſe before.
hou not holieſt, here the prophet cries;
:, Eternal, of the pureſt eyes?
ill thoſe eyes the wicked realms regard,
rimes be great, yet victory their reward?
eſe ſtill ravage more and more to reign,
ie full net, and caſt to fill again?
:h-men ſilent ſit, I wait to ſee
.ves my doubt, what ſpeaks the Lord to me.
go, the Lord replies, ſuſpend thy fears,
ite the viſion for a term of years:
s will feel their turn when thoſe are paſt,
hough it tarry; ſure it comes at laſt.

'Tis

'Tis for their rapine, luſts, and thirſt of blood,
And all their unprotecting gods of wood,
The Lord is preſent on his ſacred hill,
Ceaſe thy weak doubts, and let the world be ſtill.
Here terror leaves me; with exalted head,
I breathe fine air, and find the viſion fled;
The Seer withdrawn, inſpir'd, and urg'd to write,
By the warm influence of the ſacred ſight.
His writing finiſh'd, Prophet-like array'd,
He brings the burden on the region laid;
His hands a tablet and a volume bear,
The tablet threatenings, and the volume prayer;
Both for the temple, where, to ſhun decay,
Enroll'd the works of inſpiration lay.
And awful, oft he ſtops, or marches ſlow,
While the dull'd nation hears him preach their woe.
Arriv'd at length, with grave concern for all,
He fix'd his table on the ſacred wall.
'Twas large inſcrib'd, that thoſe who run might read:
"Habakkuk's burden, by the Lord decreed;
"For Judah's ſins her empire is no more,
"The fierce Chaldeans bathe her realm in gore."
Next to the prieſt his volume he reſign'd,
'Twas prayer, with praiſes mix'd, to raiſe the mind;
'Twas facts recounted, which their fathers knew,
'Twas power in wonders manifeſt to view;
'Twas comfort, rais'd on love already paſt,
And hope, that former love returns at laſt.
The prieſts within the prophecy convey'd,
The ſingers' tunes to join his anthem made.

Hea

ınd attend the words: and, holy Thou
ielp'd the Prophet, help the Poet now.
ord, who rul'ſt the world, with mortal ear
eard thy judgments, and I ſhake for fear.
d, by whom their number'd years we find,
ı the midſt receive the drooping mind;
ı the midſt thou canſt—then make it known,
ve, thy will, thy power, to ſave thine own.
ıher mercy, though thine anger burn,
ion to Salem bid thy flock return.
d, who gav'ſt it with an outſtretch'd hand,
ll remember how thou gav'ſt the land.
came from Teman, ſouthward ſprung the flame,
Paron-mount the one that 's Holy came;
tering glory made the deſert blaze,
eaven was cover'd, earth was fill'd with praiſe.
ıg the brightneſs, not the ſun ſo bright,
here the pure ſubſtantial Fount of Light;
om his hand and ſide in golden ſtreams,
forward effluent horny-pointed beams:
ſhone his coming, as ſublimely fair
ınded nature has been fram'd to bear;
l his further marks of grandeur hid,
hat he could was known, but what he did.
lagues before him ran at his command,
ſte the nations in the promis'd land.
thing flame went forth where'er he trod,
urning fevers were the coals of God.
ın the mount he ſtood, his meaſuring reed
the rich realms for Jacob's ſeed decreed:

He

He looks with anger, and the nations fly
From the fierce ſparklings of his dreadful eye;
He turns, the mountain ſhakes its awful brow;
Awful he turns, and hills eternal bow.
How glory there, how terror here, diſplays
His great unknown, yet everlaſting ways!
I ſee the ſable tents along the ſtrand
Where Cuſhan wander'd, deſolately ſtand;
And Midian's high pavilions ſhake with dread,
While the tam'd ſeas thy reſcued nation tread.
What burſt the path? what made the Lord engage?
Could waters anger, ſeas incite thy rage,
That thus thine horſes force the foaming tide,
And all the chariots of ſalvation ride?
Thy bow was bare for what thy mercy ſwore;
Thoſe oaths, that promiſe, Iſrael had before.
The rock that felt thee cleav'd, the rivers flow,
The wondering deſert lends them beds below.
Thy might the mountain's heaving ſhocks confeſs'd,
High ſhatter'd Horeb trembled o'er the reſt.
Great Jordan paſs'd its nether waters by,
Its upper waters rais'd the voice on high;
Safe in the deep we went, the liquid wall
Curling aroſe, and had no leave to fall.
The ſun effulgent, and the moon ſerene,
Stopt by thy will, their heavenly courſe refrain;
The voice was man's, yet both the voice obey,
Till wars completed cloſe the lengthen'd day.
Thy glittering ſpeare, thy rattling darts prevail,
Thy ſpears of lightning, and thy darts of hail.

'Twas

'Twas thou that march'd againſt their heathen band,
Rage in thy viſage, and thy flail in hand;
'Twas thou that went before to wound their head,
The captain follow'd where the Saviour led:
Torn from their earth, they feel the deſperate wound,
And power unfounded fails for want of ground.
With village-war thy tribes, where'er they go,
Diſtreſs the remnant of the ſcatter'd foe;
Yet mad they ruſh'd, as whirling wind deſcends,
And deem'd for friendleſs thoſe the Lord befriends.
Thy trampling horſe from ſea to ſea ſubdue,
The bounding ocean left no more to do.

O, when I heard what thou vouchſaf'ſt to win,
With works of wonder muſt be loſt for ſin;
I quak'd through fear, the voice forſook my tongue,
Or, at my lips, with quivering accent hung;
Dry leanneſs entering to my marrow came,
And every looſening nerve unſtrung my frame.
How ſhall I reſt, in what protecting ſhade,
When the day comes, and hoſtile troops invade?

Though neither bloſſoms on the fig appear,
Nor vines with cluſters deck the purpling year;
Though all our labours olive-trees belie,
Though fields the ſubſtance of the bread deny;
Though flocks are ſever'd from the ſilent fold,
And the rais'd ſtalls no lowing cattle hold;
Yet ſhall my ſoul be glad, in God rejoice,
Yet to my Saviour will I lift my voice;
Yet to my Saviour ſtill my temper ſings,
What David ſet to inſtruments of ſtrings:

The Lord 's my ſtrength, like hinds he makes my
Yon mount 's my refuge, I as ſafely fleet;
Or (if the ſong 's apply'd) he makes me ſtill
Expect returning to Moriah's hill.

In all this hymn what daring grandeur ſhines,
What darting glory rays among the lines:
What mountains, earthquakes, clouds, and ſmok
ſeen,
What ambient fires conceal the Lord within;
What working wonders give the promis'd place,
And load the conduct of a ſtubborn race!
In all the work a lively fancy flows,
O'er all the work ſincere affection glows:
While truth's firm rein the courſe of fancy guides
And o'er affection zeal divine preſides.

Borne on the prophet's wings, methinks I fly
Amongſt eternal Attributes on high:
And here I touch at Love ſupremely fair,
And now at Power, anon at Mercy there;
So, like a warbling bird, my tunes I raiſe,
On thoſe green boughs the Tree of Life diſplays;
Whoſe twelve fair fruits, each month by turns rec
And, for the nations' healing, ope their leaves.
Then be the nations heal'd, for this I ſing,
Deſcending ſoftly from the prophet's wing.

Thou, world, attend the caſe of Iſrael; ſee
'Twill thus at large refer to God and thee.
If Love be ſhewn thee, turn thine eyes above,
And pay the duties relative to Love;
If Power be ſhewn, and wonderfully ſo,
Wonder and thank, adore, and bow below.

wer that led thee now, no longer lead,
row-bent Juſtice draws the flaming blade.
Love is ſcorn'd, when ſin the ſword provokes,
ars and prayers avert, or heal the ſtrokes;
lice leaves to wound, and thou to groan,
th new lords, in countries not thine own,
this for Mercy's act, and let your lays,
ful in all, recount the cauſe of praiſe:
Love returns, and while no ſins divide
irm alliance, power will ſhield thy ſide.
the grand round of Providence's care,
alms aſſiſted here, and puniſh'd there;
he juſt circle caſt thy wondering eyes,
k while you gaze, and ſtudy to be wiſe.

YMN FOR MORNING.

EE the ſtar that leads the day,
Riſing, ſhoots a golden ray,
o make the ſhades of darkneſs go
om heaven above and earth below;
nd warn us early with the ſight,
o leave the beds of ſilent night;
om an heart ſincere and ſound,
om its very deepeſt ground;
nd devotion up on high,
ing'd with heat to reach the ſky.
e the time for ſleep has run,
ſe before, or with the ſun:

Lift thy hands, and humbly pray,
The fountain of eternal day;
That, as the light ſerenely fair,
Illuſtrates all the tracts of air;
The Sacred Spirit ſo may reſt,
With quickening beams, upon thy breaſt;
And kindly clean it all within,
From darker blemiſhes of ſin;
And ſhine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care:
From the lap of night it ſprings,
With heaps of buſineſs on its wings;
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows ſubmiſſively reſign'd;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.
And whether, with a ſamll repaſt,
We break the ſober morning faſt;
Or in our thoughts and houſes lay
The future methods of the day;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our buſineſs, with induſtrious feet:
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory ſtill be kept in view.
O, giver of eternal bliſs,
Heavenly Father, grant me this;
Grant it all, as well as me,
All whoſe hearts are fix'd on thee;

Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy Sacred Spirit love.

HYMN FOR NOON.

THE ſun is ſwiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the ſouthern ſky;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
Father, alſo with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead deſire,
And make the ſacred love of thee,
Within my ſoul, a ſun to me.
Let it ſhine ſo fairly bright,
That nothing elſe be took for light;
That worldly charms be ſeen to fade,
And in its luſtre find a ſhade.
Let it ſtrongly ſhine within,
To ſcatter all the clouds of ſin,
That drive when guſts of paſſion riſe,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the ſun that lights the ſky:
Let it ſwiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there;
And ſoar, with more aſpiring flight,
To realms of everlaſting Light.
Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily with to live with thee;

And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my ſoul I ſend my prayer,
Great Creator, bow thine ear;
Thou, for whoſe propitious ſway
The world was taught to ſee the day;
Who ſpake the word, and earth begun,
And ſhew'd its beauties in the ſun;
With pleaſure I thy creatures view,
And would, with good affection too;
Good affection ſweetly free,
Looſe from them, and move to thee;
O, teach me, due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live;
And then my days ſhall ſhine the more,
Or paſs more bleſſed than before.

HYMN FOR EVENIN

THE beam-repelling miſts ariſe,
And evening ſpreads obſcurer ſkies:
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itſelf be ſoon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the Lord of glory now,
To fill thy breaſt, or deadly ſin
May cauſe a blinder night within.
And whether pleaſing vapours riſe,
Which gently dim the cloſing eyes;

makes the weary members bleſs'd,
weet refreſhment in their reſt;
ther ſpirits in the brain
heir ſoft embrace again;
my watchful bed I ſtay,
by ſleep, and waiting day;
for ever in my view,
ver he forſake me too;
as day concludes in night,
k again with new-born light;
idrous bounty let me find,
ll a more enlighten'd mind;
race and love in one agree,
om God, and love from me;
iat will from heaven inſpire,
it ſeals it in deſire:
id love that mingle beams,
me with encreaſing flames.
at haſt thy palace far
he moon and every ſtar,
at ſitteſt on a throne
h the night was never known,
ny voice and make me bleſs'd,
y granting its requeſt.
its on thee my ſoul employ,
neſs will afford me joy,
i ſhalt call, and I ſhall ſoar,
: with darkneſs evermore.

THE SOUL IN SORROW.

WITH kind compaſſion hear my cry,
O, Jeſu, Lord of Life, on high!
As when the ſummer's ſeaſons beat,
With ſcorching flame and parching heat:
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
And thirſty gaps in earth are made.
My thoughts of comfort languiſh ſo,
And ſo my ſoul is broke by woe.
Then on thy ſervant's drooping head
Thy dews of bleſſing ſweetly ſhed;
Let thoſe a quick refreſhment give,
And raiſe my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger, while I breathe,
My dread of endleſs hell beneath:
My ſenſe of ſorrow for my ſin,
To ſpringing comfort, change within;
Change all my ſad complaints for eaſe,
To chearful notes of endleſs praiſe;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But ſuch as owe their birth to joy:
Joy tranſporting, ſweet, and ſtrong,
Fit to fill and raiſe my ſong;
Joy that ſhall reſounded be,
While days and nights ſucceed for me:
Be not as a Judge ſevere,
For ſo thy preſence who may bear?

On all my words and actions look,
(I know they 're written in thy book;)
But then regard my mournful cry,
And look with Mercy's gracious eye;
What needs my blood, ſince thine will do,
To pay the debt to Juſtice due?
O, tender Mercy's art divine!
Thy ſorrow proves the cure of mine!
Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful ſmart,
Allay the bleedings of my heart:
Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
Reſtores my ſoul to life again.
Guide me then, for here I burn,
To make my Saviour ſome return.
I 'll riſe (if that will pleaſe him, ſtill,
And ſure I 've heard him own it will);
I 'll trace his ſteps, and bear my croſs,
Deſpiſing every grief and loſs;
Since he, deſpiſing pain and ſhame,
Firſt took up his, and did the ſame.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HOW bleſs'd the man, how fully ſo,
As far as man is bleſs'd below,
Who, taking up his croſs, eſſays
To follow Jeſus all his days;
With reſolution to obey,
And ſteps enlarging in his way.

The Father of the ſaints above
Adopts him with a father's love,
And makes his boſom throughly ſhine
With wondrous ſtores of grace divine;
Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
That will his ſoul above employ;
Full joy, that, when his time is done,
Becomes his portion as a ſon.
Ah me! the ſweet infus'd deſires,
The fervid wiſhes, holy fires,
Which thus a melted heart refine,
Such are his, and ſuch be mine.
From hence deſpiſing all beſides
That earth reveals, or ocean hides;
All that men in either prize,
On God alone he ſets his eyes.
From hence his hope is on the wings,
His health renews, his ſafety ſprings,
His glory blazes up below,
And all the ſtreams of comfort flow.
He calls his Saviour King above,
Lord of mercy, Lord of love;
And finds a kingly care defend,
And mercy ſmile, and love deſcend,
To chear, to guide him in the ways
Of this vain world's deceitful maze:
And though the wicked earth diſplay,
Its terrors in their fierce array;
Or gape ſo wide that horror ſhows
Its hell replete with enleſs woes;

Such ſuccour keeps him clear of ill,
Still firm to good, and dauntleſs ſtill.
So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
A rock amidſt an ocean ſtands;
So bears without a trembling dread,
The tempeſt beating round its head;
And with its ſide repels the wave,
Whoſe hollow ſeems a coming grave:
The ſkies, the deeps, are heard to roar;
The rock ſtands ſettled as before.

I, all with whom he has to do,
Admire the life which bleſſes you,
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
Without a bye deſigning end;
Its knowing real intereſt lies
On the bright ſide of yonder ſkies,
Where, having made a title fair,
It mounts, and leaves the world to care;
While he that ſeeks for pleaſing days,
In earthly joys and evil ways,
Is but the fool of toil or fame,
(Though happy be the ſpacious name)
And made by wealth, which makes him great,
A more conſpicuous wretch of ſtate.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

HOW long, ye miſerable blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind;
How long the paſſions make their flight
At empty ſhadows of delight.
No more in paths of error ſtray,
The Lord thy Jeſus is the way,
The ſpring of happineſs, and where
Should men ſeek happineſs but there?
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldneſs, run with ſpeed,
For he forſook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aſide his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirſt and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itſelf below;
And he, that ſuffer'd theſe alone
For all the world, deſpiſes none.
To bid the ſoul, that 's ſick, be clean,
To bring the loſt to life again;
To comfort thoſe that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodneſs ſtill.
And, as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only ſon,
So kind a love his mercies ſhow,
So kind and more extremely ſo.

Thrice happy men! (or find a phraſe
That ſpeaks your bliſs with greater praiſe)
Who moſt obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleaſures, leaving all,
With heart, with ſoul, with ſtrength incline,
O ſweeteſt Jeſu! to be thine.
Who know thy will, obſerve thy ways,
And in thy ſervice ſpend their days:
Ev'n death, that ſeems to ſet them free,
But brings them cloſer ſtill to thee.

THE CONVERT'S LOVE.

BLESSED light of ſaints on high,
Who fill the manſions of the ſky;
Sure defence, whoſe mercy ſtill
Preſerves thy ſubjects here from ill;
Oh, my Jeſus! make me know
How to pay the thanks I owe.
As the fond ſheep that idly ſtrays,
With wanton play, through winding ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till, wearied out with idle fear,
And paſſing there, and turning here,
He will, for reſt, to covert run,
And meet the wolf he wiſh'd to ſhun.
Thus wretched I, through wanton will,
Run blind and headlong on in ill:
'Twas thus from ſin to ſin I flew,
And thus I might have periſh'd too;

But mercy dropt the likeneſs here,
And ſhew'd, and ſav'd me from my fear.
While o'er the darkneſs of my mind
The ſacred ſpirit purely ſhin'd,
And mark'd and brighten'd all the way
Which leads to everlaſting day;
And broke the thickening clouds of ſin,
And fix'd the light of love within.

From hence my raviſh'd ſoul aſpires,
And dates the riſe of its deſires.
From hence to thee, my God! I turn,
And fervent wiſhes ſay I burn;
I burn, thy glorious face to ſee,
And live in endleſs joy with thee.

There 's no ſuch ardent kind of flame
Between the lover and the dame;
Nor ſuch affection parents bear
To their young and only heir,
Though, join'd together, both conſpire,
And boaſt a doubled force of fire,
My tender heart, within its ſeat,
Diſſolves before the ſcorching heat;
As ſoftening wax is taught to run
Before the warmneſs of the ſun.

Oh, my flame, my pleaſing pain,
Burn and purify my ſtain,
Warm me, burn me, day by day,
Till you purge my earth away;
Till at the laſt I throughly ſhine,
And turn a torch of love divine.

A DESIRE TO PRAISE.

PROPITIOUS Son of God, to thee,
With all my ſoul, I bend my knee;
My wiſh I ſend, my want impart,
And dedicate my mind and heart:
For, as an abſent parent's ſon,
Whoſe ſecond year is only run,
When no protecting friend is near,
Void of wit, and void of fear,
With things that hurt him fondly plays,
Or here he falls, or there he ſtrays;
So ſhould my ſoul's eternal guide,
The ſacred ſpirit be deny'd,
Thy ſervant ſoon the loſs would know,
And ſink in ſin, or run to woe.
O, ſpirit bountifully kind,
Warm, poſſeſs, and fill my mind;
Diſperſe my ſins with light divine,
And raiſe the flames of love with thine;
Before thy pleaſures rightly priz'd,
Let wealth and honour be deſpis'd;
And let the Father's glory be
More dear than life itſelf to me.
Sing of Jeſus! Virgins, ſing
Him, your everlaſting King!
Sing of Jeſus! chearful youth,
Him, the God of love and truth!

Write,

Write, and raiſe a ſong divine,
Or come and hear, and borrow mine.
Son eternal, word ſupreme,
Who made the univerſal frame,
Heaven, and all its ſhining ſhow,
Earth, and all it holds below:
Bow with mercy, bow thine ear,
While we ſing thy praiſes here;
Son Eternal, ever-bleſs'd,
Reſting on the Father's breaſt,
Whoſe tender love for all provides,
Whoſe power over all preſides;
Bow with pity, bow thine ear;
While we ſing thy praiſes, hear!
Thou, by pity's ſoft extreme,
Mov'd, and won, and ſet on flame,
Aſſum'd the form of man, and fell
In pains, to reſcue man from hell;
How bright thine humble glories riſe,
And match the luſtre of the ſkies,
From death and hell's dejected ſtate
Ariſing, thou reſum'd thy ſeat,
And golden thrones of bliſs prepar'd
Above, to be thy ſaints' reward.
How bright thy glorious honours riſe,
And with new luſtre grace the ſkies!
For thee, the ſweet ſeraphic choir
Raiſe the voice, and tune the lyre,
And praiſes with harmonious ſound
Through all the higheſt heaven rebound.

O make our notes with theirs agree,
And bleſs the ſouls that ſing of thee!
To thee the churches here rejoice,
The ſolemn organs aid the voice:
To ſacred roofs the ſound we raiſe,
The ſacred roofs reſound thy praiſe:
And while our notes in one agree,
O! bleſs the church that ſings to thee!

ON HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

THE morning opens, very freſhly gay,
And life itſelf is in the month of May.
ith green my fancy paints an arbour o'er,
nd flowerets with a thouſand colours more;
hen falls to weaving that, and ſpreading theſe,
nd ſoftly ſhakes them with an eaſy breeze.
/ith golden fruit adorns the bending ſhade,
r trails a ſilver water o'er its bed.
lide, gentle-water, ſtill more gently by,
While in this ſummer-bower of bliſs I lye,
nd ſweetly ſing of ſenſe-delighting flames,
nd nymphs and ſhepherds, ſoft invented names;
r view the branches which around me twine,
nd praiſe their fruit, diffuſing ſprightly wine;
r find new pleaſures in the world to praiſe,
nd ſtill with this return adorn my lays;
Range round your gardens of eternal ſpring,
Go, range my ſenſes, while I ſweetly ſing:"

In vain, in vain, alas! ſeduc'd by ill,
And acted wildly by the force of will!
I tell my ſoul, it will be conſtant May,
And charm a ſeaſon never made to ſtay;
My beauteous arbour will not ſtand a ſtorm,
The world but promiſes, and can't perform:
Then fade, ye leaves; and wither, all ye flowers;
I 'll doat no longer in enchanted bowers;
But ſadly mourn, in melancholy ſong,
The vain conceits that held my ſoul ſo long.
The luſts that tempt us with deluſive ſhow,
And ſin brought forth for everlaſting woe.
Thus ſhall the notes to Sorrow's object riſe,
While frequent reſts procure a place for ſighs;
And, as I moan upon the naked plain,
Be this the burthen cloſing every ſtrain:
Return, my ſenſes; range no more abroad;
He 'll only find his bliſs who ſeeks for God.

EXTACY.

THE fleeting joys, which all affords below,
Work the fond heart with unperforming ſhow;
The wiſh that makes our happier life compleat,
Nor graſps the wealth nor honours of the great;
Nor looſely ſails on Pleaſure's eaſy ſtream,
Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of fame;
Weak man, whoſe charms to theſe alone confine,
Attend my prayer, and learn to make it thine.

Fr

rom thy rich throne, where circling trains of light
ke day that 's endleſs, infinitely bright;
nce, heavenly Father! thence with mercy dart
beam of brightneſs to my longing heart.
vn through the mind, drive Error's clouds away,
ll ſtill the rage in Paſſion's troubled ſea;
t the poor baniſh'd ſoul, ſerene and free,
y riſe from earth, to viſit heaven and thee:
ome, Peace divine! ſhed gently from above,
ire my willing boſom, wondrous Love;
purpled pinions to my ſhoulders tye,
point the paſſage where I want to fly.
ut whither, whither now! what powerful fire
th this bleſs'd influence equals my deſire?
e (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns,
acts in fancy ſuch enchanted ſcenes);
th leſſening ſkies, the parting ſkies retreat,
fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat;
now the ſun and now the ſtars are gone,
ſtill methinks the ſpirit bears me on,
ere tracts of æther purer blue diſplay,
edge the golden realm of native day.
h, ſtrange enjoyment of a bliſs unſeen!
raviſhment! Oh, ſacred rage within!
nultuous pleaſure, rais'd on peace of mind,
ere, exceſſive, from the world refin'd!
the light that veils the throne on high,
ght unpierc'd by man's impurer eye;
ar the words, that iſſuing thence proclaim,
et God's attendants praiſe his awful name!"

Then heads unnumber'd bend before the ſhrine,
Myſterious ſeat of Majeſty divine!
And hands unnumber'd ſtrike the ſilver ſtring,
And tongues unnumber'd Hallelujah ſing.
See, where the ſhining Seraphims appear,
And ſink their decent eyes with holy fear.
See flights of angels all their feathers raiſe,
And range the orbs, and, as they range, they prai
Behold the great Apoſtles! ſweetly met,
And high on pearls of azure æther ſet.
Behold the Prophets, full of heavenly fire,
With wandering finger wake the trembling lyre;
And hear the Martyrs' tune, and all around
The church triumphant makes the region ſound.
With harps of gold, with bows of ever-green,
With robes of white, the pious throngs are ſeen;
Exalted anthems all their hours employ,
And all is muſick, and exceſs of joy.

Charm'd with the ſight, I long to bear a part;
The pleaſure flutters at my raviſh'd heart.
Sweet ſaints and angels of the heavenly choir,
If love has warm'd you with celeſtial fire,
Aſſiſt my words, and, as they move along,
With Hallelujahs crown the burthen'd ſong.

Father of all above, and all below,
O great, and far beyond expreſſion ſo;
No bounds thy knowledge, none thy power confi
For power and knowledge in their ſource are thin
Around thee glory ſpreads her golden wing:
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah ſing.

of the Father, firſt-begotten Son,
ıe ſhort meaſuring line of time begun,
/orld has ſeen thy works, and joy'd to ſee
›right effulgence manifeſt in thee.
vorld muſt own thee Love's unfathom'd ſpring;
glittering angels, Hallelujah ſing.
eding Spirit, equally divine,
ıom the Godhead's full perfections ſhine,
various graces, comforts unexpreſs'd,
holy tranſports you refine the breaſt;
earth is heavenly where your gifts you bring,
glittering angels, Hallelujah ſing.
t where 's my rapture, where my wondrous heat,
t interruption makes my bliſs retreat?
world 's got in, the thoughts of t' other 's croſt,
the gay picture 's in my fancy loſt.
ı what an eager zeal the conſcious ſoul
ıld claim its ſeat, and, ſoaring, paſs the pole!
our attempts theſe chains of earth reſtrain,
de our toil, and drag us down again.
·om the ground aſpiring meteors go,
, rank'd with planets, light the world below;
their own bodies ſink them in the ſky,
:n the warmth 's gone that taught them how to fly.

ON DIVINE LOVE,

BY MEDITATING ON

THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

HOLY Jeſus! God of Love!
Look with pity from above
Shed the precious purple tide
From thine hands, thy feet, thy ſide;
Let thy ſtreams of comfort roll,
Let them pleaſe and fill my ſoul.
Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladneſs, full of thee.
This, for which my wiſhes pine,
Is the cup of love divine;
Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet, above the joys of ſenſe;
Bleſſed philtre! how we find
Its ſacred worſhips! how the mind,
Of all the world forgetful grown,
Can deſpiſe an earthly throne;
Raiſe its thoughts to realms above,
Think of God, and ſing of love.
Love celeſtial, wondrous heat,
O, beyond expreſſion great!
What reſiſtleſs charms were thine,
In thy good, thy beſt deſign!

/hen God was hated, Sin obey'd,
nd man undone without thy aid,
rom the ſeats of endleſs peace
hey brought the Son, the Lord of Grace;
hey taught him to receive a birth,
o cloath in fleſh, to live on earth;
nd after, lifted him on high,
nd taught him on the croſs to die.
Love celeſtial, ardent fire,
, extreme of ſweet deſire!
read thy brightly raging flame
hrough and over all my frame;
t it warm me, let it burn,
t my corpſe to aſhes turn;
nd, might thy flame thus act with me
› ſet the ſoul from body free,
ext would uſe thy wings, and fly
› meet my Jeſus in the ſky.

QUEEN ANNE'S PEACE.

(Written in December, 1712*.)

OTHER of Plenty, daughter of the ſkies,
Sweet Peace, the troubled world's deſire, ariſe;
id thy Poet weave thy ſummer ſhades,
n my fancy ſpread thy flowery meads;

his Poem received ſeveral corrections, in con-
ice of hints from Lord Bolingbroke and Dr.
See the Dean's "Journal to Stella," Dec.
12; Jan. 31, and Feb. 19, 1712-13. N.

Amongſt thy train ſoft Eaſe and Pleaſure bring,
And thus indulgent ſooth me whilſt I ſing.
Great Anna claims the ſong; no brighter name
Adorns the liſt of never-dying fame;
No fairer ſoul was ever form'd above;
None e'er was more the grateful nation's love,
Nor lov'd the nation more. I fly with ſpeed
To ſing ſuch lines as Bolingbroke may read,
On war diſpers'd, on faction trampled down,
On all the peaceful glories of the crown.
And, if I fail in too confin'd a flight,
May the kind world upon my labours write,
"So fell the lines which ſtrove for endleſs fame,
"Yet fell, attempting on the nobleſt theme."
Now twelve revolving years has Britain ſtood,
With loſs of wealth, and vaſt expence of blood,
Europa's guardian; ſtill her gallant arms
Secured Europa from impending harms.
Fair honour, full ſucceſs, and juſt applauſe,
Purſued her marches, and adorn'd her cauſe;
Whilſt Gaul, aſpiring to erect a throne
O'er other empires, trembled for her own;
Bemoan'd her cities won, her armies ſlain,
And ſunk the thought of univerſal reign.
When thus reduc'd the world's invaders lie,
The fears which rack'd the nations juſtly die:
Power finds its balance, giddy motions ceaſe
In both the ſcales, and each inclines to peace.
This fair occaſion Providence prepares,
To anſwer pious Anna's hourly prayers,

Whi

Which ſtill on warm Devotion's wings aroſe,
And, reaching heaven, obtain'd the world's repoſe.
Within the vaſt expanſion of the ſky,
Where orbs of gold in fields of azure lie,
A glorious palace ſhines, whoſe ſilver ray,
Serenely flowing, lights the milky way;
The road of angels. Here, with ſpeedy care,
The ſummon'd guardians of the world repair.
When Britain's Angel, on the meſſage ſent,
Speaks Anna's prayers, and Heaven's ſupreme intent;
That war's deſtructive arm ſhould humble Gaul,
Spain's parted realms to different monarchs fall;
The grand alliance crown'd with glory ceaſe,
And joyful Europe find the ſweets of peace.
He ſpoke: the ſmiling hopes of man's repoſe,
The joy that ſprings from certain hopes aroſe,
Diffuſive o'er the place; complacent airs,
Sedately ſweet, were heard within the ſpheres;
And, bowing, all adore the ſovereign mind,
And fly to execute the work deſign'd.

This done, the Guardian on the wing repairs,
Where Anna ſate, revolving public cares
With deep concern of thought. Unſeen he ſtood,
Preſenting peaceful images of good;
On Fancy's airy ſtage, returning Trade,
A ſunk Exchequer fill'd, an Army paid:
The fields with men, the men with plenty bleſs'd,
The towns with riches, and the world with reſt.
Such pleaſing objects on her boſom play,
And give the dawn of glory's golden day;

When

When all her labours at their harveſt ſhown
Shall, in her ſubjects' joy, complete her own.
Then breaking ſilence; 'Tis enough, ſhe cries,
That war has rag'd to make the nations wiſe.
Heaven proſpers armies whilſt they fight to ſave,
And thirſt of further fame deſtroys the brave;
The vanquiſh'd Gauls are humbly pleas'd to live,
And but eſcap'd the chains they meant to give.
Now let the powers be ſtill'd, and each poſſeſs'd
Of what ſecures the common ſafety beſt.

So ſpake the Queen; then, fill'd with warmth divi
She call'd her Oxford to the grand deſign;
Her Oxford, prudent in affairs of ſtate,
Profoundly thoughtful, manifeſtly great
In every turn, whoſe ſteddy temper ſteers
Above the reach of gold, or ſhock of fears;
Whom no blind chance, but merit underſtood,
By frequent trials, power of doing good;
And will to execute, advanc'd on high,
Oh, ſoul created to deſerve the ſky!
And make the nation, crown'd with glory, ſee
How much it rais'd itſelf by raiſing thee!
Now let the ſchemes which labour in thy breaſt,
The long Alliance, bleſt with laſting reſt:
Weigh all pretences with impartial laws,
And fix the ſeparate intereſts of the cauſe.

Theſe toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,
A genius faſhion'd for the greateſt ends;
Whoſe ſtrong perception takes the ſwifteſt flight,
And yet its ſwiftneſs ne'er obſcures its ſight.

When ſchemes are fix'd, and each aſſign'd a part,
lone ſerves his country with a nobler heart;
uſt thoughts of honour all his mind control,
And expedition wings his lively ſoul.
)n ſuch a Patriot to conſer the truſt,
The Monarch knows it ſafe, as well as juſt.
Then next proceeding in her Agents' choice,
And ever pleas'd that worth obtains the voice,
he, from the voice of high-diſtinguiſh'd fames,
With pious Briſtol, gallant Strafford names:
)ne form'd to ſtand a Church's firm ſupport,
The other fitted to adorn a Court:
oth vers'd in buſineſs, both of fine addreſs,
y which experience leads to great ſucceſs:
And both to diſtant lands the Monarch ſends,
.nd, to their conduct, Europe's peace commends.
Now ſhips unmoor'd, to waft her Agents o'er,
pread all their ſail, and quit the flying ſhore;
'he foreign Agents reach th' appointed place,
'he Congreſs opens, and it will be peace.
ſethinks the war, like ſtormy winter, flies,
When fairer months unveil the bluiſh ſkies;
. flowery world the ſweeteſt ſeaſon ſpreads,
.nd doves, with branches, flutter round their heads.
Half-peopled Gaul, whom numerous ills deſtroy,
With wiſhful heart, attends the promis'd joy.
'or this prepares the Duke — ah, ſadly ſlain,
Tis grief to name him whom we mourn in vain:
lo warmth of verſe repairs the vital flame,
'or verſe can only grant a life in fame;

Yet

Yet could my praiſe, like ſpicy odours ſhed,
In everlaſting ſong embalm the dead;
To realms that weeping heard the loſs I'd tell,
What courage, ſenſe, and faith, with Brandon fell
But Britain more than one for glory breeds,
And poliſh'd Talbot to the charge ſucceeds;
Whoſe far-projecting thoughts, maturely clear,
Like glaſſes, draw their diſtant objects near.
Good parts, by gentle breeding much refin'd,
And ſtores of learning, grace his ample mind;
A cautious virtue regulates his ways,
And honour gilds them with a thouſand rays.
To ſerve his nation, at his Queen's command,
He parts, commiſſion'd for the Gallick land:
With pleaſure Gaul beholds him on her ſhore,
And learns to love a name ſhe fear'd before.
Once more aloft, there meet for new debates,
The Guardian Angels of Europa's ſtates:
And mutual concord ſhines in every face,
And every boſom glows with hopes of peace;
While Britain's ſteps, in one conſent, they praiſe,
Then gravely mourn their other realms delays;
Their doubtful claims, through ſeas of blood purſ
Their fears that Gallia fell but half ſubdued;
And all the reaſonings which attempt to ſhow
That war ſhould ravage in the world below.
" Ah, fall'n eſtate of man! can rage delight,
" Wounds pleaſe the touch, or ruin charm the ſigh
" Ambition make unlovely Miſchief fair!
" Or ever Pride be Providence's care!

" V

"When ſtern Oppreſſors range the bloody field,
"'Tis juſt to conquer, and unſafe to yield:
"There ſave the nations; but no more purſue,
"Nor in thy turn become Oppreſſor too."
Our rebel angels for Ambition fell,
And, war in Heaven produc'd a Fiend in Hell.
Thus, with a ſoft concern for man's repoſe,
The tender Guardians join to moan our woes;
Then awful riſe, combin'd with all their might,
To find what Fury, 'ſcap'd the den of night,
The pleaſing labours of their love withſtands,
And ſpreads a wild diſtraction o'er the lands.
Their glittering pinions ſound in yielding air,
And watchful Providence approves the care.
In Flandria's ſoil, where camps have mark'd the plain,
The Fiend, impetuous Diſcord, fix'd her reign;
A tent her royal ſeat. With full reſort
Stern ſhapes of Horror throng'd her buſy court;
Blind Miſchief, Ambuſh cloſe concealing Ire,
Loud Threatenings, Ruin arm'd with ſword and fire;
Aſſaulting Fierceneſs, Anger wanting breath,
High reddening Rage, and various forms of death;
Dire Imps of darkneſs, whom with gore ſhe feeds,
When war beyond its point of good proceeds.
In Gallick armour, call'd with alter'd name
Great love of Empire, to the field ſhe came;
Now, ſtill ſupporting Feud, ſhe ſtrives to hide
Beneath that name, and only change the ſide:
But, as ſhe whirl'd the rapid wheels around,
Where mangled limbs in heaps pollute the ground

(A fullen

(A ſullen joyleſs ſport) ; with ſearching eye,
The ſhining Chiefs regard her as they fly ;
Then, hovering, dart their beams of heavenly light:
She ſtarts, the Fury ſtands confeſs'd to ſight ;
And grieves to leave the ſoil, and yells aloud,
He yells are anſwer'd by the ſable crowd ;
And all on bat-like wings (if Fame be true)
From Chriſtian lands to Northern climates flew.
But riſing murmurs from Britannia's ſhore
With ſpeed recall her watchful Guardian o'er.
He ſpreads his pinions, and, approaching near,
Theſe hints, in ſcatter'd words, aſſault his ear :
The People's power—The Grand Alliance croſs'd,
The Peace is ſeparate—Our Religion 's loſt.
Led by the blatant voice along the ſkies,
He comes, where Faction over cities flies ;
A talking Fiend, whom ſnaky locks diſgrace,
And numerous mouths deform her duſky face ;
Whence Lies are utter'd, Whiſper ſoftly ſounds,
Sly Doubts amaze, or Inuendo wounds.
Within her arms are heaps of Pamphlets ſeen,
And theſe blaſpheme the Saviour, thoſe the Queen ;
Aſſociate Vices : thus with tongue and hand,
She ſhed her venom o'er the troubled land.
Now vex'd that Diſcord, and the baneful train
That tends on Diſcord, fled the neighbouring plain,
She rag'd to madneſs ; when the Guardian came,
And downwards drove her with a ſword of flame.
A mountain, gaping to the nether Hell,
Receiv'd the Fury, railing as ſhe fell :

The mountain cloſing o'er the Fury lies,
And ſtops her paſſage, where ſhe means to riſe;
And when ſhe ſtrives, or ſhifts her ſide for eaſe,
All Britain rocks amidſt her circling ſeas.
Now Peace, returning after tedious woes,
Reſtores the comforts of a calm repoſe;
Then bid the warriors ſheath their ſanguin'd arms,
Bid angry trumpets ceaſe to ſound alarms:
Guns leave to thunder in the tortur'd air,
Red ſtreaming colours furl around the ſpear;
And each contending realm no longer jar,
But, pleas'd with reſt, unharneſs all the war.
She comes, the Bleſſing comes; where'er ſhe moves
New-ſpringing Beauty all the land improves:
More heaps of fragrant flowers the field adorn,
More ſweet the birds ſalute the roſy morn;
More lively green refreſhes all the leaves,
And in the breeze the corn more thickly waves.
She comes, the Bleſſing comes in eaſy ſtate,
And forms of brightneſs all around her wait:
Here ſmiling Safety, with her boſom bare,
Securely walks, and chearful Plenty there;
Here wondrous Sciences with eagles' ſight;
There Liberal Arts, which make the world polite;
And open Traffick, joining hand in hand,
With honeſt Induſtry, approach the land.
O, welcome, long-deſir'd, and lately found!
Here fix thy ſeat upon the Britiſh ground;
Thy ſhining train around the nation ſend,
While by degrees the loading taxes end:

While

While Caution calm, yet ſtill prepar'd for arms,
And foreign Treaties, guard from foreign harms:
While equal Juſtice, hearing every cauſe,
Makes every ſubject join to love the laws.
Where Britain's Patriots in Council meet,
Let public ſafety reſt at Anna's feet:
Let Oxford's ſchemes the path to Plenty ſhow,
And through the realm increaſing Plenty go.
Let Arts and Sciences in glory riſe,
And pleas'd the world has leiſure to be wiſe;
Around their Oxford and their St. John ſtand,
Like plants that flouriſh by the Maſter's hand:
And ſafe in hope the ſons of Learning wait,
Where Learning's ſelf has fix'd her fair retreat.
Let Traffick, cheriſh'd by the Senate's care,
On all the ſeas employ the waſting air:
And Induſtry, with circulating wing,
Through all the land the goods of Traffick bring.
The bleſſings ſo diſpos'd will long abide,
Since Anna reigns, and Harley's thoughts preſide,
Great Ormond's arms the ſword of caution wield,
And hold Britannia's broad-protecting ſhield;
Bright Bolingbroke and worthy Dartmouth treat,
By fair diſpatch, with every foreign State;
And Harcourt's knowledge, equitably ſhown,
Makes Juſtice call his firm decrees her own.
Thus all that Poets fancied Heaven of old,
May for the Nation's preſent emblem hold:
There Jove imperial ſway'd; Minerva wiſe,
And Phœbus eloquent, adorn'd the ſkies;

O

On arts Cyllenius fix'd his full delight,
Mars rein'd the war, and Themis judg'd the right.
All mortals, once beneficently great,
(As Fame reports) and rais'd in heavenly ſtate;
Yet, ſharing labours, ſtill they ſhunn'd repoſe,
To ſhed the bleſſings down by which they roſe.
Illuſtrious Queen, how Heaven hath heard thy prayers!
What ſtores of happineſs attend thy cares!
A Church in ſafety fix'd, a State in reſt,
A faithful Miniſtry, a People bleſs'd;
And Kings, ſubmiſſive at thy foot-ſtool thrown,
That others Rights reſtore, or beg their own.
Now rais'd with thankful mind; and rolling flow,
In grand proceſſion to the temple go,
By ſnow-white horſes drawn; while ſounding Fame
Proclaims thy coming, Praiſe exalts thy name;
Fair Honour, dreſs'd in robes, adorns thy ſtate,
And on thy train the crowded nations wait;
Who, preſſing, view with what a temper'd grace
The looks of Majeſty compoſe thy face;
And mingling ſweetneſs ſhines, or how thy dreſs,
And how thy pomp, an inward joy confeſs;
Then, fill'd with pleaſures to thy glory due,
With ſhouts, the chariot moving on, purſue.
As when the Phœnix from Arabia flown
(If any Phœnix were by Anna known)
His ſpice at Phœbus' ſhrine prepar'd to lay,
Where'er their Monarch cut his airy way;
The gathering birds around the wonder flew,
And much admir'd his ſhape, and much his hue;

Each, where ſhe fix'd, attentive ſeem'd to root,
And all, but Eloquence herſelf, was mute.
High o'er the reſt I ſee the Goddeſs riſe,
Looſe to the breeze her upper garment flies:
By turns, within her eyes the Paſſions burn,
And ſofter Paſſions languiſh in their turn:
Upon her tongue Perſuaſion or Command,
And decent Action dwells upon her hand.
From out her breaſt ('twas there the treaſure lay)
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms ſhe could inſpire
And taught the liſtening audience to admire,
How ſtrong thy flight, how large thy graſp of thought
How juſt thy ſchemes, how regularly wrought;
How ſure you wound when Ironies deride,
Which muſt be ſeen, and feign to turn aſide.
'Twas thus exploring ſhe rejoic'd to ſee
Her brighteſt features drawn ſo near by thee:
"Then here," ſhe cries, "let future ages dwell,
"And learn to copy, where they can't excel."
She ſpake. Applauſe attended on the cloſe;
Then Poëſy, her ſiſter-art, aroſe;
Her fairer ſiſter, born in deeper eaſe,
Not made ſo much for buſineſs, more to pleaſe.
Upon her cheek ſits Beauty, ever young;
The ſoul of Muſic warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleaſing Ardour glows,
And from her heart the ſweeteſt Temper flows:
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air:

: ſhakes the colours of her radiant wing,
d, from the Spheres, ſhe takes a pitch to ſing.
Thrice happy Genius his, whoſe Works have hit
e lucky point of Buſineſs and of Wit.
ey ſeem like ſhowers, which April months prepare
call their flowery glories up to air:
e drops, deſcending, take the painted bow,
d dreſs with ſunſhine, while for good they flow.
me retiring oft, he finds relief
ſlowly-waſting care and biting grief:
)m me retreating oft, he gives to view
hat eaſes care and grief in others too.
fondly grave, be wiſe enough to know,
Life, ne'er unbent, were but a life of woe."
ne, full in ſtretch for greatneſs, ſome for gain,
his own rack each puts himſelf to pain.
ll gently ſteal you from your toils away,
here balmy winds with ſcents ambroſial play;
here, on the banks as cryſtal rivers flow,
ey teach immortal amaranths to grow:
en, from the mild indulgence of the ſcene,
tore your tempers ſtrong for toils again.
)he ceas'd. Soft muſic trembled in the wind,
d ſweet delight diffus'd through every mind:
e little Smiles, which ſtill the Goddeſs grace,
)rtive aroſe, and ran from face to face.
t chief (and in that place the Virtues bleſs)
gentle band their eager joys expreſs:
re, Friendſhip aſks, and Love of Merit longs
hear the Goddeſſes renew their ſongs;

Here great Benevolence to Man is pleas'd;
Theſe own their Swift, and grateful hear him p
You gentle band, you well may bear your part,
You reign Superior Graces in his heart.

O Swift! if fame be life (as well we know
That Bards and Heroes have eſteem'd it ſo);
Thou canſt not wholly die. Thy works will ſh
To future times, and Life in Fame be thine.

On Biſhop BURNET's being ſet on Fire in his

FROM that dire æra, bane to Sarum's pride
Which broke his ſchemes, and laid his frien
He talks and writes that Popery will return,
And we, and he, and all his works will burn.
What touch'd himſelf was almoſt fairly prov'd:
(Oh, far from Britain be the reſt remov'd!)
For, as of late he meant to bleſs the age
With flagrant Prefaces of party-rage,
O'er-wrought with paſſion, and the ſubject's we
Lolling, he nodded in his elbow-ſeat;
Down fell the candle; Greaſe and Zeal conſpir
Heat meets with heat, and Pamphlets burn thei
Here crawls a Preface on its half-burn'd maggo
And there an Introduction brings its faggots:
Then roars the Prophet of the Northern Nation,
Scorch'd by a flaming ſpeech on Moderation.

Unwarn'd by this, go on, the realm to fright,
Thou Briton vaunting in thy ſecond-ſight!

ich a Miniſtry you ſafely tell,
much you'd ſuffer, if Religion fell.

ELYSIUM.

airy fields, the fields of bliſs below,
Where woods of myrtle, ſet by Maro, grow;
ere graſs beneath, and ſhade diffus'd above,
eſh the fevers of diſtracted love:
re, at a ſolemn tide, the beauties, ſlain
ender paſſion, act their fates again,
ough gloomy light, that juſt betrays the grove,
rgies, all diſconſolately rove:
y range the reeds, and o'er the poppies ſweep,
t nodding bend beneath their load of ſleep,
akes ſubſiding with a gentle face,
l rivers gliding with a ſilent pace;
ere Kings and Swains, by ancient authors ſung,
chang'd to flowerets o'er the margin hung;
ſelf-admirer, white Narciſſus, ſo
es at the brink, his picture fades below:
ells of azure, Hyacinth aroſe;
rimſon painted, young Adonis glows;
fragrant Crocus ſhone with golden flame,
l leaves inſcrib'd with Ajax' haughty name.
ad remembrance brings their lives to view,
l, with their paſſion, makes their tears renew;
winds the years, and lays the former ſcene,
ere, after death, they live for deaths again.

Loſt by the glories of her lover's ſtate,
Deluded Semele bewails her fate;
And runs, and ſeems to burn, the flames ariſe,
And fan with idle fury as ſhe flies.

The lovely Cænis, whoſe transforming ſhape
Secur'd her honour from a ſecond rape,
Now moans the firſt, with ruffled dreſs appears,
Feels her whole ſex return, and bathes with tears.

The jealous Procris wipes a ſeeming wound,
Whoſe trickling crimſon dyes the buſhy ground;
Knows the ſad ſhaft, and calls before ſhe go,
To kiſs the favourite hand that gave the blow.
Where Ocean feigns a rage, the Seſtian Fair
Holds a dim taper from a tower of air;
A noiſeleſs wind aſſaults the wavering light,
The beauty tumbling mingles with the night.

Where curling ſhades for rough Leucate roſe,
With love diſtracted tuneful Sappho goes;
Sings to mock clifts a melancholy lay,
And with a lover's leap affrights the ſea.

The ſad Eryphile retreats to moan,
What wrought her huſband's death, and caus'd her ow
Surveys the glittering veil, the bribe of fate,
And tears the ſhadow, but ſhe tears too late.

In thin deſign, and airy picture, fleet
The tales that ſtain the royal houſe of Crete;
To court a lovely Bull, Paſiphaë flies,
The ſnowy phantom feeds before her eyes.
Loſt Ariadne raves, the thread ſhe bore
Trails on unwinding, as ſhe walks the ſhore;

A

ınd Phædra, deſperate, ſeeks the lonely groves,
'o read her guilty letter while ſhe roves;
ed ſhame confounds the firſt, the ſecond wears
. ſtarry crown, the third a halter bears.
air Leodamia mourns her nuptial night
'f love defrauded by the thirſt of fight;
'et, for another as deluſive cries,
ınd, dauntleſs, ſees her hero's ghoſt ariſe.
Here Thiſbe, Canace, and Dido, ſtand,
ıll arm'd with ſwords, a fair, but angry band,
'his ſword a lover own'd; a father gave
'he next; a ſtranger chanc'd the laſt to leave.
And there ev'n ſhe, the Goddeſs of the Grove,
oin'd with the phantom-fairs, affects to rove,
ıs once, for Latmos, ſhe forſook the plain,
'o ſteal the kiſſes of a ſlumbering ſwain:
ıround her head a ſtarry fillet twines,
ınd at the front a ſilver creſcent ſhines.
Theſe, and a thouſand, and a thouſand more,
/ith ſacred rage recall the pangs they bore,
:rike the deep dart afreſh, and aſk relief,
r ſooth the wound with ſoftening words of grief;
:t ſuch a tide, unheedful love invades
'he dark receſſes of the madding ſhades;
'hrough long deſcent he fans the fogs around;
is purple feathers, as he flies, reſound.
'he nimble beauties, crouding all to gaze,
erceive the common troubler of their eaſe;
'hough dulling miſts and dubious day deſtroy
'he fine appearance of the fluttering boy,

Though

Though all the pomp that glitters at his ſide,
The golden belt, the claſp and quiver hide;
And though the torch appear a gleam of white,
That faintly ſpots, and moves in hazy night,
Yet ſtill they know the god, the general foe,
And threatning lift their airy hands below.

From hence they lead him where a myrtle ſtood,
The ſaddeſt myrtle in the mournful wood;
Devote to vex the gods, 'twas here before
Hell's awful Empreſs ſoft Adonis bore.
When the young hunter ſcorn'd her graver air,
And only Venus warm'd his ſhadow there.

Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind,
They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind;
He mourns, but vainly mourns his angry fate,
For Beauty, ſtill relentleſs, acts in hate.
Though no offence be done, no judge be nigh,
Love muſt be guilty by the common cry;
For all are pleas'd, by partial Paſſion led,
To ſhift their follies on another's head.

Now ſharp reproaches ring their ſhrill alarms,
And all the heroines brandiſh all their arms;
And every heroine makes it her decree,
That Cupid ſuffer juſt the ſame as ſhe.
To fix the deſperate halter one eſſay'd,
One ſeeks to wound him with an empty blade.
Some headlong hang the nodding rocks of air,
They fall in fancy, and he feels deſpair.
Some toſs the hollow ſeas around his head
(The ſeas that want a wave afford a dread).

Or ſhake the torch, the ſparkling fury flies,
And flames that never burn'd afflict his eyes.
The mournful Myrrha burſts her rended womb,
And drowns his viſage in a moiſt perfume.
While others, ſeeming mild, adviſe to wound
With humorous pains by ſly deriſion found.
That prickling bodkins teach the blood to flow,
From whence the roſes firſt begin to glow;
Or in their flames, to ſinge the boy prepare,
That all ſhould chuſe by wanton Fancy where.
The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breaſt,
She too ſecurely through the circle preſt,
Forgot the parent, urg'd his haſty fate,
And ſpurr'd the female rage beyond debate;
O'er all her ſcenes of frailty ſwiftly runs,
Abſolves herſelf, and makes the crime her ſon's,
That claſp'd in chains with Mars ſhe chanc'd to lie,
A noted fable of the laughing ſky;
That, from her love's intemperate heat, began
Sicanian Eryx, born a ſavage man;
The looſe Priapus, and the monſter-wight,
In whom the ſexes ſhamefully unite.
Nor words ſuffice the Goddeſs of the Fair,
She ſnaps the roſy wreath that binds her hair;
Then on the God, who fear'd a fiercer woe,
Her hands, unpitying, dealt the frequent blow;
From all his tender ſkin a purple dew
The dreadful ſcourges of the chaplet drew,
From whence the roſe, by Cupid ting'd before,
Now, doubly tinging, flames with luſtre more.

Here

Here ends their wrath, the parent ſeems ſevere,
The ſtroke's unfit for little Love to bear;
To ſave their foe the melting Beauties fly,
And, cruel Mother, ſpare thy child, they cry.
To Love's account they plac'd their death of late,
And now transfer the ſad account to Fate:
The Mother, pleas'd, beheld the ſtorm aſſwage,
Thank'd the calm mourners, and diſmiſs'd her rage.
Thus Fancy, once in duſky ſhade expreſs'd,
With empty terrors work'd the time of reſt.
Where wretched Love endur'd a world of woe,
For all a Winter's length of night below.
Then ſoar'd, as ſleep diſſolv'd, unchain'd away,
And through the Port of Ivory reach'd the day.
As, mindleſs of their rage, he ſlowly ſails
On pinions cumber'd in the miſty vales;
(Ah, fool to light!) the Nymphs no more obey,
Nor was this region ever his to ſway:
Caſt in a deepen'd ring they cloſe the plain,
And ſeize the god, reluctant all in vain.

THE JUDGEMENT OF PARIS.

WHERE waving pines the brows of Ida ſhade,
The ſwain, young Paris, half ſupinely laid,
Saw the looſe flocks through ſhrubs unnumber'd rove,
And, piping, call'd them to the gladded grove.
'Twas there he met the meſſage of the ſkies,
That he, the Judge of Beauty, deal the prize.
The meſſage known; one Love with anxious mind
To make his mother guard the time aſſign'd,

Drew

Drew forth her proud white ſwans, and trac'd the pair
That wheel her chariot in the purple air:
A golden bow behind his ſhoulder bends,
A golden quiver at his ſide depends;
Pointing to theſe he nods, with fearleſs ſtate,
And bids her ſafely meet the grand debate.
Another Love proceeds, with anxious care,
To make his ivory ſleek the ſhining hair;
Moves the looſe curls, and bids the forehead ſhow,
In full expanſion, all its native ſnow.
A third enclaſps the many-colour'd ceſt,
And, rul'd by Fancy, ſets the ſilver veſt;
When, to her ſons, with intermingled ſighs,
The Goddeſs of the roſy lips applies.
'Tis now, my darling boys, a time to ſhow
The love you feel, the filial aids you owe:
Yet, would we think that any dar'd to ſtrive
For charms, when Venus and her Love 's alive?
Or ſhould the prize of Beauty be deny'd,
Has Beauty's Empreſs aught to boaſt beſide?
And, ting'd with poiſon, pleaſing while it harms,
My darts I truſted to your infant arms;
If, when your hands have arch'd the golden bow,
The World's great Ruler, bending, owns the blow,
Let no contending form invade my due,
Tall Juno's mien, nor Pallas eyes of blue.
But, grac'd with triumph, to the Paphian ſhore
Your Venus bears the palms of conqueſt o'er;
And joyful ſee my hundred altars there,
With coſtly gums perfume the wanton air.

While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian Dame,
The groves reſounded where a Goddeſs came.
The warlike Pallas march'd with mighty ſtride,
Her ſhield forgot, her helmet laid aſide.
Her hair unbound, in curls and order flow'd,
And Peace, or ſomething like, her viſage ſhew'd;
So, with her eyes ſerene, and hopeful haſte,
The long-ſtretch'd alleys of the wood ſhe trac'd;
But, where the woods a ſecond entrance found,
With ſcepter'd pomp and golden glory crown'd,
The ſtately Juno ſtalk'd, to reach the ſeat,
And hear the ſentence in the laſt debate;
And long, ſeverely long, reſent the grove;
In this, what boots it ſhe 's the wife of Jove?
Arm'd with a grace at length, ſecure to win,
The lovely Venus, ſmiling, enters in;
All ſweet and ſhining, near the youth ſhe drew,
Her roſy neck ambroſial odours threw;
The ſacred ſcents diffus'd among the leaves,
Ran down the woods, and fill'd their hoary caves;
The charms, ſo amorous all, and each ſo great,
The conquer'd Judge no longer keeps his ſeat;
Oppreſs'd with light, he drops his weary'd eyes,
And fears he ſhould be thought to doubt the prize.

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR LEAVING LONDON.

ROM town fair Arabella flies:
The beaux unpowder'd grieve;
he rivers play before her eyes;
he breezes, ſoftly breathing, riſe;
The Spring begins to live.

er lovers ſwore, they muſt expire:
Yet quickly find their eaſe;
or, as ſhe goes, their flames retire,
ove thrives before a nearer fire,
Eſteem by diſtant rays.

et ſoon the fair-one will return,
When Summer quits the plain:
e rivers, pour the weeping urn;
e breezes, ſadly ſighing, mourn;
Ye lovers, burn again.

Tis conſtancy enough in love
That Nature 's fairly ſhewn:
o ſearch for more, will fruitleſs prove;
omances, and the turtle dove,
The virtue boaſt alone.

A RID-

A RIDDLE.

UPON a bed of humble clay,
In all her garments looſe,
A proſtitute my mother lay,
To every comer's uſe.

Till one gallant, in heat of love,
His own peculiar made her;
And to a region far above,
And ſofter beds, convey'd her.

But, in his abſence, to his place
His rougher rival came;
And, with a cold conſtrain'd embrace,
Begat me on the dame.

I then appear'd to public view
A creature wondrous bright;
But ſhortly periſhable too,
Inconſtant, nice, and light.

On feathers not together faſt
I wildly flew about,
And from my father's country paſs'd
To find my mother out.

Where her gallant, of her beguil'd,
With me enamour'd grew,
And I, that was my mother's child,
Brought forth my mother too.

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PASTORALS,

EPISTLES, ODES,

AND OTHER

ORIGINAL POEMS,

WITH TRANSLATIONS FROM

PINDAR, ANACREON, AND SAPPHO.

BY AMBROSE PHILIPS, ESQUIRE.

"——— hic cæstus artemque repono." VIRG.

TO HIS GRACE

THOMAS, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

THE honours of your ancient and illuſtrious family, which that noble writer, Algernon Sidney, laces among the firſt in theſe kingdoms for prerogave of birth, the titles which you have long worn with iſtinguiſhed luſtre, and the high ſtation which you ave many years filled, and now fill, in the government, ive your Grace a juſt preheminence in the commuity; but they are excellencies of a more exalted kind which this tribute of my reſpect is paid. Your early eal in the cauſe of liberty, which manifeſted itſelf t the cloſe of a late reign, when the worſt of ſchemes ere promoted againſt this nation by the worſt of men, ie aſſociation (of which I had the honour to be an umble member) into which you then entered, with ome others, eminent for their birth, fortune, and nowledge, for ſecuring the ſucceſſion of the houſe of Hanover to the throne of theſe kingdoms, your taſte f uſeful and polite literature, and the encouragement hich you have been always ready to give to it, your riendly regard to, and connection with, that unierſity which has been the nurſe of the greateſt ſtateſnen, heroes, philoſophers, and poets, of Engliſh rowth, and the open liberality of your heart on all

laudable occaſions, muſt give you a place in the a
tions of all Engliſhmen who know the intereſt of
native country: and to thoſe virtues, more than t
private friendſhip with which your Grace has
honoured me, I make this offering of the few poe
Pieces which were the produce of my leiſure, but
of my moſt pleaſant, hours: your Grace will be
to diſtinguiſh thoſe which have been printed be
from thoſe which now make their firſt appearance.
I number among the felicities of my days this op
tunity of approaching you with ſomething perhaps
unworthy your acceptance; and I have the honou
be,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

moſt devoted, obliged,

and moſt humble ſervant,

April, 1748.

AMBROSE PHILI

PAST

PASTORAL POEMS.

"Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia."
VIRG. Ecl. 6.

PREFACE.

IT is ſomewhat ſtrange to conceive, in an age ſo addicted to the Muſes, how Paſtoral Poetry comes to be never ſo much as thought upon; conſidering eſpecially, that it is of the greateſt antiquity, and hath ever been accounted the foremoſt, among the ſmaller poems, in dignity. Virgil and Spenſer made uſe of it as a prelude to Epic Poetry: but, I fear, the innocency of the ſubject makes it ſo little inviting.

There is no kind of Poem, if happily executed, but gives delight; and herein may the Paſtoral boaſt after a peculiar manner: for, as in Painting, ſo in Poetry, the country affords not only the moſt delightful ſcenes and proſpects, but likewiſe the moſt pleaſing images of life.

Gaſſendus (I remember) obſerves, that Peireſkius was a great lover of muſic, eſpecially the melody of birds: becauſe their ſimple ſtrains have leſs of paſſion

and violence, but more of a ſedate and quiet harmony; and, therefore, do they rather befriend contemplation. In like manner, the Paſtoral Song gives a ſweet and gentle compoſure to the mind; whereas the Epic and Tragic Poems, by the vehemency of their emotions, raiſe the ſpirits into a ferment.

To view a fair ſtately palace, ſtrikes us indeed with admiration, and ſwells the ſoul with notions of grandeur: but when I ſee a little country-dwelling, advantageouſly ſituated amidſt a beauteful variety of hills, meadows, fields, woods, and rivulets, I feel an unſpeakable ſort of ſatisfaction, and cannot forbear wiſhing my kinder fortune would place me in ſuch a ſweet retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenſer, are the only Poets who ſeem to have hit upon the true nature of Paſtoral Compoſitions: ſo that it will be ſufficient praiſe for me, if I have not altogether failed in my attempt.

THE

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

LOBBIN.

F we, O Dorſet, quit the city-throng,
To meditate in ſhades the rural ſong,
y your command, be preſent: and, O bring
he Muſe along! The Muſe to you ſhall ſing:
er influence, Buckhurſt, let me there obtain,
nd I forgive the fam'd Sicilian Swain.
Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
hen flocks and herds were no inglorious ſtore,
obbin, a ſhepherd-boy, one evening fair,
s weſtern winds had cool'd the ſultry air,
is number'd ſheep within the fold now pent,
hus plain'd him of his dreary diſcontent;
eneath a hoary poplar's whiſpering boughs,
e, ſolitary, ſat to breathe his vows,
enting the tender anguiſh of his heart,
s paſſion taught, in accents free of art:
nd little did he hope, while, night by night,
is ſighs were laviſh'd thus on Lucy bright.
" Ah, well-a-day! how long muſt I endure
This pining pain? Or who ſhall ſpeed my cure?
Fond love no cure will have, ſeek no repoſe,
Delights in grief, nor any meaſure knows:
And now the moon begins in clouds to riſe;
The brightening ſtars increaſe within the ſkies;

" The

" The winds are hush; the dews distil; and sleep
" Hath clos'd the eyelids of my weary sheep:
" I only, with the prowling wolf, constrain'd
" All night to wake: with hunger he is pain'd,
" And I, with love. His hunger he may tame;
" But who can quench, O cruel Love, thy flame
" Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
" Up-raise my heedless head, then void of care,
" 'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game
" Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came
" Who better seen than I in shepherds' arts,
" To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts
" How deftly, to mine oaten-reed so sweet,
" Wont they, upon the green, to shift their feet
" And, weary'd in the dance, how would they y
" Some well-devised tale from me to learn?
" For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
" To chace the loitering sun adown the sky:
" But, ah! since Lucy coy, deep-wrought her sp
" Within my heart, unmindful of delight
" The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
" To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless m
" Oh! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless Fair!
" Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair.
" Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
" Though not so fair, she would have prov'd more
" O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
" How flying years impair thy youthful prime!
" Thy virgin-bloom will not for ever stay,
" And flowers, though left ungather'd, will decr

"

ers, anew, returning ſeaſons bring!
ty faded has no ſecond ſpring.
s are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,
ſaſure in the miſchief of her eyes.
ing heifer, looſe in flowery meads,
where'er her roving fancy leads;
rom me. Ah me, the tireſome chace!
e fawn, ſhe flies my fond embrace.
indeed, but ever leaves behind,
: ſhe will, her likeneſs in my mind.
purpoſe, in my ſpeed, I bear;
love; and love why ſhould'ſt thou fear?
e fears a maiden-breaſt alarm!
ple girl: a lover cannot harm.
tive kidlings, both fair-fleck'd, I rear;
ooting horns like tender buds appear:
n too, of ſpotleſs fleece, I breed,
ı the fondling from my hand to feed:
I ceaſe betimes to cull the fields
dewy ſweet the morning yields:
y ſpring to autumn late ſhalt thou
ay girlonds, blooming o'er thy brow:
ı,—But, why theſe unavailing pains?
, alike, and giver, ſhe diſdains:
, left heireſs of the glen, ſhe'll deem
eſs lad, unworthy her eſteem:
ſhe born, like me, of ſhepherd-ſire;
y fields and lowing herds acquire.
l my gifts but win her wanton heart,
I half the warmth I feel impart,

" How would I wander, every day, to find
" The choice of wildings, bluſhing through the rind!
" For gloſſy plumbs how lightſome climb the tree,
" How riſk the vengeance of the thrifty bee!
" Or! if thou deign to live a ſhepherdeſs,
" Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin, ſhalt poſſeſs:
" And, fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
" If liquid fountains flatter not; and why
" Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet ſhow
" The bordering flowers leſs beauteous than they grow?
" O! come, my love; nor think th' employment mean,
" The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean,
" To drive a-field, by morn, the fattening ewes,
" Ere the warm ſun drink-up the cooly dews,
" While, with my pipe, and with my voice, I chear
" Each hour, and through the day detain thine ear.
" How would the crook beſeem thy lily-hand!
" How would my younglings round thee gazing ſtand!
" Ah, witleſs younglings! gaze not on her eye:
" Thence all my ſorrow; thence the death I die.
" O, killing beauty! and O, ſore deſire!
" Muſt then my ſufferings, but with life, expire?
" Though bloſſoms every year the trees adorn,
" Spring after ſpring I wither, nipt with ſcorn:
" Nor trow I when this bitter blaſt will end,
" Or if yon ſtars will e'er my vows befriend.
" Sleep, ſleep, my flock; for happy ye may take
" Sweet nightly reſt, though ſtill your maſter wake."
Now to the waning moon, the nightingale,
In ſlender warblings, tun'd her piteous tale,

The

'he love-ſick Shepherd, liſtening, felt relief,
leas'd with ſo ſweet a partner in his grief,
'ill, by degrees, her notes and ſilent night.
'o ſlumbers ſoft his heavy heart invite.

'HE SECOND PASTORAL.

THENOT, COLINET.

THENOT.

'S it not Colinet I loneſome ſee,
Leaning with folded arms againſt the tree?
r is it age of late bedims my ſight?
'is Colinet, indeed, in woeful plight:
'hy cloudy look, why melting into tears,
nſeemly, now the ſky ſo bright appears?
/hy in this mournful manner art thou found,
nthankful lad, when all things ſmile around?
r hear'ſt not lark and linnet jointly ſing,
heir notes blithe-warbling to ſalute the ſpring?

COLINET.

hough blithe their notes, not ſo my wayward fate;
or lark would ſing, nor linnet, in my ſtate.
ach creature, Thenot, to his taſk is born,
s they to mirth and muſic, I to mourn.
'aking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
[y tears oft' mingling with the falling dew.

THENOT.

THENOT.

Small cauſe, I ween, has luſty youth to plain:
Or who may, then, the weight of eld ſuſtain,
When every ſlackening nerve begins to fail,
And the load preſſeth as our days prevail?
Yet, though with years my body downward tend,
As trees beneath their fruit, in autumn, bend;
Spite of my ſnowy head, and icy veins,
My mind a chearful temper ſtill retains:
And why ſhould man, miſhap what will, repine,
Sour every ſweet, and mix with tears his wine?
But tell me, then: it may relieve thy woe,
To let a friend thine inward ailment know.

COLINET.

Idly 'twill waſte thee, Thenot, the whole day,
Shouldſt thou give ear to all my grief can ſay.
Thine ewes will wander; and the heedleſs lambs,
In loud complaints, require their abſent dams.

THENOT.

See Lightfoot; he ſhall tend them cloſe: and I,
'Tween whiles, acroſs the plain will glance mine eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end.
Does there one ſmiling hour my youth attend!
Though few my days, as well my follies ſhow,
Yet are thoſe days all clouded o'er with woe:
No happy gleam of ſunſhine doth appear,
My lowering ſky, and wintery months, to cheer.
My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,
Which bears the thunder-ſcar, too plain I ſee:

Quite

Quite deſtitute it ſtands of ſhelter kind,
The mark of ſtorms, and ſport of every wind:
The riven trunk feels not th' approach of ſpring;
Nor birds among the leafleſs branches ſing:
No more, beneath thy ſhade, ſhall ſhepherds throng,
With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleaſing ſong.
Ill-fated tree! and more ill-fated I!
From thee, from me, alike the ſhepherds fly.

THENOT.

Sure thou in hapleſs hour of time waſt born,
When blighting mildews ſpoil the riſing corn,
Or blaſting winds o'er bloſſom'd hedge-rows paſs,
To kill the promis'd fruits, and ſcorch the graſs,
Or when the moon, by wizard charm'd, foreſhows,
Blood-ſtain'd in foul eclipſe, impending woes.
Untimely born, ill-luck betides thee ſtill.

COLINET.

And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill?

THENOT.

Nor fox, nor wolf, nor rot among our ſheep,
From this good ſhepherd's care his flock may keep;
Againſt ill-luck, alas! all forecaſt fails;
Nor toil by day, nor watch by night, avails.

COLINET.

Ah me, the while! ah me, the luckleſs day!
Ah, luckleſs lad! befits me more to ſay.
Unhappy hour! when, freſh in youthful bud,
I left, Sabrina fair, thy ſilvery flood.
Ah, ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
Which on thy flowery banks I wont to keep.

Sweet are thy banks! Oh, when ſhall I, once more,
With raviſh'd eyes review thine amell'd ſhore?
When, in the cryſtal of thy water, ſcan
Each feature faded, and my colour wan?
When ſhall I ſee my hut, the ſmall abode
Myſelf did raiſe, and cover o'er with ſod?
Small though it be, a mean and humble cell,
Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell.

THENOT.

And what enticement charm'd thee, far away,
From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart aſtray?

COLINET.

A lewd deſire, ſtrange lads and ſwains to know:
Ah, God! that ever I ſhould covet woe!
With wandering feet unbleſt, and fond of fame,
I ſought I know not what beſides a name.

THENOT.

Or, ſooth to ſay, didſt thou not hither roam
In ſearch of gains more plenty than at home?
A rolling-ſtone is, ever, bare of moſs;
And, to their coſt, green years old proverbs croſs.

COLINET.

Small need there was, in random ſearch of gain,
To drive my pining flock athwart the plain,
To diſtant Cam. Fine gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to myſelf ſuch deal of woe!
My ſheep quite ſpent, through travel and ill-fare,
And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare,
The damp, cold greenſward, for my nightly bed,
And ſome ſlant willow's trunk to reſt my head.

Hard

Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain;
And hard is want to the unpractis'd ſwain:
But neither want, nor pinching cold, is hard,
To blaſting ſtorms of calumny compar'd:
Unkind as hail it falls; the pelting ſhower
Deſtroys the tender herb, and budding flower.

THENOT.

Slander we ſhepherds count the vileſt wrong:
And what wounds ſorer than an evil tongue?

COLINET.

Untoward lads, the wanton imps of ſpite,
Take mock of all the ditties I indite.
In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe, ſo ſhrill,
Charms every vale, and gladdens every hill:
In vain thou ſeek'ſt the coverings of the grove,
In the cool ſhade to ſing the pains of love:
Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail;
And every elf hath ſkill enough to rail:
But yet, though poor and artleſs be my vein,
Menalcas ſeems to like my ſimple ſtrain:
And, while that he delighteth in my ſong,
Which to the good Menalcas doth belong,
Nor night, nor day, ſhall my rude muſic ceaſe;
I aſk no more, ſo I Menalcas pleaſe.

THENOT.

Menalcas, lord of theſe fair fertile plains,
Preſerves the ſheep, and o'er the ſhepherds reigns:
For him our yearly wakes, and feaſts, we hold,
And chooſe the faireſt firſtling from the fold:

He, good to all, who good deserve, shall give
Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live,
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And bounteously reward thy rural songs.

COLINET.

First, then, shall lightsome birds forget to fly,
The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,
And every rapid river cease to flow,
Ere I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

THENOT.

This night thy care with me forget; and fold
Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious cold.
New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheese and curd
With some remaining fruit of last year's hoard,
Shall be our evening fare, and, for the night,
Sweet herbs and moss, which gentle sleep invite:
And now behold the sun's departing ray,
O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day:
With songs the jovial hinds return from plow;
And unyok'd heifers, loitering homeward, low.

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

ALBINO.

WHEN Virgil thought no shame the Doric reed
To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to feed,
With young Augustus' name he grac'd his song:
And Spenser, when amid the rural throng

carol'd ſweet, and graz'd along the flood
gentle Thames, made every ſounding wood
ith good Eliza's name to ring around;
za's name on every tree was found:
ce then, through Anna's cares at eaſe we live,
id ſee our cattle unmoleſted thrive,
hile from our Albion her victorious arms
ve wafteful warfare, loud in dire alarms,
:e them will I my ſlender muſic raiſe,
id teach the vocal valleys Anna's praiſe.
:antime, on oaten pipe a lowly lay,
my kids browſe, obſcure in ſhades I play:
t, not obſcure, while Dorſet thinks no ſcorn
viſit woods, and ſwains ignobly born.
Two valley ſwains, both muſical, both young,
friendſhip mutual, and united long,
ire within a moſſy cave, to ſhun
e crowd of ſhepherds, and the noon-day ſun.
gloom of ſadneſs overcaſts their mind:
rolving now, the ſolemn day they find,
ien young Albino died. His image dear
lews their cheeks with many a trickling tear:
tears they add the tribute of their verſe;
eſe Angelot, thoſe Palin, did rehearſe.

ANGELOT.

Thus, yearly circling, by-paſt times return;
id yearly, thus, Albino's death we mourn.
t into life, alas! how ſhort thy ſtay:
w ſweet the roſe! how ſpeedy to decay!

Can we forget, Albino dear, thy knell,
Sad-ſounding wide from every village-bell?
Can we forget how ſorely Albion moan'd,
That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groan'd,
Preſaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
We loſt Albino, pledge of peaceful times,
Fair boaſt of this fair Iſland, darling joy
Of nobles high, and every ſhepherd-boy?
No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were ſeen,
Nor ſhepherd found upon the graſſy green,
No cattle graz'd the field, nor drank the flood,
No birds were heard to warble through the wood.
In yonder gloomy grove out-ſtretch'd he lay
His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay;
On his cold cheek the roſy hue decay'd,
And, o'er his lips, the deadly blue diſplay'd:
Bleating around him lie his plaintive ſheep,
And mourning ſhepherds come, in crowds, to weep.
Young Buckhurſt comes: and, is there no redreſs?
As if the grave regarded our diſtreſs!
The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,
And give, aloud, the lamentations due.
The pious mother comes, with grief oppreſt:
Ye trees, and conſcious fountains, can atteſt
With what ſad accents, and what piercing cries,
She fill'd the grove, and importun'd the ſkies,
And every ſtar upbraided with his death,
When, in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,
She claſp'd her ſon: nor did the Nymph, for this,
Place in her darling's welfare all her bliſs,

Him

.ching, young, the harmleſs crook to wield,
le the peaceful empire of the field.
:-white ſwans on ſtreams of ſilver ſhow,
'ery ſtreams to grace the meadows flow,
the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
, to thine, an ornament was born.
ou, delicious youth, didſt quit the plains,
;rateful ground we till with fruitleſs pains,
ır'd furrows ſow the choice of wheat,
er empty ſheaves, in harveſt ſweat,
ncreaſe our fleecy cattle yield;
ırns, and thiſtles, overſpread the field.
our hope is fled, like morning-dew!
rce did we thy dawn of manhood view.
ıow, ſhall teach the pointed ſpear to throw,
l the ſling, and bend the ſtubborn bow,
the quoit with ſteady aim, and far,
ıewy force, to pitch the maſſy bar?
thou live to bleſs thy mother's days,
: her triumphs, and to feel her praiſe,
;n realms to purchaſe early fame,
l new glories to the Britiſh name:
ful may thy gentle ſpirit reſt!
/ery turf lie light upon thy breaſt;
:king owl, nor bat, thy tomb fly round,
night goblins revel o'er the ground.

PALIN.

ɔre, miſtaken Angelot, complain:
lives; and all our tears are vain:

Albino lives, and will for ever live,
With myriads mixt, who never know to grieve,
Who welcome every ſtranger-gueſt, nor fear
Ever to mourn his abſence with a tear,
Where cold, nor heat, nor irkſome toil annoy,
Nor age, nor ſickneſs, comes to damp their joy:
And now the royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns
The land to rule, and ſhield the ſimple ſwains,
While, from above, propitious he looks down:
For this, the welkin does no longer frown,
Each planet ſhines, indulgent, from his ſphere,
And we renew our paſtimes with the year.
Hills, dales, and woods, with ſhrilling pipes reſound;
The boys and virgins dance, with chaplets crown'd,
And hail Albino bleſt: the valleys ring
Albino bleſt! O now, if ever, bring
The laurel green, the ſmelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowſlip, which in meadow grows,
The fountain-violet, and the garden-roſe,
Marſh-lilies ſweet, and tufts of daffodil,
With what ye cull from wood, or verdant hill,
Whether in open ſun, or ſhade, they blow,
More early ſome, and ſome unfolding ſlow,
Bring, in heap'd canifters, of every kind,
As if the ſummer had with ſpring combin'd,
And Nature, forward to aſſiſt your care,
Did not profuſion for Albino ſpare.
Your hamlets ſtrew, and every public way;
And conſecrate to mirth Albino's day:

Myſelf

If will laviſh all my little ſtore,
deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
Moulin there ſhall harp, young Myco ſing,
Cuddy dance the round amid the ring,
Hobbinol his antic gambols play:
ıee theſe honours, yearly, will we pay:
ail to mention thee in all our chear,
teach our children the remembrance dear,
n we our ſhearing-feaſt, or harveſt keep,
peed the plow, and bleſs our thriving ſheep.
le willow kids, and herbage lambs purſue,
le bees love thyme, and locuſt ſip the dew,
le birds delight in woods their notes to ſtrain,
name and ſweet memorial ſhall remain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

MYCO, ARGOL.

MYCO.

HIS place may ſeem for ſhepherd's leiſure made,
So cloſe theſe elms inweave their lofty ſhade;
twining woodbine, how it climbs! to breathe
thing ſweets around on all beneath;
ground with graſs of chearful green beſpread,
ugh which the ſpringing flower up-rears the head:
here the kingcup of a golden hue,
ly'd with daiſies white and endive blue,
honeyſuckles of a purple die,
ſoon gay! bright-waving to the eye.

Hark, how they warble in that brambly buſh,
The gaudy goldfinch, and the ſpeckly thruſh,
The linnet green, with others fram'd for ſkill,
And blackbird fluting through his yellow bill:
In ſprightly concert how they all combine,
Us prompting in the various ſongs to join:
Up, Argol, then, and to thy lip apply
Thy mellow pipe, or voice more ſounding try:
And ſince our ewes have graz'd, what harms if th
Lie round and liſten while the lambkins play?

ARGOL.

Well, Myco, can thy dainty wit expreſs
Fair Nature's bounties in the faireſt dreſs:
'Tis rapture all! the place, the birds, the ſky;
And rapture works the ſinger's fancy high.
Sweet breathe the fields, and now a gentle breeze
Moves every leaf, and trembles through the trees
Ill ſuch incitements ſuit my rugged lay,
Befitting more the muſic thou canſt play.

MYCO.

No ſkill of muſic kon I, ſimple ſwain,
No fine device thine ear to entertain:
Albeit ſome deal I pipe, rude though it be,
Sufficient to divert my ſheep and me;
Yet Colinet (and Colinet hath ſkill)
Oft guides my fingers on the tuneful quill,
And fain would teach me on what ſounds to dwell
And where to ſink a note, and where to ſwell.

ARG

ARGOL.

Ah, Myco! half my flock would I beſtow,
Should Colinet to me his cunning ſhow:
So trim his ſonnets are, I pr'ythee, ſwain,
Now give us, once, a ſample of his ſtrain:
For wonders of that lad the ſhepherds ſay,
How ſweet his pipe, how raviſhing his lay!
The ſweetneſs of his pipe and lay rehearſe;
And aſk what boon thou willeſt for thy verſe.

MYCO.

Since then thou liſt, a mournful ſong I chuſe:
A mournful ſong relieves a mournful Muſe.
Faſt by the river on a bank he ſate,
To weep the lovely maid's untimely fate,
Fair Stella hight: a lovely maid was ſhe,
Whoſe fate he wept, a faithful ſhepherd he.

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" O woeful day! O, day of woe to me!
" That ever I ſhould live ſuch day to ſee!
" That ever ſhe could die! O, moſt unkind,
" To go and leave thy Colinet behind!
" From blameleſs love, and plighted troth to go,
" And leave to Colinet a life of woe!"

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" And yet, why blame I her? Full fain would ſhe
" With dying arms have claſp'd herſelf to me;

" I claſp'd

" I claſp'd her too, but death prov'd over-ſtro
" Nor vows nor tears could fleeting life prolo
" Yet how ſhall I from vows and tears refrair
" And why ſhould vows, alas! and tears be

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Aid me to grieve, with bleating moan, n
" Aid me, thou ever-flowing ſtream, to weep
" Aid me, ye faint, ye hollow winds, to ſig
" And thou, my woe, aſſiſt me thou to die.
" Me flock nor ſtream, nor winds nor woes, r
" She lov'd through life, and I through life will

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Ye gentler maids, companions of my fai
" With down-caſt look, and with diſhevel'd l
" All beat the breaſt, and wring your hands a
" Her hour, untimely, might have prov'd your
" Her hour, untimely, help me to lament;
" And let your hearts at Stella's name relent.

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" In vain th' indearing luſtre of your eyes
" We dote upon, and you as vainly prize.
" What though your beauty bleſs the faithful
" And in th' enamour'd heart like queens ye re
" Yet in their prime does death the faireſt kill
" As ruthleſs winds the tender bloſſoms ſpill.

wake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

Such Stella was; yet Stella might not live!
.nd what could Colinet in ranſom give?
h! if or muſic's voice, or beauty's charm,
ould milden death, and ſtay his lifted arm,
ly pipe her face, her face my pipe might ſave,
edeeming each the other from the grave."

wake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

Ah, fruitleſs wiſh! fell death's uplifted arm
or beauty can arreſt, nor muſic charm.
ehold! oh, baleful ſight! ſee where ſhe lies!
'he budding flower, unkindly blaſted, dies:
or, though I live the longeſt day to mourn,
Vill ſhe again to life and me return."

wake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

Unhappy Colinet! what boots thee now,
'o weave freſh girlonds for thy Stella's brow?
o girlond ever more may Stella wear,
or ſee the flowery ſeaſon of the year,
or dance, nor ſing, nor ever ſweetly ſmile,
.nd every toil of Colinet beguile."

wake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

Throw by the lily, daffodil, and roſe;
Vreaths of black yew, and willow pale, compoſe,

" With

" With baneful hemlock, deadly nightſhade, dreſ
" Such chaplets as may witneſs thine unreſt,
" If aught can witneſs: O, ye ſhepherds tell,
" When I am dead, no ſhepherd lov'd ſo well!"

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" Alack, my ſheep! and thou, dear ſpotleſs la
" By Stella nurs'd, who wean'd the from the dam,
" What heed give I to aught but to my grief,
" My whole employment, and my whole relief!
" Stray where ye liſt, ſome happier maſter try:
" Yet once, my flock, was none ſo bleſs'd as I."

Awake, my pipe; in every note expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

" My pipe, whoſe ſoothing ſound could paſſion n
" And firſt taught Stella's virgin-heart to love,
" Shall ſilent hang upon this blaſted oak,
" Whence owls their dirges ſing, and ravens croak:
" Nor lark, nor linnet, ſhall my day delight,
" Nor nightingale ſuſpend my moan by night:
" The night and day ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd be,
" Alike to Stella, and alike to me."

No more, my pipe; here ceaſe we to expreſs
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's diſtreſs.

Thus, ſorrowing, did the gentle ſhepherd ſing,
And urge the valley with his wail to ring.
And now that ſheep-hook for my ſong I crave.

ARGC

ARGOL.

s, but one more coſtly, ſhalt thou have,
'd elm, where ſtuds of braſs appear,
the giver's name, the month, and year;
: of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle torn'd,
ly by the carver's ſkill adorn'd.
inet, how ſweet thy grief to hear!
; thy verſe ſubdue the liſtening ear!
ig as the ſtill, refreſhing dew,
the drought, and herbage to renew:
ſo ſweet the midnight winds, which move
y murmurs o'er the waving grove,
y brook that, hid by alders, ſpeeds
ıles warbling, and through whiſpering reeds,
ping waters, which from rocks diſtil,
y-grots with tinkling echoes fill.
ppy Colinet, who can relieve
guiſh ſore, and make it ſweet to grieve!
: to thee ſhall Myco bear the bell,
repeat thy peerleſs ſong ſo well:
the hills increaſing ſhadows caſt;
I ween, is leaving us in haſte:
ly rays faint glimmer through the wood,
y miſts ariſe from yonder flood.

MYCO.

n our dogs to gather in the ſheep.
pherds, with their flock, betimes ſhould ſleep.
lies down, thou know'ſt, as late will riſe,
gard-like, to noon-day ſnoring lies,

While

While in the fold his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy paſtures bleat in vain.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

CUDDY.

IN rural ſtrains we firſt our muſic try,
And baſhful into woods and thickets fly,
Miſtruſting then our ſkill; yet if through time
Our voice, improving, gain a pitch ſublime,
Thy growing virtues, Sackville, ſhall engage
My riper verſe, and more aſpiring age.
The ſun, now mounted to the noon of day,
Began to ſhoot direct his burning ray;
When, with the flocks, their feeders ſought the ſhade
A venerable oak wide-ſpreading made:
What ſhould they do to paſs the loitering time?
As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme:
And ſome the joys, and ſome the pains, of love,
And ſome to ſet out ſtrange adventures, ſtrove;
The trade of wizards ſome, and Merlin's ſkill,
And whence, to charms, ſuch empire o'er the will.
Then Cuddy laſt (who Cuddy can excel
In neat device?) his tale began to tell.
" When ſhepherds flouriſh'd in Eliza's reign,
" There liv'd in high repute a jolly ſwain,
" Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe and ſing,
" And by his notes invite the lagging ſpring.
" He, as his cuſtom was, at leiſure laid
" In woodland bower, without a rival play'd,

" Soliciting

Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,
Enchantment ſweet as ever wont to hear
Belated wayfarers, from wake or fair
Detain'd by muſic, hovering on in air:
Drawn by the magic of th' inticing ſound,
What troops of mute admirers flock'd around!
The ſheerlings left their food; and creatures, wild
By Nature form'd, inſenſibly grew mild.
He makes the gathering birds about him throng,
And loads the neighbouring branches with his ſong:
There, with the crowd, a nightingale of fame,
Jealous, and fond of praiſe, to liſten came:
She turn'd her ear, and pauſe by pauſe, with pride,
Like echo to the ſhepherd's pipe reply'd.
The ſhepherd heard with wonder, and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various ſtrain:
To all the various ſtrain ſhe plies her throat,
And adds peculiar grace to every note.
If Colin, in complaining accent grieve,
Or briſker motion to his meaſure give,
If gentle ſounds he modulate, or ſtrong,
She, not a little vain, repeats the ſong:
But ſo repeats, that Colin half-deſpia'd
His pipe and ſkill, around the country priz'd:
And ſweeteſt ſongſter of the winged kind,
What thanks, ſaid he, what praiſes, ſhall I find
To equal thy melodious voice? In thee
The rudeneſs of my rural fife I ſee;
From thee I learn no more to vaunt my ſkill:
Aloft in air ſhe ſate, provoking ſtill

" The

" The vanquiſh'd ſwain. Provok'd, at laſt, he ſtrove
" To ſhow the little minſtrel of the grove
" His utmoſt powers, determin'd once to try
" How art, exerting, might with nature vy;
" For vy could none with either in their part,
" With her in Nature, nor with him in Art.
" He draws-in breath, his riſing breath to fill:
" Throughout the wood his pipe is heard to ſhrill.
" From note to note, in haſte, his fingers fly;
" Still more and more the numbers multiply:
" And now they trill, and now they fall and riſe,
" And ſwift and ſlow they change with ſweet ſurpriſe.
" Attentive ſhe doth ſcarce the ſounds retain;
" But to herſelf firſt cons the puzzling ſtrain,
" And tracing, heedful, note by note repays
" The ſhepherd in his own harmonious lays,
" Through every changing cadence runs at length,
" And adds in ſweetneſs what he wants in ſtrength.
" Then Colin threw his fife diſgrac'd aſide,
" While ſhe loud triumph ſings, proclaiming wide
" Her mighty conqueſt, and within her throat
" Twirls many a wild unimitable note,
" To foil her rival. What could Colin more?
" A little harp of maple-ware he bore:
" The little harp was old, but newly ſtrung,
" Which, uſual, he acroſs his ſhoulders hung.
" Now take, delightful bird, my laſt farewel,
" He ſaid, and learn from hence thou doſt excel
" No trivial artiſt: and anon he wound
" The murmuring ſtrings, and order'd every ſound:

Then

hen earneſt to his inſtrument he bends,
nd both hands pliant on the ſtrings extends:
s touch the ſtrings obey, and various move,
ie lower anſwering ſtill to thoſe above:
s fingers, reſtleſs, traverſe to and fro,
s in purſuit of harmony they go:
ow, lightly ſkimming, o'er the ſtrings they paſs,
ke winds which gently bruſh the plying graſs,
hile melting airs ariſe at their command:
id now, laborious, with a weighty hand
: ſinks into the cords with ſolemn pace,
) give the ſwelling tones a bolder grace;
id now the left, and now by turns the right,
ch other chace, harmonious both in flight:
ien his whole fingers blend a ſwarm of ſounds,
ll the ſweet tumult through the harp redounds,
aſe, Colin, ceaſe, thy rival ceaſe to vex;
ie mingling notes, alas! her ear perplex:
e warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,
id hits imperfect accents here and there,
id fain would utter forth ſome double tone,
hen ſoon ſhe falters, and can utter none:
gain ſhe tries, and yet again ſhe fails;
r ſtill the harp's united power prevails.
ien Colin play'd again, and playing ſung:
e, with the fatal love of glory ſtung,
ars all in pain: her heart begins to ſwell:
piteous notes ſhe ſighs, in notes which tell
r bitter anguiſh: he, ſtill ſinging, plies
s limber joints: her ſorrows higher riſe.

" How ſhall ſhe bear a conqueror, who, before,
" No equal through the grove in muſic bore?
" She droops, ſhe hangs her flagging wings, ſhe moans,
" And fetcheth from her breaſt melodious groans.
" Oppreſs'd with grief at laſt too great to quell,
" Down, breathleſs, on the guilty harp ſhe fell.
" Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
" And unavailing tears profuſely ſhed,
" And broke his wicked ſtrings, and curs'd his ſkill;
" And beſt to make atonement for the ill,
" If, for ſuch ill, atonement might be made,
" He builds her tomb beneath a laurel ſhade,
" Then adds a verſe, and ſets with flowers the ground,
" And makes a fence of winding oſiers round.
" A verſe and tomb is all I now can give;
" And here thy name at leaſt, he ſaid, ſhall live."
Thus ended Cuddy with the ſetting ſun,
And, by his tale, unenvy'd praiſes won.

THE SIXTH PASTORAL.

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

GERON.

HOW ſtill the ſea behold! how calm the ſky!
And how, in ſportive chace, the ſwallows fly!
My goats, ſecure from harm, ſmall tendance need,
While high, on yonder hanging rock, they feed:
And, here below, the banky ſhore along,
Your heifers graze. Now, then, to ſtrive in ſong

Prepare.

pare. As eldeſt, Hobbinol begin;
l Lanquet's rival-verſe, by turns, come in.

HOBBINOL.

et others ſtake what choſen pledge they will,
kid, or lamb, or mazer wrought with ſkill:
praiſe we ſing, nor wager ought beſide;
l, whoſe the praiſe, let Geron's lips decide.

LANQUET.

'o Geron I my voice, and ſkill, commend,
andid umpire, and to both a friend.

GERON.

egin then, boys; and vary well your ſong:
in; nor fear, from Geron's ſentence, wrong.
oxen hautboy, loud, and ſweet of ſound,
varniſh'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
the victor give: no mean reward,
› the ruder village-pipes compar'd.

HOBBINOL.

he ſnows are melted; and the kindly rain
:ends on every herb, and every grain:
balmy breezes breathe along the ſky;
bloomy ſeaſon of the year is nigh.

LONQUET.

he cuckoo calls aloud his wandering love;
turtle's moan is heard in every grove;
paſtures change; the warbling linnets ſing:
are to welcome-in the gaudy ſpring.

HOBBINOL.

'hen locuſts, in the ferny buſhes, cry,
:n ravens pant, and ſnakes in caverns lie,

Graze then in woods, and quit the ſhadeleſs plain,
Elſe ſhall ye preſs the ſpungy teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When greens to yellow vary, and ye ſee
The ground beſtrew'd with fruits of every tree,
And ſtormy winds are heard, think winter near,
Nor truſt too far to the declining year.

HOBBINOL.

Woe then, alack! befall the ſpendthrift ſwain,
When froſt, and ſnow, and hail, and ſleet, and rain,
By turns chaſtiſe him, while, through little care,
His ſheep, unſhelter'd, pine in nipping air.

LANQUET.

The lad of forecaſt then untroubled ſees
The white-bleak plains, and ſilvery froſted trees:
He fends his flock, and, clad in homely frize,
In his warm cott the wintery blaſt defies.

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O bleſs'd Eliza! would I praiſe
Thy maiden-rule, and Albion's golden days:
Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the ſhepherd's friend:
Eternal bleſſings on his ſhade attend!

LANQUET.

Thrice happy ſhepherds now! for Dorſet loves
The country-muſe, and our reſounding groves,
While Anna reigns: O, ever may ſhe reign!
And bring, on earth, the golden age again.

HOBBINOL.

I love, in ſecret all, a beauteous maid,
And have my love, in ſecret all, repaid;

This

coming night ſhe plights her troth to me:
ıe her name, and thou the victor be.
LANQUET.
ild as the lamb, unharmful as the dove,
as the turtle, is the maid I love:
we in ſecret love, I ſhall not ſay:
ıe her name, and I give up the day.
HOBBINOL.
ſt on a cowſlip-bank my love and I
ther lay; a brook ran murmuring by:
ouſand tender things to me ſhe ſaid;
I a thouſand tender things repaid.
LANQUET.
ſummer-ſhade, behind the cocking hay,
t kind endearing words did ſhe not ſay!
ap, with apron deck'd, ſhe fondly ſpread,
ſtrok'd my cheek, and lull'd my leaning head.
HOBBINOL.
eathe ſoft, ye winds; ye waters, gently flow;
d her, ye trees; ye flowers, around her grow:
wains, I beg you, paſs in ſilence by;
ove, in yonder vale, aſleep does lie.
LANQUET.
ıce Delia ſlept on eaſy moſs reclin'd,
lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind:
ɔoth'd her coats, and ſtole a ſilent kiſs:
lemn me, ſhepherds, if I did amiſs.
HOBBINOL.
s Marian bath'd, by chance I paſſed by;
bluſh'd, and at me glanc'd a ſidelong eye:

Then, cowering in the treacherous ſtream, ſhe try'd
Her tempting form, yet ſtill in vain, to hide.

LANQUET.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one ſultry day,
Fond Lydia, lurking, in the ſedges lay:
The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly,
Yet oft ſhe ſtopt, and oft ſhe turn'd her eye.

HOBBINOL.

When firſt I ſaw (would I had never ſeen!)
Young Lyſet lead the dance on yonder green,
Intent upon her beauties, as ſhe mov'd,
Poor heedleſs wretch! at unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When Lucy decks with flowers her ſwelling breaſt,
And on her elbow leans, diſſembling reſt,
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor herds, nor paſture, worth my care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come, Roſalind, O come! for, wanting thee,
Our peopled vale a deſert is to me.
Come, Roſalind, O, come! My brinded kine,
My ſnowy ſheep, my farm, and all, are thine.

LANQUET.

Come, Roſalind, O come! Here ſhady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here ſpringing flowers:
Come, Roſalind! Here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte the live-long time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the ſeaſons of the moon I know,
The force of healing herbs, and where they grow:
No herb there is, no ſeaſon, to remove
From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

LAN-

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in charms have ſkill,
And ghoſts, and goblins, order as I will,
Yet have, with all my charms, no power to lay
The ſprite that breaks my quiet night and day?

HOBBINOL.

O, that, like Colin, I had ſkill in rhymes,
To purchaſe credit with ſucceeding times!
Sweet Colin Clout! who never, yet, had peer;
Who ſung through all the ſeaſons of the year.

LANQUET.

Let me, like Merlin, ſing: his voice had power
To free the 'clipſing moon at midnight hour:
And, as he ſung, the Fairies with their queen,
In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green.

HOBBINOL.

Laſt eve of May did I not hear them ſing,
And ſee their dance? And I can ſhew the ring,
Where, hand in hand, they ſhift their feet ſo light:
The graſs ſprings greener from their tread by night.

LANQUET.

But haſt thou ſeen their king, in rich array,
Fam'd Oberon, with damaſk'd robe ſo gay,
And gemmy crown, by moonſhine ſparkling far,
And azure ſceptre, pointed with a ſtar?

GERON.

Here end your pleaſing ſtrife. Both victors are;
And both with Colin may, in rhyme, compare.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and ſweet of ſound,
All varniſh'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,

To each I give. A mizzling miſt deſcends
Adown that ſteepy rock: and this way tends
Yon diſtant rain. Shoreward the veſſels ſtrive;
And, ſee, the boys their flocks to ſhelter drive.

THE STRAY NYMPH.

CEASE your muſic, gentle ſwains:
Saw ye Delia croſs the plains?
Every thicket, every grove,
Have I rang'd, to find my love:
A kid, a lamb, my flock, I give,
Tell me only, doth ſhe live?
White her ſkin as mountain-ſnow;
In her cheek the roſes blow:
And her eye is brighter far
Than the beamy morning ſtar.
When her ruddy lip ye view,
'Tis a berry moiſt with dew:
And her breath, oh, 'tis a gale
Paſſing o'er a fragrant vale,
Paſſing, when a friendly ſhower
Freſhens every herb and flower.
Wide her boſom opens, gay
As the primroſe-dell in May,
Sweet as violet-borders growing
Over fountains ever-flowing.
Like the tendrils of the vine,
Do her auburn treſſes twine,

Gloſſy

Gloſſy ringlets all behind
Streaming buxom to the wind,
When along the lawn ſhe bounds,
Light, as hind before the hounds:
And the youthful ring ſhe fires,
Hopeleſs in their fond deſires,
As her flitting feet advance,
Wanton in the winding dance.
Tell me, ſhepherds, have ye ſeen
My delight, my love, my queen?

THE HAPPY SWAIN.

HAVE ye ſeen the morning ſky,
When the dawn prevails on high,
When, anon, ſome purply ray
Gives a ſample of the day,
When, anon, the lark, on wing,
Strives to ſoar, and ſtrains to ſing?
Have ye ſeen th' ethereal blue
Gently ſhedding ſilvery dew,
Spangling o'er the ſilent green,
While the nightingale, unſeen,
To the moon and ſtars, full bright,
Loneſome chants the hymn of night?
Have ye ſeen the broider'd May
All her ſcented bloom diſplay,
Breezes opening, every hour,
This, and that, expecting flower,

While the mingling birds prolong,
From each buſh, the vernal ſong?
Have ye ſeen the damaſk-roſe
Her unſully'd bluſh diſcloſe,
Or the lily's dewy bell,
In her gloſſy white, excell,
Or a garden vary'd o'er
With a thouſand glories more?
By the beauties theſe diſplay,
Morning, evening, night, or day,
By the pleaſures theſe excite,
Endleſs ſource of delight!
Judge, by them, the joys I find,
Since my Roſalind was kind,
Since ſhe did herſelf reſign
To my vows, for ever mine.

EPISTLES.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO

DESIRED ME TO WRITE ON THE DEATH OF KING WILLIAM.

April 20, 1702.

TRUST me, dear George, could I in verſe but ſhow
What ſorrow I, what ſorrow all men, owe
To Naſſau's fate, or could I hope to raiſe
A ſong proportion'd to the monarch's praiſe,
Could I his merits, or my grief, expreſs,
And proper thoughts in proper language dreſs,
Unbidden ſhould my pious numbers flow,
The tribute of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe;
But, rather than prophane his ſacred hearſe
With languid praiſes, and unhallow'd verſe,
My ſighs I to myſelf in ſilence keep,
And inwardly, with ſecret anguiſh, weep.
Let Halifax's Muſe (he knew him well)
His virtues to ſucceeding ages tell.
Let him, who ſung the warrior on the Boyne,
(Provoking Derſet in the taſk to join)
And ſhew'd the hero more than man before,
Let him th' illuſtrious mortal's fate deplore;

A mourn-

A mournful theme: while, on raw pinions, I
But flutter, and make weak attempts to fly:
Content, if, to divert my vacant time,
I can but like ſome love-ſick fopling rhyme,
To ſome kind-hearted miſtreſs make my court,
And, like a modiſh wit, in ſonnet ſport.

Let others, more ambitious, rack their brains
In poliſh'd ſentiments, and labour'd ſtrains:
To blooming Phyllis I a ſong compoſe,
And, for a rhyme, compare her to the roſe;
Then, while my fancy works, I write down morn,
To paint the bluſh that does her cheek adorn,
And, when the whiteneſs of her ſkin I ſhow,
With ecſtaſy bethink myſelf of ſnow.
Thus, without pains, I tinkle in the cloſe,
And ſweeten into verſe inſipid proſe.

The country ſcraper, when he wakes his crowd,
And makes the tortur'd cat-gut ſqueak aloud,
Is often raviſh'd, and in tranſport loſt:
What more, my friend, can fam'd Corelli boaſt,
When harmony herſelf from heaven deſcends,
And on the artiſt's moving bow attends?

Why then, in making verſes, ſhould I ſtrain
For wit, and of Apollo beg a vein?
Who ſtudy Horace and the Stagyrite?
Why cramp my dulneſs, and in torment write?
Let me tranſgreſs by nature, not by rule,
An artleſs idiot, not a ſtudy'd fool,
A Withers, not a Rymer, ſince I aim
At nothing leſs, in writing, than a name.

FROM

FROM HOLLAND, TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND, IN THE YEAR 1703.

FROM Utrecht's ſilent walks, by winds, I ſend
Health and kind wiſhes to my abſent friend.
The winter ſpent, I feel the poet's fire;
The ſun advances, and the fogs retire:
The genial ſpring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees, and gives the primroſe birth.
Loos'd from their friendly harbours, once again
Confederate fleets aſſemble on the main:
The voice of war the gallant ſoldier wakes;
And weeping Cloë parting kiſſes takes.
On new-plum'd wings the Roman eagle ſoars;
The Belgick lion in full fury roars.
Diſpatch the leader from your happy coaſt,
The hope of Europe, and Britannia's boaſt:
O, Marlborough, come! freſh laurels for thee riſe!
One conqueſt more; and Gallia will grow wiſe.
Old Lewis makes his laſt effort in arms,
And ſhews how, ev'n in age, ambition charms.
Meanwhile, my friend, the thickening ſhades I haunt,
And ſmooth canals, and after rivulets pant:
The ſmooth canals, alas, too lifeleſs ſhow!
Nor to the eye, nor to the ear, they flow.
Studious of eaſe, and fond of humble things,
Below the ſmiles, below the frowns of kings,
Thanks to my ſtars, I prize the ſweets of life:
No ſleepleſs nights I count, no days of ſtrife.

Content

Content to live, content to die, unknown,
Lord of myſelf, accountable to none;
I ſleep, I wake, I drink; I ſometimes love;
I read, I write; I ſettle, and I rove,
When, and where-e'er, I pleaſe: thus, every hour
Gives ſome new proof of my deſpotic power.
All, that I will, I can; but then, I will
As reaſon bids; I meditate no ill;
And, pleas'd with things which in my level lie,
Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly.

But this is all romance, a dream to you,
Who fence and dance, and keep the court in view.
White ſtaffs and truncheons, ſeals and golden keys,
And ſilver ſtars, your towering genius pleaſe:
Such manly thoughts in every infant riſe,
Who daily for ſome tinſel trinket cries.

Go on, and proſper, Sir: but firſt from me
Learn your own temper; for I know you free.
You can be honeſt; but you cannot bow,
And cringe, beneath a ſupercilious brow:
You cannot fawn; your ſtubborn ſoul recoils
At baſeneſs; and your blood too highly boils.
From nature ſome ſubmiſſive tempers have;
Unkind to you, ſhe form'd you not a ſlave.
A courtier muſt be ſupple, full of guile,
Muſt learn to praiſe, to flatter, to revile,
The good, the bad, an enemy, a friend,
To give falſe hopes, and on falſe hopes depend.
Go on, and proſper, Sir: but learn to hide
Your upright ſpirit: 't will be conſtrued pride.

The

endor of a court is all a cheat;
ſt be ſervile, ere you can be great.
your ancient patrimony waſted,
uth run out, your ſchemes of grandeur blaſted,
y perhaps retire in diſcontent,
rſe your patron, for no ſtrange event:
ron will his innocence proteſt,
wn in earneſt, though he ſmil'd in jeſt.
only from himſelf, can ſuffer wrong;
on fails, as his deſires grow ſtrong:
wanting ballaſt, and too full of ſail,
expos'd to every riſing gale.
uth to age, for happineſs he's bound:
on rocks, or runs his bark aground,
of land, a deſert ocean views,
the laſt, the flying port purſues,
he laſt, the port he does not gain,
ng finds, too late, he liv'd in vain.

THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

M frozen climes, and endleſs tracts of ſnow,
n ſtreams which northern winds forbid to flow,
eſent ſhall the Muſe to Dorſet bring,
ſo near the Pole, attempt to ſing?
y winter here conceals from ſight
ing objects which to verſe invite.

The

The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.

The

The thick-ſprung reeds, which watery marſhes yield,
Seem'd poliſh'd lances in a hoſtile field.
The ſtag, in limpid currents, with ſurprize,
Sees cryſtal branches on his forehead riſe:
The ſpreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther ſhine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches ſhun,
Which wave and glitter in the diſtant ſun.
When if a ſudden guſt of wind ariſe,
The brittle foreſt into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempeſt bends,
And in a ſpangled ſhower the proſpect ends:
Or, if a ſouthern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country ſees,
And journeys ſad beneath the dropping trees:
Like ſome deluded peaſant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads,
While here inchanted gardens to him riſe,
And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths purſue,
And, while he thinks the fair illuſion true,
The trackleſs ſcenes diſperſe in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the tranſient viſion mourns.

To the Right Honourable CHARLES Lord HALIFAX, one of the Lords Juſtices appointed by his Majeſty. 1714.

PATRON of verſe, O Halifax, attend,
The Muſe's favourite, and the Poet's friend!
Approaching joys my raviſh'd thoughts inſpire:
I feel the tranſport; and my ſoul 's on fire!
Again Britannia rears her awful head:
Her fears, tranſplanted, to her foes are fled.
Again her ſtandard ſhe diſplays to view;
And all its faded lilies bloom anew.
Here beauteous Liberty ſalutes the ſight,
Still pale, nor yet recover'd of her fright,
Whilſt here Religion, ſmiling to the ſkies,
Her thanks expreſſes with up-lifted eyes.
But who advances next, with chearful grace,
Joy in her eye, and plenty in her face?
A wheaten garland does her head adorn,
O Property! O goddeſs, Engliſh-born!
Where haſt thou been? How did the wealthy mourn!
The bankrupt nation ſigh'd for thy return,
Doubtful for whom her ſpreading funds were fill'd,
Her fleets were freighted, and her field were till'd.
No longer now ſhall France and Spain combin'd,
Strong in their golden Indies, awe mankind.
Brave Catalans, who for your freedom ſtrive,
And in your ſhatter'd bulwarks yet ſurvive,

For

or you alone, worthy a better fate,
, may this happy change not come too late!
reat in your ſufferings!—But, my Muſe, forbear;
or damp the public gladneſs with a tear:
he hero has receiv'd their juſt complaint,
rac'd with the name of our fam'd patron-ſaint:
ike him, with pleaſure he foregoes his reſt,
nd longs, like him, to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd.
irm to his friends, tenacious of his word,
s juſtice calls, he draws or ſheaths the ſword:
latur'd by thought, his councils ſhall prevail;
or ſhall his promiſe to his people fail.
He comes, deſire of nations! England's boaſt!
lready has he reach'd the Belgian coaſt.
ur great deliverer comes! and with him brings
. progeny of late-ſucceeding kings,
ated to triumph o'er Britannia's foes
1 diſtant years, and fix the world's repoſe.
The floating ſquadrons now approach the ſhore;
oft in the ſailors ſhouts, the cannons roar:
nd now, behold, the ſovereign of the main,
ligh on the deck, amidſt his ſhining train,
urveys the ſubject flood. An eaſtern gale
lays through the ſhrouds, and ſwells in every ſail:
'h' obſequious waves his new dominion own,
nd gently waft their monarch to his throne.
low the glad Britons hail their king to land,
ang on the rocks, and blacken all the ſtrand;
ut who the ſilent extaſy can ſhow,
'he paſſions which in nobler boſoms glow?

Who can deſcribe the godlike patriot's zeal?
Or who, my Lord, your generous joys reveal?
Ordain'd, once more, our treaſure to advance,
Retrieve our trade, and ſink the pride of France,
Once more the long-neglected arts to raiſe,
And form each riſing genius for the bays.
Accept the preſent of a grateful ſong;
This prelude may provoke the learned throng:
To Cam and Iſis ſhall the joyful news,
By me convey'd, awaken every Muſe.
Ev'n now the vocal tribe in verſe conſpires;
And I already hear their ſounding lyres:
To them the mighty labour I reſign,
Give up the Theme, and quit the tuneful Nine.
So when the ſpring firſt ſmiles among the trees,
And bloſſoms open to the vernal breeze,
The watchful nightingale, with early ſtrains,
Summons the warblers of the woods and plains,
But drops her muſick, when the choir appear,
And liſtens to the concert of the year.

To the Honourable JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq; Secretary at War, at Hampton-Court. 1717.

THOUGH Britain's hardy troops demand your care,
And chearful friends your hours of leiſure ſhare;
O, Craggs, for candour known! indulge awhile
My fond deſire, and on my labour ſmile:
Nor count it always an abuſe of time
To read a long epiſtle, though in rhyme.

To you I ſend my thoughts, too long confin'd,
ıd eaſe the burden of a loyal mind;
› you my ſecret tranſports I diſcloſe,
hat riſe above the languid powers of proſe.
ıt, while theſe artleſs numbers you peruſe,
hink 'tis my heart that dictates, not the Muſe;
y heart, which at the name of Brunſwick fires,
nd no aſſiſtance from the Muſe requires.
Believe me, Sir, your breaſt, that glows with zeal
›r George's glory, and the public weal,
our breaſt alone feels more pathetic heats;
our heart alone with ſtronger raptures beats.
When I review the great examples paſt,
nd to the former ages join the laſt;
ill, as the godlike heroes to me riſe,
ı arms triumphant, and in councils wiſe,
he king is ever preſent to my mind;
is greatneſs, trac'd in every page, I find:
he Greek and Roman pens his virtues tell,
nd under ſhining names on Brunſwick dwell.
At Hampton while he breathes untainted air,
nd ſeems, to vulgar eyes, devoid of care;
he Britiſh Muſes to the grove will preſs,
une their melodious harps, and claim acceſs:
ut let them not too raſhly touch the ſtrings;
or fate allows no ſolitude to kings.
Hail to the ſhades, where William, great in arms,
etir'd from conqueſt to Maria's charms!
Vhere George ſerene in majeſty appears,
nd plans the wonders of ſucceeding years!

There, as he walks, his comprehenſive mind
Surveys the globe, and takes-in all mankind:
While, Britain, for thy ſake he wears the crown;
To ſpread thy power as wide as his renown:
To make thee umpire of contending ſtates,
And poiſe the balance in the world's debates.

From the ſmooth terraſs as he caſts his eye,
And ſees the current ſea-ward rolling by;
What ſchemes of commerce riſe in his deſigns!
Pledges of wealth! and unexhauſted mines!
Through winds and waves, beneath inclement ſkies,
Where ſtars, diſtinguiſh'd by no name, ariſe,
Our fleets ſhall undiſcover'd lands explore,
And a new people hear our cannons roar.

The rivers long in ancient ſtory fam'd,
Shall flow obſcure, nor with the Thames be nam'd:
Nor ſhall our poets copy from their praiſe,
And Nymphs and Syrens to thy honour raiſe;
Nor make thy banks with Tritons ſhells reſound,
Nor bind thy brows with humble ſedges round:
But paint thee as thou art; a peopled ſtream!
The boaſt of merchants, and the ſailors theme!
Whoſe ſpreading floods unnumber'd ſhips ſuſtain,
And pour whole towns afloat into the main;
While the redundant ſeas waft up freſh ſtores,
The daily tribute of far-diſtant ſhores.

Back to thy ſource I try thy ſilver-train,
That gently winds through many a fertile plain;
Where flocks and lowing herds in plenty feed,
And ſhepherds tune at eaſe the vocal reed:

Ere yet thy waters meet the briny tide,
And freighted veſſels down thy channel ride;
Ere yet thy billows leave their banks behind,
Swell into ſtate, and foam before the wind:
Thy ſovereign's emblem! in thy courſe compleat!
When I behold him in his lov'd retreat,
Where rural ſcenes their pleaſing views diſcloſe,
A ſylvan deity the monarch ſhows;
And if he only knew the woods to grace,
To rouze the ſtag, and animate the chace:
While every hour, from thence, his high commands,
By ſpeedy winds convey'd to various lands,
Control affairs; give weighty councils birth;
And ſway the mighty rulers of the earth.

Were he, our iſland's glory and defence,
To reign unactive, at the world's expence;
Say, generous Craggs, who then ſhould quell the rage
Of lawleſs faction, and reform the age?
Who ſhould our dear-bought liberties maintain?
Who fix our leagues with France, and treat with Spain?
Who check the headſtrong Swede; aſſuage the Czar;
Secure our peace, and quench the northern war?
The Turk, though he the Chriſtian name defies,
And curſes Eugene, yet from Eugene flies,
His cauſe to Brunſwick's equity dare truſt;
He knows him valiant, and concludes him juſt:
He knows his fame in early youth acquir'd,
When turban'd hoſts before his ſword retir'd.

Thus while his influence to the poles extends,
Or where the day begins, or where it ends,

Far from our coaſts he drives off all alarms;
And thoſe his power protects, his goodneſs charms.
Great in himſelf, and undebas'd with pride,
The ſovereign lays his regal ſtate aſide,
Pleas'd to appear without the bright diſguiſe
Of pomp; and on his inborn worth relies.
His ſubjects are his gueſts; and daily boaſt
The condeſcenſion of their royal hoſt:
While crowds ſucceeding crowds on either hand,
A raviſh'd multitude, admiring ſtand.
His manly wit and ſenſe, with candour join'd,
His ſpeech with every elegance refin'd,
His winning aſpect, his becoming eaſe,
Peculiar graces all, conſpire to pleaſe,
And render him to every heart approv'd;
The king reſpected, and the man belov'd.
Nor is his force of genius leſs admir'd,
When moſt from crowds or public cares retir'd.
The learned arts, by turns, admittance find;
At once unbend and exerciſe his mind.
The ſecret ſprings of Nature, long conceal'd,
And to the wiſe by ſlow degrees reveal'd,
(Delightful ſearch!) his piercing thought deſcries.
Oft through the concave azure of the ſkies
His ſoul delights to range, a boundleſs ſpace,
Which myriads of celeſtial glories grace;
Worlds behind worlds, that deep in æther lye,
And ſuns, that twinkle to the diſtant eye;
Or call them ſtars, on which our fates depend,
And every ruling ſtar is Brunſwick's friend.

Soon as the riſing ſun ſhoots o'er the ſtream,
And gilds the palace with a ruddy beam,
You to the healthful chace attend the king,
And hear the foreſt with the huntſmen ring:
While in the duſty town we rule the ſtate,
And from Gazettes determine England's fate.
Our groundleſs hopes and groundleſs fears prevail,
As artful brokers comment on the mail.
Deafned with news, with politics oppreſt,
I wiſh the wind ne'er vary'd from the weſt.
Secure, on George's councils I rely,
Give up my cares, and Britain's foes defy.
What though cabals are form'd, and impious leagues?
Though Rome fills Europe with her dark intrigues?
His vigilance, on every ſtate intent,
Defeats their plots, and over-rules th' event.
But whither do my vain endeavours tend?
Or how ſhall I my raſh attempt defend?
Divided in my choice, from praiſe to praiſe
I rove, bewilder'd in the pleaſing maze.
One virtue mark'd, another I purſue,
While yet another riſes to my view.
Unequal to the taſk, too late I find
The growing theme unfiniſh'd left behind.
Thus, the deluded bee, in hopes to drain
At once the thymy treaſure of the plain,
Wide ranging on her little pinions toils,
And ſkims o'er hundred flowers for one ſhe ſpoils:
When, ſoon o'erburden'd with the fragrant weight,
Homeward ſhe flies, and flags beneath her freight.

TO

TO LORD CARTERET,
Departing from DUBLIN. 1726.

BEHOLD, Britannia waves her flag on high,
And calls forth breezes from the weſtern ſky,
And beckons to her ſon, and ſmooths the tide,
That does Hibernia from her cliffs divide.

Go, Carteret, go; and, with thee, go along
The nation's bleſſing, and the poet's ſong;
Loud acclamations, with melodious lays,
The kindeſt wiſhes, and ſincereſt praiſe.

Go, Carteret, go; and bear my joys away!
So ſpeaks the Muſe, that fain would bid thee ſtay:
So ſpoke the virgin to the youth unkind,
Who gave his vows, and canvaſs, to the wind,
And promis'd to return; but never more
Did he return to the Threïcian ſhore.

Go, Carteret, go: alas, a tedious while
Haſt thou been abſent from thy mother-iſle;
A ſlow-pac'd train of months to thee and thine,
A flight of moments to a heart like mine,
That feels perfections, and reſigns with pain
Enjoyments I may never know again.

O, while mine eye purſues the fading ſails,
Smooth roll, ye waves, and ſteady breathe, ye gales,
And urge with gentle ſpeed to Albion's ſtrand
A houſhold fair, amidſt the faireſt land,
In every decency of life polite,
A freight of virtues, wafting from my ſight:

And

And now farewel, O early in renown,
Illuſtrious, young, in labours for the crown,
Juſt, and benign, and vigilant, in power,
And elegant to grace the vacant hour,
Relaxing ſweet! Nor are we born to wear
The brow ſtill bent, and give up life to care:
And thou, mild glory, beaming round his fame,
Franciſca, thou, his firſt, his lateſt flame;
Parent of bloom! In pleaſing arts refin'd!
Farewel thy hand, and voice, in muſic join'd;
Thy courteſy, as ſoothing as thy ſong,
And ſmiles ſoft-gleaming on the courtly throng:
And thou, Chariſſa, haſtening to thy prime,
And Carolina, chiding tardy Time,
Who every tender wiſh of mine divide,
For whom I ſtrung the lyre, once laid aſide,
Receive, and bear in mind, my fond farewell,
Thrive on in life! and, thriving on, excell!
Accept this token, Carteret, of good-will,
The voice of nature, undebas'd by ſkill,
Theſe parting numbers, cadenc'd by my grief,
For thy lov'd ſake, and for my own relief,
If aught, alas, thy abſence may relieve,
Now I am left, perhaps, through life to grieve:
Yet would I hope, yet hope I know not why,
(But hopes and wiſhes in one balance lie)
Thou may'ſt reviſit, with thy wonted ſmiles,
Ierna, iſland ſet around with iſles:
May the ſame heart, that bids thee now adieu,
Salute thy ſails, and hail thee into view!

ODES.

ODES.

SONG.

I.

FROM White's and Will's
To purling rills
The love-ſick Strephon flies;
There, full of woe,
His numbers flow,
And all in rhyme he dies.

II.

The fair coquet,
With feign'd regret,
Invites him back to town;
But, when in tears
The youth appears,
She meets him with a frown.

III.

Full oft the maid
This prank had play'd,
'Till angry Strephon ſwore,
And, what is ſtrange,
Though loth to change,
Would never ſee her more.

SONG.

I.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know:
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the ſhaft from Cupid's bow.

II.

If on me Zelinda frown,
Madneſs 'tis in me to grieve:
Since her will is not her own,
Why ſhould I uneaſy live!

III.

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,
Aſk not me the reaſon why:
Seek the riddle in the ſkies.

TO SIGNORA CUZZONI.

MAY 25, 1724.

LITTLE Syren of the ſtage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire,
Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeebler of the heart!

O, too

O, too pleaſing in thy ſtrain,
Hence, to ſouthern climes again;
Tuneful miſchief, vocal ſpell,
To this iſland bid farewell;
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

To the MEMORY of the late EARL OF HALIFAX

JUNE 30, 1718.

WEEPING o'er thy ſacred urn,
Ever ſhall the Muſes mourn;
Sadly ſhall their numbers flow,
Ever elegant in woe.
Thouſands, nobly born, ſhall die,
Thouſands in oblivion lie,
Names, which leave no trace behind,
Like the clouds before the wind,
When the duſky ſhadows paſs,
Lightly fleeting o'er the graſs.
But, O Halifax, thy name
Shall through ages riſe in fame:
Sweet remembrance ſhalt thou find,
Sweet in every noble mind.

To the HONOURABLE
MISS CARTERET.

BLOOM of beauty, early flower
Of the bliſsful bridal bower,
Thou, thy parents pride and care,
Faireſt offspring of the fair,
Lovely pledge of mutual love,
Angel ſeeming from above,
Was it not thou day by day
Doſt thy very ſex betray,
Female more and more appear,
Female, more than angel dear,
How to ſpeak thy face and mien,
(Soon too dangerous to be ſeen)
How ſhall I, or ſhall the Muſe,
Language of reſemblance chuſe?
Language like thy mien and face,
Full of ſweetneſs, full of grace!
By the next returning ſpring,
When again the linnets ſing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty ſportlings full of May,
When the meadows next are ſeen,
Sweet enamel! white and green,
And the year in freſh attire,
Welcomes every gay deſire,
Blooming on ſhalt thou appear
More inviting than the year,

Faireſt

Fairer ſight than orchard ſhows,
Which beſide a river blows:
Yet, another ſpring I ſee,
And a brighter bloom in thee:
And another round of time,
Circling, ſtill improves thy prime;
And, beneath the vernal ſkies,
Yet a verdure more ſhall riſe,
Ere thy beauties, kindling ſlow,
In each finiſh'd feature glow,
Ere, in ſmiles and in diſdain,
Thou exert thy maiden reign,
Abſolute to ſave, or kill,
Fond beholders, at thy will.
  Then the taper-moulded waſte
With a ſpan of ribbon brac'd,
And the ſwell of either breaſt,
And the wide high-vaulted cheſt,
And the neck ſo white and round,
Little neck with brilliants bound,
And the ſtore of charms which ſhine
Above, in lineaments divine,
Crowded in a narrow ſpace
To complete the deſperate face,
Theſe alluring powers, and more,
Shall enamour'd youths adore;
Theſe, and more, in courtly lays,
Many an aking heart ſhall praiſe.
  Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happieſt he of happy men,

Who, in courtſhip greatly ſped,
Wins the damſel to his bed,
Bears the virgin-prize away,
Counting life one nuptial day!
For the dark-brown duſk of hair,
Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,
Down the veiny temples growing,
O'er the ſloping ſhoulders flowing,
And the ſmoothly pencil'd brow,
Mild to him in every vow,
And the fringed lid below,
Thin as thinneſt bloſſoms blow,
And the hazely-lucid eye,
Whence heart-winning glances fly,
And that cheek of health, o'erſpread
With ſoft-blended white and red,
And the witching ſmiles which break
Round thoſe lips, which ſweetly ſpeak,
And thy gentleneſs of mind,
Gentle from a gentle kind,
Theſe endowments, heavenly dower!
Brought him in the promis'd hour,
Shall for ever bind him to thee,
Shall renew him ſtill to woo thee.

On the DEATH of the RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM EARL COWPER. 1723.

STROPHE I.

WAKE the Britiſh harp again,
To a ſad melodious ſtrain;
Wake the harp, whoſe every ſtring,
When Halifax reſign'd his breath,
Accus'd inexorable death;
For I, once more, muſt in affliction ſing,
One ſong of ſorrow more beſtow,
The burden of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe:
Yet, O my ſoul, if aught may bring relief,
Full many, grieving, ſhall applaud thy grief,
The pious verſe, that Cowper does deplore,
Whom all the boaſted powers of verſe cannot reſtore.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Not to her, his fondeſt care,
Not to his lov'd offspring fair,
Nor his country ever dear,
From her, from them, from Britain torn:
With her, with them, does Britain mourn:
His name, from every eye, calls forth a tear;
And, intermingling, ſighs with praiſe,
All good men wiſh the number of his days

Had

Had been to him twice told, and twice again,
In that ſeal'd book, where all things which pertain
To mortal man, whatever things befall,
Are from eternity confirm'd, beyond recall:

EPODE I.

Where every loſs, and every gain,
Where every grief, and every joy,
Every pleaſure, every pain,
Each bitter, and each ſweet alloy,
To us uncertain though they flow,
Are pre-ordain'd, and fix'd, above.
Too wretched ſtate, did man foreknow
Thoſe ills, which man cannot remove!
Vain is wiſdom for preventing
What the wiſeſt live lamenting.

STROPHE II.

Hither ſent, who knows the day
When he ſhall be call'd away?
Various is the term aſſign'd:
An hour, a day, ſome months, or years,
The breathing ſoul on earth appears:
But, through the ſwift ſucceſſion of mankind,
Swarm after ſwarm! a buſy race,
The ſtrength of cities, or of courts the grace,
Or who in camps delight, or who abide
Diffus'd o'er lands, or float on oceans wide,
Of them, though many here long-lingering dwell,
And ſee their children's children, yet, how few excel!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here we come, and hence we go,
Shadows paſſing to and fro,
Seen a while, forgotten ſoon:
But thou, to fair diſtinction born,
Thou, Cowper, beamy in the morn
Of life, ſtill brightening to the pitch of noon,
Scarce verging to the ſteep decline,
Hence ſummon'd while thy virtues radiant ſhine,
Thou ſingled out the ſofterings of fame,
Secure of praiſe, nor leſs ſecur'd from blame,
Shalt be remember'd with a fond applauſe,
So long as Britons own the ſame indulgent laws.

EPODE II.

United in one public weal,
Rejoicing in one freedom, all,
Cowper's hand apply'd the ſeal,
And level'd the partition-wall.
The choſen ſeeds of great events
Are thinly ſown, and ſlowly riſe:
And Time the harveſt-ſcythe preſents,
In ſeaſon, to the good and wiſe:
Hymning to the harp my ſtory,
Fain would I record his glory.

STROPHE III.

Pouring forth, with heavy heart,
Truth unleaven'd, pure of art,

Like

the hallow'd Bard of yore,
chaunted in authentic rhymes
worthies of the good old times,
ving vice in verſe was varniſh'd o'er,
virtue died without a ſong.
rt of friendleſs right, to powerful wrong
ck, behold him in the judgment-ſeat!
e, there, approv'd, in righteouſneſs compleat:
t awards, how gracious! tempering law
mercy, and reproving with a winning awe.

ANTISTROPHE III.

him ſpeaking, and you hear
n tuneful to the ear!
vith thymy language ſweet,
ing on the hearer's mind
alm of wiſdom, ſpeech refin'd,
ial gifts!—Oh, when the nobles meet,
next, thou ſea-ſurrounded land,
nobles meet at Brunſwick's high command,
n they ſhall the charmer's voice deſire!
n thoſe lips of eloquence require!
mild conviction, which the ſoul aſſails
't alarms, and with a gentle force prevails!

EPODE III.

ch perſuaſion, willing, yields
beral mind, in freedom train'd,
m, which, in crimſon'd fields,
rdy toil our fathers gain'd,

Inheritance of long deſcent!
The ſacred pledge, ſo dearly priz'd
By that bleſs'd ſpirit we lament:
Grief-eaſing lays, by grief deviſ'd,
Plaintive numbers, gently flowing,
Sooth the ſorrows to him owing!

STROPHE IV.

Early on his growing heir,
Stamp what time may not impair,
As he grows, that coming years,
Or youthful pleaſures, or the vain
Gigantic phantom of the brain
Ambition, breeding monſtrous hopes and fears,
Or worthier cares, to youth unknown,
Ennobling manhood, flower of life full-blown,
May never wear the boſom-image faint:
O, let him prove what words but weakly paint,
The lively lovely ſemblance of his ſire,
A model to his ſon! that ages may admire!

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Every virtue, every grace,
Still renewing in the race,
Once thy father's pleaſing hope,
Thy widow'd mother's comfort now,
No fuller bliſs does heaven allow,
While we behold yon wide-ſpread azure cope,
With burning ſtars thick-luſter'd o'er,
Than to enjoy, and to deſerve, a ſtore

ur'd fame, by blameleſs deeds acquir'd,
nenvied, and by all deſir'd,
: of men, the tribute of good-will!
his patrimony fair, increaſe it ſtill.

EPODE IV.

neſs of content remains
ie yet unfathom'd ſkies,
triumphant, gladneſs reigns,
iſhes ceaſe, and pleaſures riſe
ill wiſh; where bitter tears
g friends are never ſhed;
ſighing, none deſire paſs'd years
or wiſh the future fled.
l meaſures, O, relieve me!
nembrance! ceaſe to grieve me.

STROPHE V.

be of juſtice wore
ot, as heretofore,
e magiſtrate was ſought
rly gifts. Of what avail
y hoards? for life is frail;
ire judg'd where favour is not bought.
orewarn'd, thou frantic iſle,
the thirſt of gold thy ſons beguile!
he ſpecious ruin thouſands groan'd,
alas, forewarn'd, by him bemoan'd.
all his like, on earth, be found? oh, when
nce more, behold the moſt belov'd of men!

ANTISTROPHE V.

Winning aſpect! winning mind!
Soul and body aptly join'd!
Searching thought, engaging wit,
Enabled to inſtruct, or pleaſe,
Uniting dignity with eaſe,
By nature form'd for every purpoſe fit,
Endearing excellence!—O, why
Is ſuch perfection born, and born to die?
Or do ſuch rare endowments ſtill ſurvive,
As plants, remov'd to milder regions thrive,
In one eternal ſpring? and we bewail
The parting ſoul, new-born to life that cannot fail.

EPODE V.

Where ſacred friendſhip, plighted love,
Parental joys, unmix'd with care,
Through perpetual time improve?
Or do the deathleſs bleſſed ſhare
Sublimer raptures, unreveal'd,
Beyond our weak conception pure?
But, while thoſe glories lie conceal'd,
The righteous count the promiſe ſure,
Trials to the laſt enduring,
To the laſt their hope ſecuring.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LIAM PULTENEY, ESQUIRE.

MAY 1, 1723.

I.

THO, much diſtinguiſh'd, yet is bleſs'd?
Who, dignified above the reſt,
oes, ſtill, unenvied live?
to the man whoſe wealth abounds,
to the man whoſe fame reſounds,
ces heaven ſuch favour give,
the noble-born, nor to the ſtrong,
the gay, the beautiful, or young.

II.

om then, ſecure of happineſs,
every eye beholding bleſs,
nd every tongue commend?
, Pulteney, who, poſſeſſing ſtore,
t ſolicitous of more,
ho, to mankind a friend,
vies, nor is envied by, the great,
n courts, polite in his retreat:

III.

ſe unambitious, active ſoul,
nds the welfare of the whole,
hen public ſtorms ariſe,
, in the calm, a thouſand ways
rſifies his nights and days,
ill elegantly wiſe;

While books, each morn, the lightſome ſoul invite,
And friends, with ſeaſon'd mirth, improve the night.

IV.

In him do men no blemiſh ſee;
And factions in his praiſe agree,
When moſt they vex the ſtate:
Diſtinguiſh'd favourite of the ſkies,
Belov'd he lives, lamented dies:
Yet, ſhall he not to fate
Submit entire; the reſcuing Muſe ſhall ſave
His precious name, and win him from the grave.

V.

Too frail is braſs and poliſh'd ſtone;
Perpetual fame the Muſe alone
On merit can beſtow:
Yet, muſt the time-enduring ſong,
The verſe unrival'd by the throng,
From Nature's bounty flow:
Th' ungifted tribe in metre paſs away,
Oblivion's ſport, the poets of a day.

VI.

What laws ſhall o'er the Ode preſide?
In vain would art preſume to guide
The chariot-wheels of praiſe,
When Fancy, driving, ranges free,
Freſh flowers ſelecting, like the bee,
And regularly ſtrays,
While Nature does, diſdaining aids of ſkill,
The mind with thought, the ears with numbers, fill.

VII.

As when the Theban hymns divine
Make proud Olympian victors ſhine
In an eternal blaze,
The varying meaſures, ever new,
Unbeaten tracks of fame purſue,
While through the glorious maze
The poet leads his heroes to renown,
And weaves in verſe a never-fading crown.

To Miſs MARGARET PULTENEY, Daughter of DANIEL PULTENEY, Eſq; in the Nurſery.

APRIL 27, 1727.

DIMPLY damſel, ſweetly ſmiling,
All careſſing, none beguiling,
Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,
Every charm to Nature owing,
This and that new thing admiring,
Much of this and that enquiring,
Knowledge by degrees attaining,
Day by day ſome virtue gaining,
Ten years hence, when I leave chiming,
Beardleſs poets, fondly rhyming,
(Feſcued now, perhaps, in ſpelling,)
On thy riper beauties dwelling,
Shall accuſe each killing feature
Of the cruel, charming, creature,
Whom I knew complying, willing,
Tender, and averſe from killing.

To Miſs CHARLOTTE PULTENEY, in her Mother's Arms.

MAY 1, 1724.

TIMELY bloſſom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their ſolicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, ſtill at eaſe,
Pleaſing, without ſkill to pleaſe,
Little goſſip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a bróken tale,
Singing many a tuneleſs ſong,
Laviſh of a heedleſs tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to bluſh,
Like the linnet in the buſh.
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her ſlender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy ſpray,
Wearied then, and glad of reſt,
Like the linnet in the neſt.

This

This thy preſent happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot:
Other pleaſures, other cares,
Ever-buſy time prepares;
And thou ſhalt in thy daughter ſee,
This picture, once, reſembled thee.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
ROBERT WALPOLE, ESQUIRE.

JUNE 15, 1724.

VOTARY to publick zeal,
Miniſter of England's weal,
Have you leiſure for a ſong,
Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
Swift and ſweet in every meaſure,
Tell me, Walpole, have you leiſure?
Nothing lofty will I ſing,
Nothing of the favourite king,
Something, rather, ſung with eaſe,
Simply elegant to pleaſe.
Fairy Virgin, Britiſh Muſe,
Some unhear'd-of ſtory chuſe:
Chuſe the glory of the ſwain,
Gifted with a magic ſtrain,
Swaging grief of every kind,
Healing, with a verſe, the mind:
To him came a man of power,
To him, in a cheerleſs hour;

When

When the ſwain, by Druids taught,
Soon divin'd his irkſome thought,
Soon the maple harp he ſtrung,
Soon, with ſilver-accent, ſung.
" Steerer of a mighty realm,
" Pilot, waking o'er the helm,
" Bleſſing of thy native ſoil,
" Weary of a thankleſs toil,
" Caſt repining thought behind,
" Give thy trouble to the wind.
" Mortal, deſtin'd to excel,
" Bear the blame of doing well,
" Like the worthies great of old,
" In the liſt of fame enroll'd.
" What, though titles thou decline?
" Still the more thy virtues ſhine.
" Envy, with her ſerpent eye,
" Marks each praiſe that ſoars on high.
" To thy lot reſign thy will:
" Every good is mix'd with ill.
" See, the white unblemiſh'd roſe
" On a thorny bramble blows:
" See, the torrent pouring rain
" Does the limpid fountain ſtain:
" See, the giver of the day
" Urgeth on, through clouds, his way:
" Nothing is, entirely, bleſs'd;
" Envy does thy worth atteſt.
" Pleaſing viſions, at command,
" Anſwer to my voice and hand;

" (

" Quick, the bliſsful ſcene prepare,
" Sooth the patriot's heavy care:
" Viſions, cheering to the ſight,
" Give him earneſt of delight.
" Wiſe diſpoſer of affairs,
" View the end of all thy cares!
" Forward caſt thy raviſh'd eyes,
" See the gladdening harveſt riſe:
" Lo, the people reap thy pain!
" Thine the labor, theirs the gain.
" Yonder turn, awile, they view,
" Turn thee to yon ſpreading yew,
" Once the gloomy tree of fate,
" Once the plighted virgin's hate:
" Now, no longer, does it grow,
" Parent of the warring bow:
" See, beneath the guiltleſs ſhade,
" Peaſants ſhape the plow and ſpade,
" Reſcued, ever, from the fear
" Of the whiſtling ſhaft and ſpear.
" Lo, where plenty comes, with peace!
" Hear the breath of murmur ceaſe:
" See, at laſt, unclouded days;
" Hear, at laſt, unenvied praiſe.
" Nothing ſhall thy ſoul moleſt;
" Labour is the price of reſt.
" Mortal, deſtin'd to excel,
" Bleſs the toil of doing well!"

SUPPLI-

SUPPLICATION for Miss CARTERET in the Small-Pox.

DUBLIN, JULY 31, 1725.

POWER o'er every power ſupreme,
Thou the poet's hallow'd theme,
From thy mercy-ſeat on high,
Hear my numbers, hear my cry.
Breather of all vital breath,
Arbiter of life and death,
Oh, preſerve this innocence,
Yet unconſcious of offence,
Yet in life and virtue growing,
Yet no debt to Nature owing.
Thou, who giv'ſt angelic grace
To the blooming virgin face,
Let the fell diſeaſe not blight
What thou mad'ſt for man's delight:
O'er her features let it paſs
Like the breeze o'er ſpringing graſs,
Gentle as refreſhing ſhowers
Sprinkled over opening flowers.
O, let years alone diminiſh
Beauties thou waſt pleas'd to finiſh,
To the pious parents give
That the darling fair may live:
Turn to bleſſings all their care,
Save their fondneſs from deſpair.

Mitigate

Mitigate the lurking pains
Lodg'd within her tender veins;
Soften every throb of anguiſh,
Suffer not her ſtrength to languiſh;
Take her to thy careful keeping,
And prevent the mother's weeping.

TO MISS GEORGIANA,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER TO

LORD CARTERET.

AUGUST 10, 1725.

LITTLE charm of placid mien,
Miniature of beauty's queen,
Numbering years, a ſcanty Nine,
Stealing hearts without deſign,
Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
Prone to mirth, profuſe in ſmiles,
Yet a novice in diſdain,
Pleaſure giving without pain,
Still careſſing, ſtill careſs'd,
Thou, and all thy lovers bleſs'd,
Never teiz'd, and never teizing,
O, for ever pleas'd and pleaſing!
Hither, Britiſh Muſe of mine,
Hither all the Grecian Nine,
With the lovely Graces three,
And your promis'd nurſeling ſee:

Figure on her waxen mind
Images of life refin'd;
Make it, as a garden gay,
Every bud of thought diſplay,
Till, improving year by year,
The whole culture ſhall appear,
Voice, and ſpeech, and action, riſing,
All to human ſenſe ſurprizing.
Is the ſilken web ſo thin
As the texture of her ſkin?
Can the lily and the roſe
Such unſully'd hue diſcloſe?
Are the violets ſo blue
As her veins expos'd to view?
Do the ſtars, in wintery ſky,
Twinkle brighter than her eye?
Has the morning lark a throat
Sounding ſweeter than her note?
Who e'er knew the like before thee?
They who knew the Nymph that bore thee.
From thy paſtime and thy toys,
From thy harmleſs cares and joys,
Give me now a moment's time:
When thou ſhalt attain thy prime,
And thy boſom feel deſire,
Love the likeneſs of thy ſire,
One ordain'd, through life, to prove
Still thy glory, ſtill thy love.
Like thy Siſter, and like thee,
Let thy nurtur'd daughters be:

Semblance of the fair who bore thee,
Trace the pattern ſet before thee.
Where the Liffy meets the main,
Has thy Siſter hear'd my ſtrain:
From the Liffy to the Thames,
Minſtrel echoes ſing their names,
Wafting to the willing ear
Many a cadence ſweet to hear,
Smooth as gently breathing gales
O'er the ocean and the vales,
While the veſſel calmly glides
O'er the level glaſſy tides,
While the ſummer flowers are ſpringing,
And the new-fledg'd birds are ſinging.

EPIGRAMS AND SHORT POEMS

ON A COMPANY OF BAD DANCERS TO GOOD MUSIC.

HOW ill the motion with the muſic ſuits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and ſo danc'd the brutes.

EPIGRAM.

GEORGE came to the crown without ſtriking a blow:
Ah, quoth the Pretender, would I could do ſo!

In ANSWER to the QUESTION, What is THOUGHT?

THE hermit's ſolace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's heaven, or his hell,
The madman's ſport, the wiſe man's pain.

TO MR. ADDISON ON CATO.

THE mind to virtue is by verſe ſubdu'd,
And the true poet is a public good:
This Britain feels, while, by your lines inſpir'd,
Her free-born ſons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you eſpous'd the vanquiſh'd cauſe,
Inflam'd her ſenate and upheld her laws,
Your manly ſcenes had liberty reſtor'd,
And given the juſt ſucceſs to Cato's ſword,
O'er Cæſar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
And the Muſe triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

ON WIT AND WISDOM.

A FRAGMENT.

IN ſearch of wiſdom far from wit I fly:
Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
In whoſe bewitching arms our early time
We waſte, and vigour of our youthful prime:
But when reflection comes with riper years,
And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,
We caſt the miſtreſs off to take a wife,
And, wed to wiſdom, lead a happy life.

The

The following EPITAPH on the Monument of my Kinſwoman was written at the Requeſt of her Huſband.

WITHIN the Burial-Vault near this Marble, lieth the Body of PENELOPE, youngeſt Daughter (and Coheir with her Siſter ELIZABETH) to ROBERT PHILIPS of Newton-Regis, in the County of Warwick, Eſquire. She died in her Six and Thirtieth Year, on the 25th Day of January, 1726.

LET THIS INSCRIPTION,
(Appealing yet to teſtimonies manifold)
Recall to every ſurviving witneſs,
And, for enſample, record to poſterity,
Her endowments,
Whether owing to the indulgency of nature,
Or to the aſſiduous leſſons of education,
Or to the ſilent admonitions of reflection.
To her parents, huſband, children,
In no care, no duty, no affection,
Was ſhe wanting,
Receiving, deſerving, winning,
From them reſpectively,
Equal endearments.
Of countenance and of diſpoſition,
Open, chearful, modeſt;

Of behaviour, humble, courteous, eaſy;
Of ſpeech, affable, free, diſcreet;
In civilities, punctual, ſincere, and elegant;
Prone to offices of kindneſs and good will;
To enmity a ſtranger;
Forward, carneſt, impatient,
To ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
To comfort the afflicted;
Solicitous for the poor,
And rich in ſtore of alms:
Whereby ſhe became
The delight, the love, the bleſſing, of all.
In her houſhold flouriſhed
Chearfulneſs, due order, thrift, and plenty.
In the cloſet retired,
In the temple public.
Morning and evening did ſhe worſhip;
By inſtruction, by example,
Sedulous to nurture her children in godlineſs:
So prevalent her love to them,
Viſited with that ſore diſeaſe,
Which too often kills or blites
The mother's fondeſt hopes,
That (regardleſs of ſelf-preſervation)
In piouſly watching over their lives
She, catching the infection, loſt her own,
Triumphing, through reſignation,
Over ſickneſs, pain, anguiſh, agony,
And (encompaſſed with tears and lamentations)
Expiring in the fervour of prayer.

To the MEMORY, ever dear and precious, of his moſt affectionate, moſt beloved, and moſt deſerving Wife, is this Monument raiſed by HENRY VERNON, of Hilton, in the County of Stafford, Eſquire: to him ſhe bore five Sons and two Daughters, all ſurviving, ſave Elizabeth; who dying, in her ſecond Year, of the Small-Pox, ſome few Days before, reſteth by her Mother.

THE FABLE OF THULE, UNFINISHED.

FAR northward as the Dane extends his ſway,
Where the ſun glances but a ſloping ray,
Beneath the ſharpeſt rigour of the ſkies,
Diſdainful Thule's wintery iſland lies.
Unhappy maid! thy tale, forgotten long,
Shall virgins learn from my inſtructive ſong,
And every youth, who lingers in deſpair,
By thy example warn the cruel fair.
In Cyprus, ſacred to the queen of love,
(Where ſtands her temple, and her myrtle grove,)
Was Thule born, uncertain how: 'tis ſaid
Once Venus won Adonis to her bed,
And pregnant grew, the birth to chance aſſign'd
In woods, and foſter'd by the feather'd kind.
With flowers ſome ſtrew the helpleſs orphan round,
With downy moſs ſome ſpread the carpet ground,

Some ripen'd fruits, ſome fragrant honey, bring;
And ſome fetch water from the running ſpring;
While others warble from the boughs, to cheer
Their infant-charge, and tune her tender ear.
Soon as the ſun forſakes the evening ſkies,
And hid in ſhades the gloomy foreſt lies,
The nightingales their tuneful vigils keep,
And lull her, with their gentler ſtrains, to ſleep.
This the prevailing rumour: as ſhe grew,
No dubious tokens ſpoke the rumour true.
In every forming feature might be ſeen
Some bright reſemblance of the Cyprian queen:
Nor was it hard the hunter youth to trace,
In all her early paſſion of the chace:
And when, on ſpringing flowers reclin'd, ſhe ſung,
The birds upon the bending branches hung,
While, warbling, ſhe expreſs'd their various ſtrains,
And, at a diſtance, charm'd the liſtening ſwains:
So ſweet her voice reſounding through the wood,
They thought the Nymph ſome Syren from the flood.
Half human thus by lineage, half divine,
In foreſts did the lonely beauty ſhine,
Like woodland flowers, which paint the deſert glades,
And waſte their ſweets in unfrequented ſhades.
No human face ſhe ſaw, and rarely ſeen
By human face: a ſolitary queen
She rul'd, and rang'd, her ſhady empire round.
No horn the ſilent huntreſs bears; no hound,
With noiſy cry, diſturbs her ſolemn chace,
Swift, as the bounding ſtag, ſhe wings her pace;

And,

And, bend whene'er ſhe will her ebon bow,
A ſpeedy death arreſts the flying foe.
The bow the hunting goddeſs firſt ſupply'd,
And ivory quiver croſs her ſhoulders ty'd.
Th' imperious queen of heaven, with jealous eyes,
Beholds the blooming virgin from the ſkies,
At once admires, and dreads her growing charms,
And ſees the god already in her arms:
In vain, ſhe finds, her bitter tongue reproves
His broken vows, and his clandeſtine loves:
Jove ſtill continues frail: and all in vain
Does Thule in obſcureſt ſhades remain,
While Maja's ſon, the thunderer's winged ſpy,
Informs him where the lurking beauties lie.
What ſure expedient then ſhall Juno find,
To calm her fears, and eaſe her boding mind?
Delays to jealous minds a torment prove;
And Thule ripens every day for love.
She mounts her car, and ſhakes the ſilken reins;
The harneſs'd peacocks ſpread their painted trains,
And ſmooth their gloſſy necks againſt the ſun:
The wheels along the level azure run.
Eaſtward the goddeſs guides her gaudy team,
And perfects, as ſhe rides, her forming ſcheme.
The various orbs now paſs'd, adown the ſteep
Of heaven the chariot whirls, and plunges deep
In fleecy clouds, which o'er the mid-land main
Hang pois'd in air, to bleſs the iſles with rain:
And here the panting birds repoſe a while:
Nor ſo their queen; ſhe gains the Cyprian iſle,

By ſpeedy zephyrs borne in thickned air:
Unſeen ſhe ſeeks, unſeen ſhe finds, the fair.
Now o'er the mountain tops the riſing ſun
Shot purple rays: now Thule had begun
Her morning chace, and printed in the dews
Her fleeting ſteps. The goddeſs now purſues,
Now over-takes her in the full career,
And flings a javelin at the flying deer.
Amaz'd, the virgin huntreſs turns her eyes;
When Juno, (now Diana in diſguiſe,)
Let no vain terrors diſcompoſe thy mind;
My ſecond viſit, like my firſt, is kind.
Thy ivory quiver, and thy ebon bow,
Did not I give?—Here ſudden bluſhes glow
On Thule's cheeks: her buſy eyes ſurvey
The dreſs, the creſcent; and her doubts give way.
I own thee, goddeſs bright, the nymph replies,
Goddeſs, I own thee, and thy favours prize:
Goddeſs of woods, and lawns, and level plains,
Freſh in my mind thine image ſtill remains.
Then Juno, beauteous ranger of the grove,
My darling care, fair object of my love,
Hither I come, urg'd by no trivial fears,
To guard thy bloom, and warn thy tender years.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIRST OLYMPIONIQUE OF PINDAR.

To HIERO of SYRACUSE, victorious in the HORSE-RACE.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet praiſes Hiero for his juſtice, his wiſdom, and his ſkill in muſic. He likewiſe celebrates the horſe that won the race, and the place where the Olympick Games were performed. From the place (namely Peloponneſus) he takes an occaſion of digreſſing to the known fable of Tantalus and Pelops; whence, returning to Hiero, he ſets forth the felicity of the Olympian Victors. Then he concludes, by praying to the gods to preſerve the glory and dignity of Hiero, admoniſhing him to moderation of mind, in his high ſtation; and, laſtly, glories in his own excellency in compoſitions of this kind.

STROPHE I. Meaſures 18.

EACH element to water yields;
And gold, like blazing fire by night,
Amidſt the ſtores of wealth that builds
The mind aloft, is eminently bright:

But

But if, my ſoul, with fond deſire
To ſing of games thou doſt aſpire,
As thou by day canſt not deſcry,
Through all the liquid waſte of ſky,
One burniſh'd ſtar, that like the ſun does glow,
And cheriſh every thing below,
So, my ſweet ſoul, no toil divine,
In ſong, does like th' Olympian ſhine:
Hence do the mighty poets raiſe
A hymn, of every tongue the praiſe,
The ſon of Saturn to reſound,
When far, from every land, they come
To viſit Hiero's regal dome,
Where peace, where plenty, is for ever found:

ANTISTROPHE I. Meaſures 18.

Lord of Sicilia's fleecy plains,
He governs, righteous in his power,
And, all excelling while he reigns,
From every lovely virtue crops the flower:
In muſic, bloſſom of delight,
Divinely ſkill'd, he cheers the night,
As we are wont, when friends deſign
To feaſt and wanton o'er their wine:
But from the wall the Dorian harp take down,
If Piſa, city of renown,
And if the fleet victorious ſteed,
The boaſt of his unrival'd breed,
Heart-pleaſing raptures did inſpire,
And warm thy breaſt with ſacred fire,

When late, on Alpheus' crouded ſhore,
Forth-ſpringing quick, each nerve he ſtrain'd,
The warning of the ſpur diſdain'd,
And ſwift to victory his maſter bore.

EPODE I. Meaſures 16.

The lov'd Syracuſian, the prince of the courſe,
The king, who delights in the ſpeed of the horſe:
Great his glory, great his fame,
Throughout the land where Lydian Pelops came
To plant his men, a choſen race,
A land the ocean does embrace,
Pelops, whom Neptune, ruler of the main,
Was known to love, when into life again,
From the reviving cauldron warm,
Clotho produc'd him whole, his ſhoulder-blade,
And its firm brawn, of ſhining ivory made:
But truth, unvarniſh'd, oft neglected lies,
When fabled tales, invented to ſurprize,
In miracles mighty, have power to charm,
Where fictions, happily combin'd,
Deceive and captivate the mind:

STROPHE II. Meaſures 18.

Thus Poëſy, harmonious ſpell,
The ſource of pleaſures ever new,
With dignity does wonders tell;
And we, amaz'd, believe each wonder true.
Day, after day, brings truth to light,
Unveil'd, and manifeſt to ſight:

But, of the bleſs'd, thoſe lips which name
Foul deeds aloud, ſhall ſuffer blame.
Thee, ſon of Tantalus, my faithful ſong
Shall vindicate from every wrong,
The glories of thy houſe reſtore,
And baffle falſhoods told before:
Now, in his turn, thy ſire prepar'd
A banquet; when the gods appear'd
At Sipylus, his ſweet abode,
To grace the due proportion'd feaſt:
There, firſt, the trident-bearing feaſt:
There, firſt, the trident-bearing gueſt
Beheld thy lovely form; and now, he glow'd;

ANTISTROPHE II. Meaſures 18.

And now, his ſoul ſubdued by love,
Thee in his golden car he bore
Swift to the lofty towers of Jove,
Whoſe name the nations all around adore:
Thus Ganymede was caught on high,
To ſerve the power who rules the ſky.
When thou no longer didſt appear,
And thoſe, who ſought a pledge ſo dear,
Without thee to thy widow'd mother came,
Some envious neighbour, to defame
Thy father's feaſt, a rumour ſpread,
The rumour through the country fled,
That thou, to heighten the repaſt,
Waſt into ſeething water caſt,
Fierce bubbling o'er the raging fire,
Thy limbs without compaſſion carv'd,

Thy

Thy ſodden fleſh in meſſes ſerv'd,
To gorge the gods, and a voracious fire:

EPODE II. Meaſures 16.

But, in thought ever pure, ſhall I deem it amiſs,
Vile gluttons to call the partakers of bliſs:
Let me then refrain, and dread:
A curſe hangs over the blaſphemer's head.
If they, who ſuperviſe and ward
The heavens, did ever ſhew regard
To mortal man this Tantalus might boaſt,
Of mortal men that he was honour'd moſt:
But he, not able to digeſt
The glut, the ſurfeit, of immortal joys,
One heinous forfeit all his bliſs deſtroys:
For over him the godhead hung, in air,
A ponderous ſtone, a dreadful poiſe of care!
From his head to remove it, with terror oppreſs'd,
In vain he tries, and ſeeks in vain
One chearful moment to regain:

STROPHE III. Meaſures 18.

A life of woe, beyond relief,
His portion now; ordain'd before
To torments of a three-fold grief,
This fourth was added to compleat his ſtore,
Since, high preſuming in his ſoul,
He nectar and ambroſia ſtole,
To give to men; by which he knew
That, taſting, he immortal grew:

But

But be not man deceiv'd: the gods reveal
What moſt we labour to conceal:
For this the powers, who deathleſs reign,
To earth ſent down his ſon again,
To dwell with men, a ſhort-liv'd race,
Whoſe ſudden fate come on apace.
His flowery age in all its pride,
When, o'er his chin, a blackening ſhade
Of down was caſt, a vow he made,
Deep in his ſoul, to win the profer'd bride.

ANTISTROPHE III. Meaſures 18.

Hippodamia, boaſted name,
From her great ſire the Piſan proud.
Alone, by night, the lover came
Beſide the hoary ſea, and call'd aloud
On him who ſways the triple ſpear,
And fills with din the deafen'd ear;
When, at his feet, the god aroſe:
Then Pelops, eager to diſcloſe
His mighty care, " O Neptune, if thy mind
" In love did ever pleaſure find,
" Let not Oenomaüs prevail,
" And let this brazen javelin fail:
" Oh! bear me hence, on wheels of ſpeed,
" To Elis, to the glorious meed:
" To victory oh! whirl me, ſtrait:
" Since, after ten, and other three,
" Bold ſuiters ſlain, yet ſtill we ſee,
" From year to year, the promis'd nuptials wait

EPODE

EPODE III. Meaſures 16.

Of his daughter. No perilous toil can excite
The daſtard in heart, who deſpairs of his might.
Since we all are born to die,
Who, overcaſt, would in oblivion lie,
In unreputed age decay,
And meanly ſquander life away,
Cut off from every praiſe? Then let me dare
This conflict, in the duſty liſts, to ſhare;
And proſper thou my glowing wheels."
Thus Pelops ſpoke; nor was his fervent prayer
pour'd forth in fruitleſs words, to waft in air:
The deity his whole ambition grants;
For ſhining car, nor courſers, now he wants:
In the golden bright chariot new vigour he feels,
ruſting in the horſes' feet,
unwearied ever, ever fleet:

STROPHE IV. Meaſures 18.

Oenomaüs, he triumphs o'er
By proweſs, and, to ſhare his bed,
Claims the bright maid; who to him bore
A princely ſons, to manly virtues bred.
Now, ſolemniz'd with ſteaming blood,
And pious rites, near Alpheus' flood
Entomb'd, he ſleeps, where th' altar ſtands,
That draws the vows of diſtant lands:
And round his tomb the circling racers ſtrive:
And round the wheeling chariots drive.

In thy fam'd courſes, Pelops, riſe
Th' Olympian glories to the ſkies,
And ſhine afar: there we behold
The ſtretch of manhood, ſtrenuous, bold,
In ſore fatigues, and there the ſtrife
Of winged feet. Thrice happy he,
Who overcomes! for he ſhall ſee
Unclouded days, and taſte the ſweets of life,

ANTISTROPHE IV. Meaſures 18.

Thy boon, O victory! thy prize.
The good that, in a day obtain'd,
From day to day freſh joy ſupplies,
Is the ſupreme of bliſs to man ordain'd:
But let me now the rider raiſe,
And crown him with Æolian lays,
The victor's due: and I confide,
Though every welcome gueſt were try'd,
Not one, in all the concourſe, would be found
For faireſt knowledge more renown'd,
Nor yet a maſter more to twine,
In laſting hymns, each wreathing line.
The guardian god, who watchful guides
Thy fortunes, Hiero, preſides
O'er all thy cares with anxious power:
And ſoon, if he does not deny
His needful aid, my hopes run high
To ſing more pleaſing in the joyful hour,

EPODE.

EPODE IV. Meaſures 16.

thy chariot, triumphant when thou ſhalt appear,
d fly o'er the courſe with a rapid career,
acing paths of language fair,
I to Cronion's ſunny mount repair.
:n now the Muſe prepares to raiſe,
r growth, the ſtrongeſt dart of praiſe,
: me to wield. Approv'd in other things,
others riſe, conſpicuous: only kings,
gh mounting on the ſummit fix:
ere bound thy view, wide-ſpread, nor vainly try
ther to ſtretch the proſpect of thine eye:
then, thy glorious lot to tread ſublime,
th ſteady ſteps, the meaſur'd tract of time:
mine, with the prize-bearing worthies to mix,
Greece, throughout the learned throng,
claim'd unrival'd in my ſong.

THE SECOND OLYMPIONIQUE.

To THERON of AGRIGENTUM, victorious in the CHARIOT-RACE.

ARGUMENT.

He praiſes Theron king of Agrigentum, on account of the victory obtained in the Olympic Games, with a chariot and four horſes; likewiſe for his juſtice, his hoſpitality, his fortitude, and the illuſtrioufneſs of his anceſtors; whoſe adventures are occaſionally mentioned: then he interweaves digreſſions to Semele, Ino, Peleus, Achilles, and others, and deſcribes the future ſtate of the righteous and of the wicked. Laſtly, he concludes with extolling his own ſkill in panegyrick, and the benevolence and liberality of Theron.

STROPHE I. Meaſures 16.

SOVEREIGN hymns, whoſe numbers ſway
The ſounding harp, what god, what hero, ſay,
What man, ſhall we reſound?
Is not Piſa Jove's delight?
And did not Hercules, with conqueſt crown'd,
To him ordain
Th' Olympiad for an army ſlain,
Thank-offering of the war?
And muſt we not, in Theron's right,
Exert our voice, and ſwell our ſong?
Theron, whoſe victorious car
Four courſers whirl, fleeting along,

To

To ſtranger-gueſts indulgent hoſt,
Of Agrigentum the ſupport and boaſt,
Cities born to rule and grace,
Fair bloſſom of his ancient race,

ANTISTROPHE I. Meaſures 16.

Worthies ſore perplex'd in thought,
Till, wandering far, they found, what long they ſought,
A ſacred ſeat, faſt by
Where the ſtream does rapid run,
And reign'd, of Sicily the guardian eye,
When happy days,
And wealth, and favour, flow'd, and praiſe,
That in-born worth inflames.
Saturnian Jove, O! Rhea's ſon,
Who o'er Olympus doſt preſide,
And the pitch of lofty games,
And Alpheus, of rivers the pride,
Rejoicing in my ſongs, do thou
Incline thine ear, propitious to my vow,
Bleſſing, with a bounteous hand,
The rich hereditary land

EPODE I. Meaſures 10.

Through their late lineage down. No power can actions paſt,
Whether deeds of right or wrong,
As things not done recall,
Not even Time, the father, who produces all;
Yet can Oblivion, waiting long,

Gathering ſtrength
Through the length
Of proſperous times, forbid thoſe deeds to laſt:
Such force has ſweet-healing joy
The feſtering ſmart of evils to deſtroy,

STROPHE II. Meaſures 16.

When felicity is ſent
Down by the will ſupreme with full content:
Thy daughters, Cadmus, they
Greatly wretched here below,
Bleſs'd evermore, this mighty truth diſplay.
No weight of grief,
But, whelm'd in pleaſures, finds relief,
Sunk in the ſweet abyſs.
Thou, Semele, with hair a-flow,
Thou by thunder doom'd to die,
Mingling with the gods in bliſs,
Art happy, for ever, on high:
Thee Pallas does for ever love,
Thee chiefly Jupiter, who rules above;
Thee thy ſon holds ever dear,
Thy ſon with the ivy-wreath'd ſpear.

ANTISTROPHE II. Meaſures 16.

Beauteous Ino, we are told,
With the ſea-daughters dwells of Nereus old,
And has, by lot, obtain'd
Laſting life, beneath the deep,
A life within no bounds of time reſtrain'd.
The hour of death,
The day when we reſign our breath,

That

That offspring of the ſun,
Which bids us from our labours ſleep,
In vain do mortals ſeek to know,
Or who deſtin'd is to run
A life unintangled with woe;
For none are able to diſcloſe
The ſeaſons of th' uncertain ebbs and flows
Now of pleaſures, now of pains,
Which hidden fate to men ordains:

EPODE II. Meaſures 10.

Thus Providence, that to thy anceſtry, long-fam'd,
Portions out a pleaſing ſhare
Of heaven-ſprung happineſs,
Does, ceaſing in another turn of time to bleſs,
Diſtribute ſome reverſe of care,
As from years
Paſt appears,
Since the predeſtin'd ſon, at Pytho nam'd,
Did Laius, blindly meeting, kill,
And the oracle, of old pronounc'd, fulfil:

STROPHE III. Meaſures 16.

Fell Erinnys, quick to view
The deed, his warlike ſons in battle flew,
Each by the other's rage:
But to Polynices ſlain
Surviv'd Therſander, glory of his age,
For feats of war,
And youthful conteſts, honour'd far,
The ſcion, kept alive
To raiſe th' Adraſtian houſe again:

From whence Æneſidamus' heir
Does his ſpreading root derive,
To branch out a progeny fair;
Who, ſpringing foremoſt in the chace
Of fame, demands we ſhould his triumph grace,
Tuning lyres to vocal lays,
Sweet union of melodious praiſe;

ANTISTROPHE III. Meaſures 16.

For not only has he borne
Th' Olympian prize, but, with his brother, worn
The garland of renown,
At Pytho and at Iſthmus; where,
Victorious both, they ſhar'd th' allotted crown,
Joint-honour won
In twelve impetuous courſes, run
With four unwearied fteeds.
To vanquiſh in the ſtrife ſevere
Does all anxiety deſtroy:
And to this, if wealth ſucceeds
With virtues enamel'd, the joy
Luxuriant grows; ſuch affluence
Does glorious opportunities diſpenſe,
Giving depth of thought to find
Purſuits which pleaſe a noble mind,

EPODE III. Meaſures 10.

Refulgent ſtar! to man the pureſt beam of light!
The poſſeſſor of this ſtore,
Far-future things diſcerning, knows
Obdurate wretches, once deceas'd, to immediate woe
Conſign'd, too late their pains deplore;

For below
Ere they go,
Sits one in judgment, who pronounces right
On crimes in this wide realm of Jove;
Whoſe dire decree no power can e'er remove:

STROPHE IV. Meaſures 16.

But the good, alike by night,
Alike by day, the ſun's unclouded light
Beholding, ever bleſs'd,
Live an unlaborious life,
Nor anxious interrupt their hallow'd reſt
With ſpade and plow,
The earth to vex, or with the prow
The briny ſea, to eat
The bread of care in endleſs ſtrife:
The dread divinities among
The few unaccuſtom'd to wrong,
Who never broke the vow they ſwore,
A tearleſs age enjoy for ever-more;
While the wicked hence depart
To torments which appall the heart:

ANTISTROPHE IV. Meaſures 16.

But the ſouls who greatly dare,
Thrice try'd in either ſtate, to perſevere
From all injuſtice pure,
Journeying onward in the way
Of Jupiter, in virtue ſtill ſecure,
Along his road
Arrive at Saturn's rais'd abode;

Where

Where ſoft ſea-breezes breathe
Round the iſland of the bleſs'd; where gay
The trees with golden bloſſoms glow;
Where, their brows and arms to wreathe,
Bright garlands on every ſide below;
For, ſpringing thick in every field,
The earth does golden flowers ſpontaneous yield;
And, in every limpid ſtream,
The budding gold is ſeen to gleam:

EPODE IV. Meaſures 10.

Fair heritage! by righteous Rhadamanth's award;
Who, coëqual, takes his ſeat
With Saturn, ſire divine,
Thy conſort, Rhea, who above the reſt doth ſhine,
High thron'd, thou matron-goddeſs great:
Theſe among
(Bliſsful throng!)
Does Peleus and does Cadmus find regard;
And, through his mother's winning prayer
To Jove, Achilles dwells immortal there:

STROPHE V. Meaſures 16.

He who Hector did deſtroy,
The pillar firm, the whole ſupport, of Troy,
And Cycnus gave to die,
And Aurora's Æthiop ſon.
My arm beneath yet many darts have I,
All ſwift of flight,
Within my quiver, ſounding right
To every ſkilful ear:
But, of the multitude, not one

Diſcerns

Diſcerns the myſtery unexplain'd.
He tranſcendent does appear
In knowledge, from Nature who gain'd
His ſtore: but the dull-letter'd croud,
In cenſure vehement, in nonſenſe loud,
Clamour idly, wanting ſkill,
Like crows, in vain, provoking ſtill

ANTISTROPHE V. Meaſures 16.

The celeſtial bird of Jove:
But, to the mark addreſs thy bow, nor rove,
My ſoul: and whom do I
Single out with fond deſire,
At him to let illuſtrious arrows fly?
My fix'd intent,
My aim, on Agrigentum bent,
A ſolemn oath I plight,
Sincere as honeſt minds require,
That through an hundred circling years,
With recorded worthies bright,
No rivaling city appears
To boaſt a man more frank to impart
Kind offices to friends with open heart,
Or, with hand amidſt his ſtore,
Delighting to diſtribute more

EPODE V. Meaſures 10.

Than Theron: yet foul calumny, injurious blame,
Did the men of rancour raiſe
Againſt his fair renown,
Defamers who by evil actions ſtrove to drown
His good, and to conceal his praiſe.

Can the ſand,
On the ſtrand,
Be number'd o'er? Then, true to Theron's fame,
His favours ſhowering down delight
On thouſands who is able to recite?

THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

ON HIS LUTE.

THE line of Atreus will I ſing;
To Cadmus will I tune the ſtring:
But, as from ſtring to ſtring I move,
My lute will only ſound of Love.
The chords I change through every ſcrew,
And model the whole lute anew.
Once more, in ſong, my voice I raiſe,
And, Hercules, thy toils I praiſe:
My lute does ſtill my voice deny,
And in the tones of love reply.
Ye heroes then, at once farewel:
Loves only echo from my ſhell.

THE SECOND ODE.

ON WOMEN.

NATURE the bull with horns ſupplies,
The horſe with hoofs ſhe fortifies,
The fleeting foot on hares beſtows,
On lions teeth, two dreadful rows!

Grants

Grants fiſh to ſwim, and birds to fly,
And on their ſkill bids men rely.
Women alone defenceleſs live,
To women what does Nature give?
Beauty ſhe gives inſtead of darts,
Beauty, inſtead of ſhields, imparts;
Nor can the ſword, nor fire, oppoſe
The fair, victorious where ſhe goes.

THE THIRD ODE.

ON LOVE.

ONE midnight when the bear did ſtand
A-level with Böotes' hand,
And, with their labour ſore oppreſs'd,
The race of men were laid to reſt,
Then to my doors, at unawares,
Came Love, and tried to force the bars.
Who thus aſſails my doors, I cry'd?
Who breaks my ſlumbers? Love reply'd,
Open: a child alone is here!
A little child! — you need not fear:
Here through the moonleſs night I ſtray,
And, drench'd in rain, have loſt my way.
Then mov'd to pity by his plight,
Too much in haſte my lamp I light,
And open: when a child I ſee,
A little child, he ſeem'd to me;
Who bore a quiver, and a bow;
And wings did to his ſhoulders grow.

Within the earth I bid him ſtand,
Then chafe and cheriſh either hand
Between my palms, and wring, with care,
The trickling water from his hair.
Now come, ſaid he, no longer chill,
We 'll bend this bow, and try our ſkill,
And prove the ſtring, how far its power
Remains unſlacken'd by the ſhower.
He bends his bow, and culls his quiver,
And pierces, like a breeze, my liver:
Then leaping, laughing, as he fled,
Rejoice with me, my hoſt, he ſaid:
My bow is ſound in every part,
And you ſhall rue it at your heart.

AN HYMN TO VENUS,

From the GREEK of SAPPHO.

I.

O VENUS, beauty of the ſkies,
To whom a thouſand temples riſe,
Gayly falſe in gentle ſmiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O, goddeſs! from my heart remove
The waſting cares and pains of love.

II.

If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A ſong in ſoft diſtreſs prefer'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O, gentle goddeſs! hear me now.

Deſcend,

Deſcend, thou bright, immortal gueſt,
In all thy radiant charms confeſs'd.

III.

Thou once didſt leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton ſparrows drew;
Hovering in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I ſaw their quivering pinions play.

IV.

The birds diſmiſs'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature ſmil'd,
And aſk'd, what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

V.

What frenzy in my boſom rag'd,
And by what care to be aſſuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils ſecure?
Who does thy tender heart ſubdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

VI.

Though now he ſhuns thy longing arms,
He ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted charms;
Though now thy offerings he deſpiſe,
He ſoon to thee ſhall ſacrifice;
Though now he freeze, he ſoon ſhall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

VII. Celeſ-

VII.

Celeſtial viſitant, once more
Thy needful preſence I implore!
In pity come and eaſe my grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd ſoul relief:
Favour thy ſuppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart deſires.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

I.

BLESS'D as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile.

II.

'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſs'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

III.

My boſom glow'd; the ſubtle flame
Ran quickly through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulſe forgot to play,
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

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